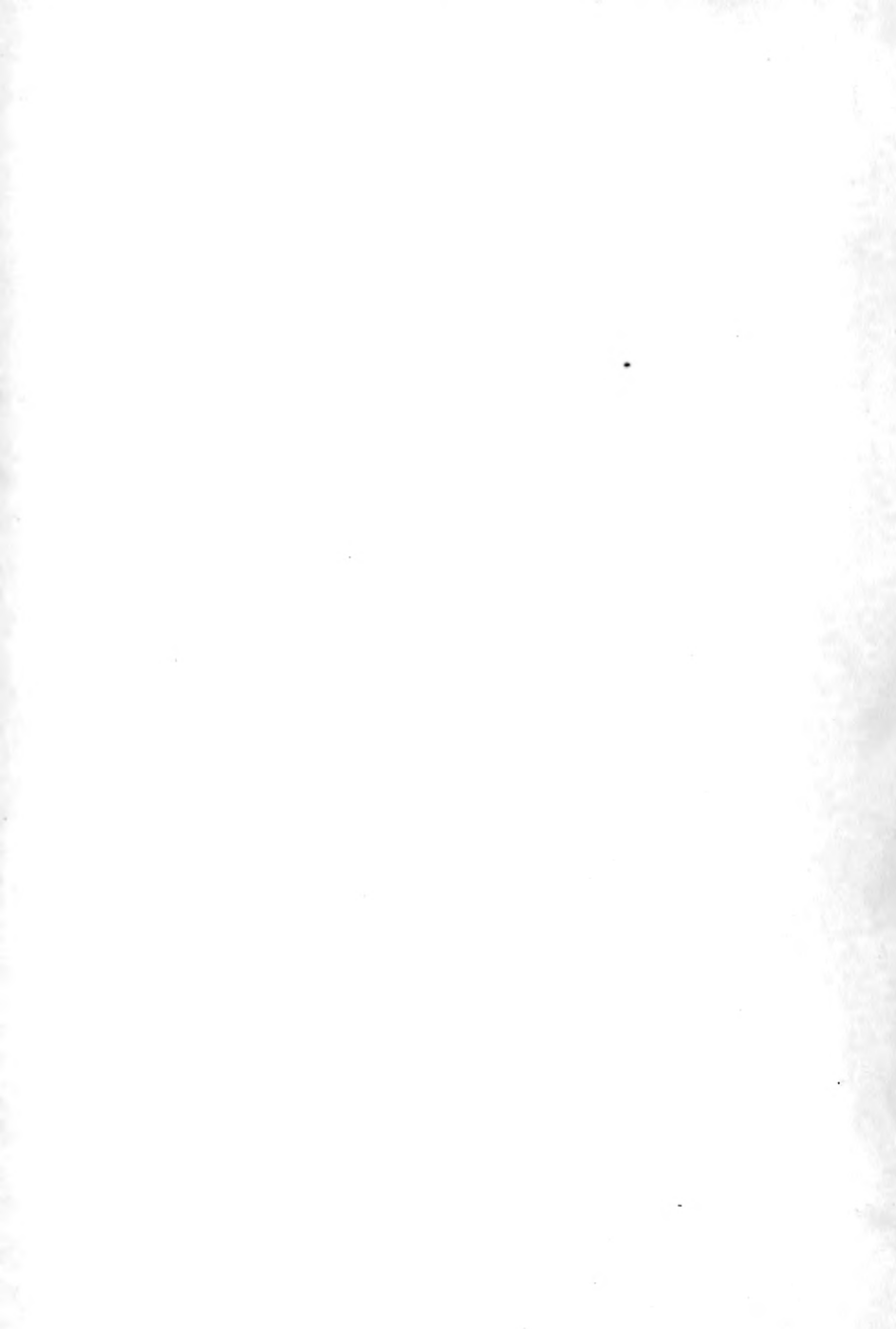


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Portrait of Madame Fyuseyeva
by Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres

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OLD SUBJECTS IN NEW VESTMENTS BY JESSIE LEMONT

THREE Continental impressionist painters, born but a couple of years apart, although widely separated by country, present in their canvases extreme divergence in conception and exposition of theme, yet reveal a certain similarity in big, broad and unique brush handling.

Giovanni Segantini, of Arco, by some called the supreme genius of modern Italy, a romantic Millet, "bathes his thoughts in Nature and clothes them in the local colour of his life in the Engadine Alps." Henri Martin, a native of Toulouse, "suggests Puvis de Chavannes set afire." Henri Le Sidaner, from the Île Maurice beside the North Sea, with its melancholy mists, "a very poet who compels Nature to sing her intense moods with lyric tenderness," paints a world of dreams.

These three artists, different of race, of temperament, of predilection, used at times analogous line effects and a thick streaking in of colour, and again employed a flecked laying on of pigment dissimilar to other contemporaneous impressionists. Original, arresting and effective for a luminous vibrancy and also for a veiled and mysterious quality achieved by these methods, they were in a way by chromatic steps the technical precursors of Augustus Vincent Tack.

In subject matter not transported by the *Virgilian bucolics* of Segantini, nor enamoured of luminous white-veiled floating forms like Martin, nor yet haunted by the poetic visions of Le Sidaner, Augustus Tack reveals to us originality and power both in conception and technique.

Four large canvases recently completed by Augustus Tack might be called a symphony in four movements, with humanity for its theme. The force of the elemental flows through these

paintings, each of which is complete within itself, yet is part of a great whole. In each the background suggests illimitable space stretching out luminously beyond the range of vision. Each is dominated by a single human figure, Biblical in its bigness, symbolic of humanity's heights and depths.

In the first of these paintings, entitled *The Remorse of Eve*, the mysteriously glowing background throws into deeper shadow the figure of a woman who comes forth with faltering steps from beneath the boughs of a great tree. The overhanging branches arch the top, and the massive trunk sweeps from top to bottom the entire right of the picture, darkening to dusk the pathway along which the figure passes and contrasting sombrely with the far-distant brilliance of the background.

The woman's form is brown as of the earth and heavily built, yet with the vital grace of primal creatures. The abundance of wavy hair is thrown forward over the face, as if to veil its tragedy; the left arm is flung across the face, as if to hide the vision of the Unknown toward which she advances; the hands are obliquely and gropingly extended and are clasped with an upward gesture as of prayer. She walks with slow and dragging step, her strong form droops with its burden of realization of finality, of exclusion from the joy forever lost in God's Garden of Eden, to which there is no return. The faint reflection of that vanishing radiance lights her on her way into the Unseen. The symbolism of this figure is portentous. It represents the slow-gathering consciousness of avoidable but irretrievable loss.

The finality of despair of this *Eve* is relieved by a suggestion of wild freedom that leaps up even in the praying gesture of the hands and in the dragging step, which has a latent fleetness; the whole drooping form contains a repressed vigour, at once pagan and primitive. It holds an impulse which

Old Subjects in New Vestments

triumphs over the effect of hopelessness; it possesses, even under the weight of the remorse which bows its proud strength and dims its vitality, a vivid intensity of life.

The handling of this painting of *Eve* is bold and strong. There is rhythm and movement in its sweeping curves; in colour it is almost a monochrome of browns, as if significant of autumn, although a scarcely perceptible touch of green faintly decks the earth in places, like a last, lingering touch of a luxuriant departed summer, whose warmth and life the woman is leaving behind her. The dark figure, the brown, bare branches of the tree, the dun earth, are but heavy shadows against the golden glow of a far distance.

There is no other conception just like this in painting and none other of like significance in sculpture, save, perhaps, the *Eve* of August Rodin, whose interpretation by Rilke might also be a fitting elucidation of the *Eve* of Augustus Tack. Rilke writes: "The gesture of the standing figure develops further, it withdraws into itself, it shrivels like burning paper; it becomes stronger, more concentrated, more animated. That *Eve* that was originally to be placed over the *Gates of Hell* stands with head sunk deeply into the shadow of the arms that draw together over the breast like those of a freezing woman. The back is rounded, the nape of the neck almost horizontal. She bends forward as though listening over her own body, in which a new future begins to stir. It is as though the gravity of this future weighed upon the senses of the woman and drew her down from the freedom of life into the deep, humble service of motherhood."

There is a marked psychological difference in colour effect in the second picture of the group, *Simon of Cyrene*. Here, outlined against the vast distance of the background, the powerful figure of a man is seen, dragging a huge cross up the rocky steep of a mountain. The far-away glow throws

the figure with the cross into sharp relief. His great back is bent, his rugged head is thrust forward till the line along the back of the thick neck is horizontal; his mighty arm and leg muscles strain with effort. The man's body is naked save for a scarlet tunic that covers his loins; his dark hair and beard are thick and curling; his skin is brown and toughened from the burn of the sun and the lash of the winds; he has worked in the open and possesses resolution and endurance; his great hands grasp the rough wooden cross with an iron grip, the big arm muscles dilate, the sinews in his legs stand out like cords, the strong toes press into

the earth and clinch it with each step; each step represents a mighty impulse of the will; he rises up—the steep ascent with unfaltering tread. The great figure is the embodiment of gigantic strength and invincible determination.

There is a note of triumph in this figure; it is so powerful that it conveys conviction that it will reach the journey's end and then, perhaps, with one supreme final effort of the will, the bowed head and bent back will straighten up and the mighty arms will lift the cross and plant it upright like a banner.

Mystery surrounds the story of *Simon of Cyrene*. Biblical history relates that chance turned the steps of this strong stranger toward

the city of Golgotha; fate placed him in the midst of a mob, who seized him and compelled him to carry the cross on which Jesus was to be crucified, to the top of Mount Calvary. None knew who he was, nor whence nor wherefore he was journeying, and the whole testimony of the three apostles who wrote of him is summed up in their books in a single short paragraph; then the episode is lost sight of in the whelming contrast of a greater tragedy.

For this reason, perhaps, the figure of Simon of Cyrene has seldom before been portrayed in literature or in art. On this canvas of Augustus Tack there seems to emerge from that dark time a

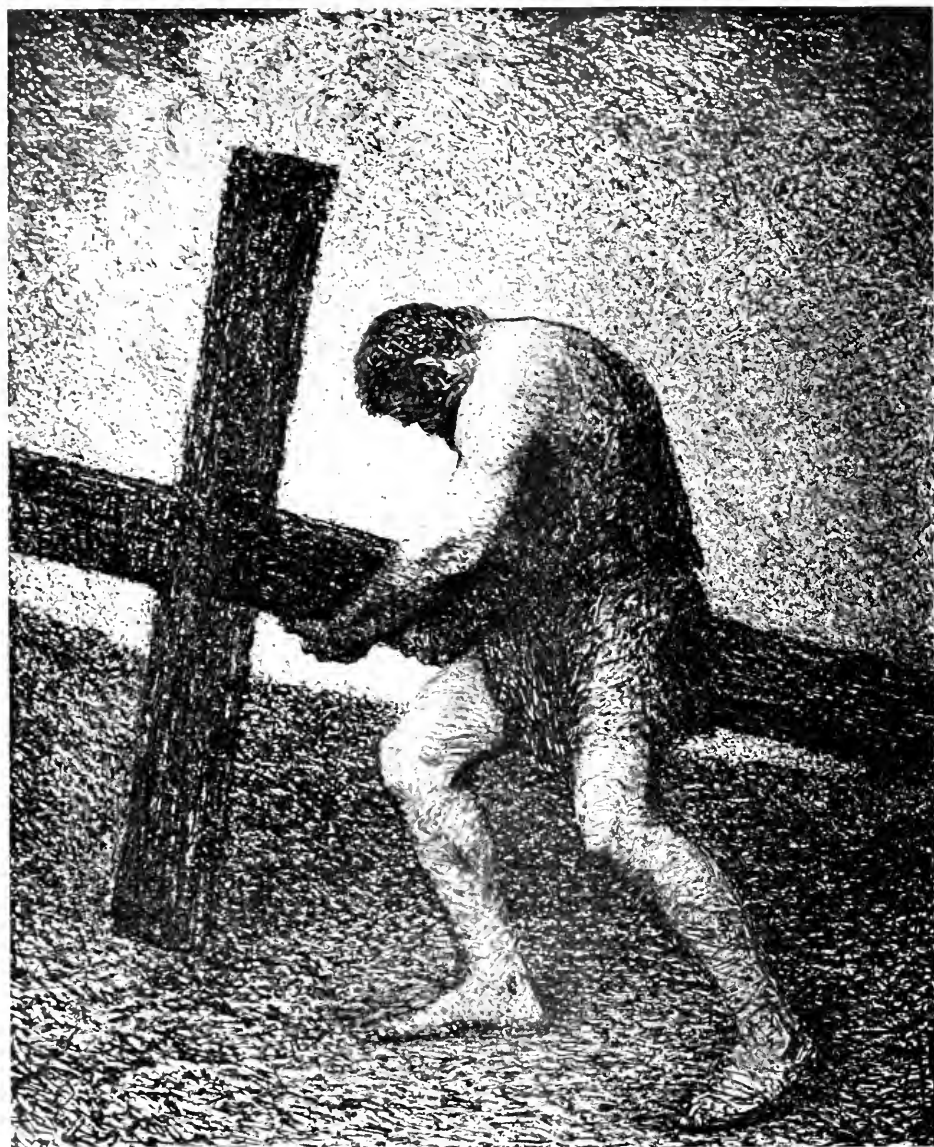


Sketch for a large canvas
"WOMAN, BEHOLD
THY SON"

BY AUGUSTUS V.
TACK



THE REMORSE OF EVE.
BY AUGUSTUS A. FACK



SIMON OF CYRENE
BY AUGUSTUS TACK



MADONNA OF THE EVERLASTING HILLS
BY AUGUSTUS A. TACK

symbol of man's destiny to bear the cross—the burden that he must bear till the end of time.

The whole picture is painted in a swiftly cumulative *tempo*, as if the artist's imagination had impelled him to a rapid and brilliant laying on of pigment. There is a shimmer of golden light in the vast reaches of the background: the brown rocks are bare of grass or trees; the one flash of colour is the red tunic that girdles the man's loins which seems significant of the life impulse or perhaps typical of the red glow of passion.

The *Madonna of the Everlasting Hills* sits serene and high; she is enthroned on a rock that is the topmost peak of the world; the rising hills—symbols of the centuries—lie at her feet and behind her, surrounding her far and wide, like a billowing sea of green. Her robe is an intensely deep blue as though part of the sky itself had been caught down to enfold her like a mantle. A filmy veil of white shades her broad brow as if a cloud had been drawn mistily across it to conceal its radiance. The calm depths of the skies is in her eyes, her beautiful face holds life's mystery, life's dream and life's fulfilment. So serene is she that she seems part of the rock on which she sits, unchanging as the eternal hills. She is the Mother of the Earth; her strong and gentle hands uphold and uplift the Christ-Child; her tender cheek is like a rose-petal caressing the golden tendrils of his hair. The small body of the Child is vibrant with life and joy; he seems to spring from her arms heavenward; one little hand is held forward as though beckoning and inviting all the Children of the World; the other hand points with its tiny index finger—upward. The whole small body, from its wee toe to its pointing finger-tip, is a gesture of swift ascent. The Mother scarcely holds the light, leaping form in her arms. This Christ-Child might symbolize all birth and blossoming—the awakening of all Life, its bloom and its promise. Above this Eternal Promise is the brooding Mother of the World, watching over her Child.

A critic, in commenting on this picture, remarked; "This canvas expresses the Universal. It contains elements of the Byzantine, the Italian primitive, the Gothic and the Modern, and encompasses, as does no other painting of the Madonna, four periods of Christian Art."

The thief on the cross is in the minor key; the mood is that of intense quiet. The predominating colour-tone is the gray of a troubled sky which extends over the picture as though the heavens had muffled in obscurity earth's evil. A faint gleam of light crosses the centre, shining through

the darkness, betokening a breaking of the storm; high above the shifting clouds is the clear sky—a band of deep blue. There is a stillness throughout the entire picture as if the cries, the tumult of a mad multitude of people had died away.

No sound disturbs the silence of this spot; its rocky heights are far away from the city, its loneliness is removed from the haunts of men. Twilight is settling over the mountains. Encompassed by the frame of the picture as if by a window, the upright beam of a cross is seen, two pallid legs and feet are stretched along and fastened to this beam; there is no stir in the waxen limbs—life has departed; the upper part of the body, shut off from view by the frame, ascends into the blue.

A short distance down the mountain slope stands another cross; its entire length is visible darkly silhouetted against the lowering storm-clouds. A ghastly figure hangs from its cross-beams; it is crumpled together and slips down along the upright beam as if with the expiration of a last breath—a sigh of relinquished life; the thrown-back head is sunk into the shoulders; the arms hang limp along the cross-beams, the wrists of the lifeless hands are tied to the beams, the rope ends seem to drip as if anguish from every pore in the man's body had been concentrated into these ropes. But the face is lifted and over its tortured features there has crept an expression of peace; the eyes are raised to that other unseen face with a dawning hope, the failing ears hear the far-off melodious music of a voice: "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

These paintings can be thought of only as placed in and enriching some great cathedral—as Watt's *Life, Death and Judgment* illumines the aisles of St. Paul's in London.

Note.—The following critique by Mr. Carroll Brown is a splendid summing up of the impressions that he received upon seeing these pictures for the first time. Such intellectuality in criticism is a factor that we do not ordinarily meet with among writers upon art, and his utterances merit the deepest attention:

"Mr. Tack's pictures strike a new note. In their unique commingling of method and idea they are distinctive of a new century. Impressionistic his technique certainly is in the employment of bold spots of pure colour laid upon the canvas in the manner of a mosaic. But, unlike many of these latter-day adventurers into experimental regions, from his sound training and mental equipoise he never allows his method to



THE PARDON OF DIMAS
BY AUGUSTUS V. TACK

Old Subjects in New Testments

master him; his colours are placed with such sure knowledge of effects that, at a distance of a few feet, they melt together and create a striking impression of a unified whole. What is it, then, that differentiates these productions from their predecessors? Antique art was a representation of external beauty; with the Renaissance began the projection of the artist's personality into his work, but the characterization of Mr. Tack's deeply psychological pictures is an added consciousness of the world-soul, expressed with a poignant force by means of the unusual technique. These pictures have a strong affinity to the work of Rodin in the rough-hewn and elemental qualities that give that sculptor a unique distinction, as well as in their underlying spiritual significance. Like Rodin's sculpture, they produce the singular conception of an idea emerging from within; seemingly in the plastic material one beholds a primal impulse in the act of moulding itself into shape before the eyes. Like Rodin's sculpture, also, they have a monumental simplicity of design and an absolute sense of reality that is almost overpowering. This is a realism that does not effect itself by the multiplicity of details, for it is subjective rather than objective, and its strength is psychological as well as pictorial.

"Eve remorseful, Simon the cross-bearer, the thief on the cross with his upturned face, do not depict single dramatic moments only in the life of the individual, but are surcharged with a universal meaning. As to the special significance of these pictures—for the artist regards them as if they were four movements in a symphony, each connected with the others and leading up to a climax—what is it but the expression of all human experience? Have we not all borne crosses, felt remorse and received illumination from the divine spiritual source? Each picture has its message, which will inevitably reach those who have the understanding to receive it. Such power to impress the beholder could only arise from an intense personal conviction, for, while Mr. Tack's technique differs entirely from his predecessors, he apparently shares one attribute with them all—faith. This is what has distinguished every masterpiece of like nature in the past and will be evident unceasingly in every future one. No one can see these pictures without feeling that their creator approached them with as reverent a spirit as any of his artist forebears in the ages when faith burned the brightest and art was the handmaid of religion. In them is no evidence of a merely intellectual attraction toward an effective and spectacular

arrangement; these delineations of the profoundest human passion have sprung from the heart of the artist. Whoever aspires to subjects like these must be stirred by such ardent emotions that he causes the beholder to participate in his belief. It is the part of genius to set others vibrating in consonance with the revelations of his inner being. This is the element that glorifies a picture. Hence could anything be more absurd than the claims of some of the ultra-modern painters that they play upon hitherto unused mental processes and have thereby given a new meaning to art? The procedure they vaunt as newly discovered originated in the most primitive painter, who first succeeded in formulating upon canvas some idea that had stimulated his imagination; though his manner be childish and his hand uncertain, the result, however quaint, if its meaning be conveyed suggestively, often surpasses in interest and value the latest production of a finished technician preoccupied only with his tools. It is the underlying thought that inevitably counts, for, as with music and letters, no work of art can endure that is not pervaded with an emotional content, whether demonstrating strength, beauty, imagination or belief. How else, for instance, in the picture of the thief on the cross, could Mr. Tack infuse into the limbs of the Christ that sense of absolute divinity, an effect not proceeding from their complete repose as contrasted with the writhing body of the thief, for it is something intrinsic in themselves? No one not possessing deep poetic insight could thus enthrall the imagination of the onlooker, who, for the limbs alone, visualizes wholly Him whose blessed feet

Were nailed for our advantage to the bitter cross.

"Without doubt his *Madonna*, as he wished it to be, is the culmination of his efforts, and in her he has achieved something unusual and original. The loftiest geniuses for centuries have thrown themselves into this uplifting task, and many and various are the delineations of Sacred Motherhood given to the world. Therefore one hardly expects the new sensation received from this latest manifestation. Painted in shimmering peacock blues and greens, she has the calm majesty and aloofness of the hills, whose mantle she wears, for, indeed, being the *Madonna of the Hills*, she seems an upspringing from the great heart of nature, even as mountain peaks were raised by primeval giant forces. This sense of devotion, of sublime dignity, commands reverence; as did those stupendous Andean summits to whom sacrifices were made by the awe-stricken Incas."

The Etchings of George Elbert Burr



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ON THE LITTLE COLORADO RIVER, ARIZONA

BY GEORGE ELBERT BURR

THE ETCHINGS OF GEORGE ELBERT BURR BY MORRIS R. WARD

GEOGRAPHICALLY, Mr. George Elbert Burr holds a rather unique position in the United States. Though Eastern-born and trained in his art in New York and abroad, he took up his residence at the front door of the Rocky Mountains, and it was in Colorado and its capital city, Denver, that he began to devote himself to his serious work as an etcher. Of more importance is the fact that, in such isolated surroundings, he became one of the pioneers in this country in the comparatively recent art of colour etching.

Though his artistic career first commenced in the field of water-colour, in which he proved himself a competent and charming artist, Mr. Burr had always been strongly attracted to etching, and it was primarily as an etcher that he viewed his life-work. Early training was not lacking. In New York he was commissioned to illustrate the exquisite collection of jade ornaments and other bric-a-brac belonging to Heber-Bishop, and now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. His work was

so masterly and thorough that he was by one critic aligned with that consummate master of French draughtsmanship, Jules Jacquemart, whose "History of Porcelain" made such a sensation in the art world.

On his return to New York after a five years' sojourn abroad, Mr. Burr cast about for a while, making experiments in colour etchings, an art which at that time was so little cultivated that he was unable to find anyone who could help him in his early experiments.

Coming to Colorado in 1906 he took up his residence in Denver, and settled down to his chosen work. Colour etching occupied most of his time, and it was only after several years of hard labour that he succeeded in mastering the intricate difficulties of the art.

At bottom, his methods differ to some extent from those in most general use among his contemporaries in the art. Its chief distinction is the fact that the work, from the etching and preparing of the plate to the final printing, is done entirely by himself from one plate. The colour (oil mediums are used) is applied directly to the etched surface as on canvas, after which comes the

The Etchings of George Elbert Burr

excessively laborious process of "wiping" the plate in such a way that each and every tone is confined to its proper territory. The least "running" of colour would be disastrous.

In the multiple-plate process employed, for instance, by Nelson Dawes and Lee Hankey, of England, each tone or colour requires a distinct plate, properly prepared to receive it. The printing is rendered more simple by the mechanical devices used to pass the paper under the successive plates. It is for this reason that Mr. Hankey, in order to sustain the integrity of his work, promises

more for their softness and delicacy than for any qualities of range. They are all, so to speak, orchestrated in the low, cool tones, and seek to render an air of subtle imagery to the whole rather than to state plain facts baldly. As a colourist he is as different as possible from Mr. Vaughan Trowbridge, for instance, who employs a much higher scale of colour orchestration, and delights in a rich, glowing extravaganza of tones.

Mr. Burr's plates, as prepared for colour, are subjected to the customary auxiliary methods of aquatint and soft-ground, in order that the colour



FLORENCE FROM SAN MINIATO (DRY-POINT)

BY GEORGE ELBERT BURR

that each proof shall be "pulled" by himself, thus avoiding the dangers of ordinary mechanical colour printing.

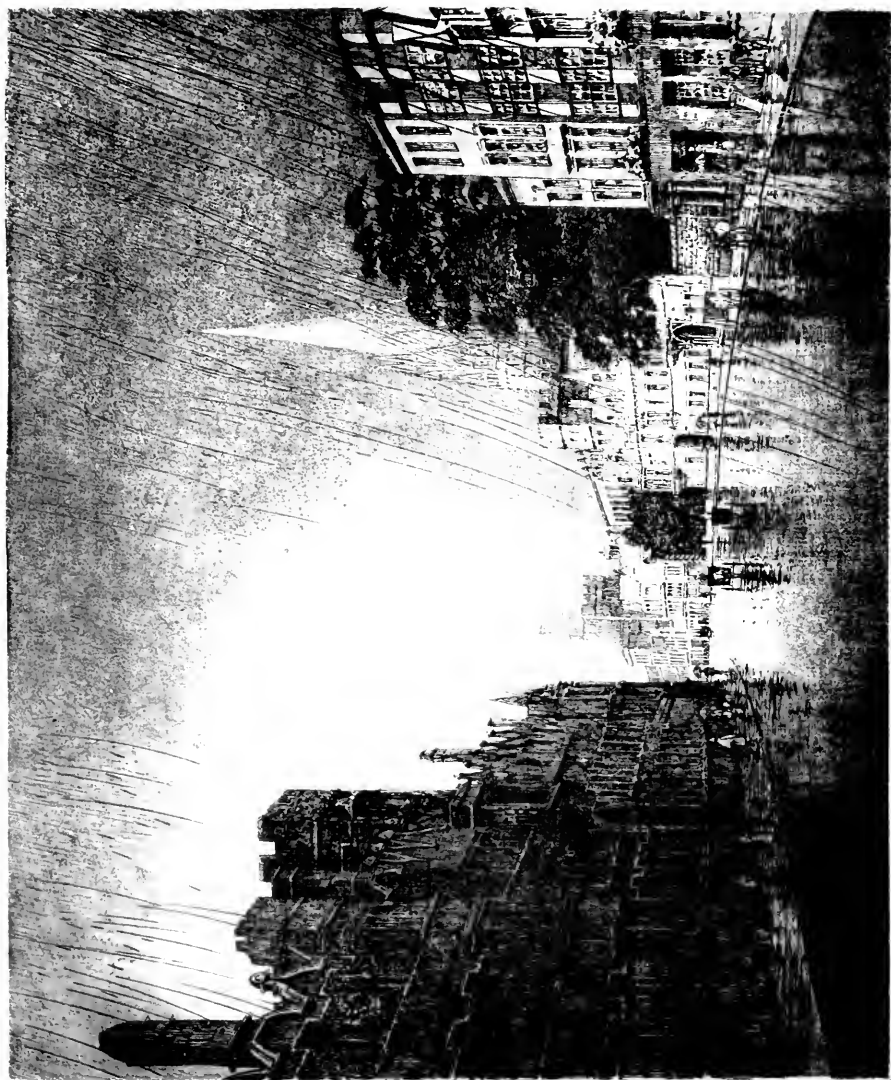
These dangers are of necessity eliminated in work which, as Mr. Burr's, demands the continual artistic skill and ability of the artist himself. Moreover, it is not difficult to see how, every print requiring a separate printing of the plate, a great variety of effort will be found in the various proofs of any one plate. This lends a certain atmosphere of novelty and permits a large range of treatment in a plate, by which it may be made to represent the same scene at different hours or seasons.

Mr. Burr's colours in this work are distinguished

may hold. Large spaces, requiring massed colour, are bitten away through a resin or sulphur ground, and the innumerable projections serve to retain the pigment. In soft-ground work, Mr. Burr has produced a decided novelty in his *Evening, Lake Geneva*. The entire plate was etched in soft-ground, no needle line being used, and the result (in a subdued blue) is extremely beautiful.

Few proofs are printed from a given plate, owing to the rapid deterioration of the lines under pressure. Mr. Burr never steel-faces his work, considering that it would suffer from the metallic rigidity of the steel line.

The printing is always done on moistened paper



HIGH STREET, OXFORD (ENGLAND)
BY GEORGE ELBERT BURR

An Etching by Gustave A. Hoffman

from a warm plate. It can easily be seen that the oil with which the pigments are mixed would, if it was absorbed by the paper, make very unpleasant smudges, as one may see in a paper bag in which greasy things have been carried. Water being antipathetic to oil, the latter remains on the copper, while only the pure colour is transferred to the paper.

Colour etching is only a phase of this artist's work. In pure black-and-white line etching he has achieved some very effective plates, while as a dry-point artist he sounds a very distinctive note. Take, for example, the plate *Winter* and its companion, *Winter Oaks*. One sees here a really masterful interpretation of the genius of winter. The spare trees are covered with a thick veil of snow, and the contrapuntal effect (to employ another term from music) between the dark trunks, branches and sparse vegetation on the one hand, and the massed brilliance of the virgin snow on the other, is very beautiful. One goes up to these plates again and again, as one reads and re-reads a subtle poem.

In etching proper, Mr. Burr ranks favourably among his contemporaries. He understands the evasive and suggestive qualities of the line, and is able to make it perform many beautiful and effective

things. The *Warwick Castle* plate is an unusual plate; the entire composition is scaled down to a dark, almost impenetrable black, through which one feels rather than sees the outlines of the great structure, whose upper portions are bathed in a rich white. *Outré*, if you will, but an excellent example of what an etching is capable of.

High Street, Oxford, and *The Street in San Remo*, both recent plates, are distinguished by a solidity of composition and a better control of the light-and-shade qualities of line. The former plate imparts the effect of rain in a manner reminiscent of some of Felix Buhot's work.

Taken by and large, and remembering the isolation in which he has worked, Mr. Burr is a worthy representative of the modern school of etchers in this country. Aside from his pioneer work as an etcher in colours, he will be deservedly remembered for a few dry-points of exquisite charm, and as a sympathetic and efficient interpreter of nature.

A charter member of the California and Chicago Society of Etchers, he is constantly exhibiting in various parts of the country, while both the Public Library of New York and the Congressional Library of Washington have recognized his artistic worth by purchasing sets of his plates.



THE ROCKVILLE HILLS, CONNECTICUT

ETCHING BY GUSTAVE A. HOFFMAN

Sculpture of Robert Aitken, N.A.



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THE SETTING SUN: HELIOS. DETAIL OF THE FOUNTAIN OF THE EARTH

BY ROBERT AITKEN, N.A.

SCULPTURE OF ROBERT AITKEN, N.A. BY ARTHUR HOEBER

AGAIN the door of opportunity has been opened to our American painters and sculptors, for with the opening of the forthcoming Panama-Pacific Exposition, these artists will disclose astonishingly capable, original, virile performances that once more will call the attention of our public to the possibilities of native talent. The great promise indicated by previous fairs at Chicago and St. Louis will have been more than fulfilled. These results will, too, come at a happy moment—for this nation, at least—to prove, as in many other directions, the resourcefulness of the native. Large mural spaces have been adequately filled with significant pictorial compositions; splendid groups of sculpture have been evolved, no less worthy and impressive, demanding the most serious attention.

Robert Aitken, newly elected National Academician, San Francisconian by birth, pupil of the schools there, but of recent years identified with the art life of New York, where he has executed much important work, has made full use of his varied and impressive artistic gifts in his commissions for this Panama-Pacific Fair. For the Court of Honour he has evolved four heroic figures, typifying the elements—*Fire, Air, Water, Earth*. This article, however, is concerned with a larger and

more ambitious undertaking, a conception of the psychology of life as disclosed in his Court of the Universe, for which Louis Mullgardt has been the architect. While the reproductions here given are explanatory, a few words may assist the reader to a fuller comprehension.

A great main structure rises from a body of water 150 feet long by 65 feet wide, and leading up to this is a group of ten crouching figures, a symbolized *Destiny* with one enormous outstretched hand giving life, while with the other it takes it. This hand pushes toward the earth from *Prenatal Sleep* a woman who awakens to the ecstatic joy of living, perhaps its realization. A man offers her the *Kiss of Life*, and the pair, offering up the children of their mutual love, are representative of the *Beginnings of Things*. To the great central edifice now come these humans to inhabit the earth and make history. They make a series of four groups of heroic-sized figures, each flanked by a colossal bronze *Hermes*, whose arms reach over the structure and hold up the beginnings of animal life of reptilian and piscatorial origin. All these figures and forms surround a globe of enormous size, typifying *The Earth*, over the surface of which streams of water are thrown, deluging these prehistoric beasts. This globe, 18 feet in diameter, of glass in a heavy steel armature, will be illuminated after dark, while a second globe therein will revolve, producing the effect of the

Sculpture of Robert Aitken, N.A.

earth turning on its axis. Upon this will play powerful reflectors with varicoloured lights changing automatically, giving the spectator the impression of the earth as a molten mass. Night and day rising steam will further convey the suggestion of the earth in its cooling process throwing off vapours.

A gap, before we arrive at the *Beginnings of Fecundity*, is typical of that unknown time in history when conjecture only may be the guide.

Awakening of the War Spirit, with woman as the exciting cause. To the next group—always divided by the *Hermes*—we get to the *Lesson of Life*, wherein the elders, with the experience of the years, offer counsel to hot-headed youth. A woman draws to her side a specimen of splendid manhood, willing to fight for his love and faith, while an anxious mother offers him advice. Now *Lust* struggles to caress an unwilling female who shrinks from his embrace.



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EARTH, ONE OF THE ELEMENTS, FOR THE COURT OF HONOUR

BY ROBERT AITKEN, N.A.

Arriving at the main structure we meet with *Vanity*, glass in hand, compelling motive of so much in humanity. Now *Primitive Man and Woman*—always the figures are undraped—trudge on with their burdens of life, progressing toward the unknown future, their rude but questioning courage evident. The next group represents *Natural Selection, with the Survival of the Fittest*. Here we perceive a militant group, where *Physical Courage* begins to play its part, there being the

With this last we have made the circle of the earth and are taken out and through the side of the approach which leads to oblivion. First, a figure of *Greed* looks back on the earth holding in his hands a mass, suggestive of his futile and unsavoury worldly possessions, the unworthy bauble toward which his efforts have been directed. A group behind him, typifying *Faith* shows a patriarch kneeling and offering to a woman consolation in the shape of *Hope in Immortality*, holding

Sculpture of Robert Aitken, N.A.



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WATER, ONE OF THE ELEMENTS, FOR THE COURT OF HONOUR

BY ROBERT AITKEN, N.A.

in his hand a scarab, ancient symbol of *Renewed Life*. Finally, two figures recumbent—a man, *Sorrow*, a woman, *Final Sleep*, are about to be drawn

into *Oblivion* by the relentless *Hand of Destiny*. Mr. Aitken has depicted a conception of life, with its sorrows, joys, hopes and tragedies, its



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FIRE, ONE OF THE ELEMENTS, FOR THE COURT OF HONOUR

BY ROBERT AITKEN, N.A.

Sculpture of Robert Aitken, N.A.



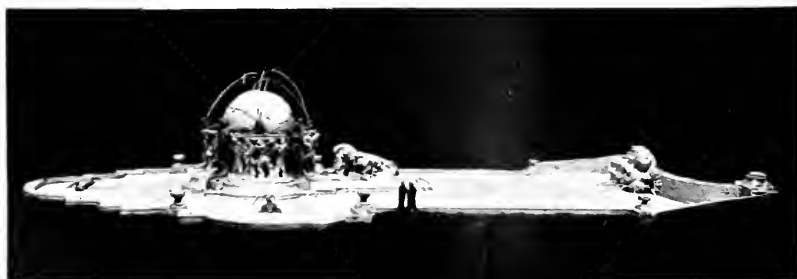
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SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST: DETAIL OF THE FOUNTAIN OF THE EARTH

BY ROBERT AITKEN, N.A.

bright and its dark side, all with rare intellectuality, artistic fitness, and with unusual technical excellence, for the man is a master craftsman. He has injected much personal charm, shown the grandeur of life, along with the physical perfection of man and womanhood in their alluring quality of youth, and the figures pulsate with life. It remains to note that at the end, in the centre of a

formal parapet, sixty feet from the fountain, is a colossal figure, symbolic of the setting sun, the great orb having thrown off the nebulous mass that subsequently resolved itself into the earth. This figure carries with it down to the water's edge a great globe that will shed its golden light along the water surface toward the group of figures.



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ORIGINAL SKETCH FOR THE FOUNTAIN OF THE EARTH
IN THE COURT OF ABUNDANCE

BY ROBERT AITKEN, N.A.

The Dual Art of Albert P. Lucas



Owned by the National Gallery, Washington, D. C.
OCTOBER BREEZES

BY ALBERT P. LUCAS

THE DUAL ART OF ALBERT P. LUCAS BY L. MERRICK

IF IT WERE expedient to determine the position which Albert P. Lucas occupies among present-day artists, he would doubtless be described as an interpreter of lyrical and poetical moonlights and nocturnes, a qualified draughtsman and painter of the nude, and a colourist of rare distinction. That he is a sculptor of equal merit is not generally known, and that he is practically the only American who possesses this dual talent in so marked degree has not been commented upon outside of select art circles.

The reason for this is that, having been gifted with a colour sense even more powerful than his feeling for form, the latter talent becomes subservient to the former. It is, therefore, by his achievements on canvas that his spurs have been won.

At the outset of his artistic career, which began in this country when a mere lad and later continued in Europe, he expressed himself with as

much facility in the manipulation of clay as with his brushes.

He cannot remember the time when he did not draw; as a little boy at his mother's knee his artistic talents were manifested in the drawing of animals, plants, etc., and his growth has been sure and steady. It is, therefore, not surprising that he has fulfilled his early promise while still a young man, and reached a point of artistic success that leaves many older men far in the wake.

It was about 1882 that he went to Paris and took up his studies at the Ecole des Beaux Arts under Ernest Hébert, and later took instruction from Coutois and Dagnan Bouveret. After completing his studies he made a tour of Europe, visiting Holland, Belgium and Italy, where he studied the representative masters of each country. In Italy Botticelli, Luini, Fra Angelico and Correggio greatly impressed him.

Among his teachers, the one who most strongly influenced him was Hébert, as some of his early work betrays. But while his youth was controlled to some degree by his masters, his mature art bears every indication of a peculiarly personal

The Dual Art of Albert P. Lucas



Owned by the Boston Museum

THE RED SHAWL

BY ALBERT P. LUCAS

technical method, which comprises many themes of colour, combining to produce a powerful tonality which indicates much individual thought and wide experience.

During the twenty years or more which France had claimed him, his works were regularly admitted to the Paris Salon and always received prominence. They were often placed in the "honour circle" with noted European artists. He was made a member of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts and his *L'appel* held one of the places of honour. This canvas was later awarded a medal at the Pan-American Exposition.

On his return to this country some ten years ago he secured a studio on upper Broadway, where he has since painted and modelled a number of important works, many of which have found their way into the galleries of well-known collectors, private homes and museums here and in Europe. The National Gallery at Washington owns his poetical canvas, *October Breezes*, and the Metropolitan Museum of New York has his *Extaze*, a beautifully chiselled head of a woman.

His most recent sculptured work, *The Laughing Faun*, herewith reproduced, is but one example of his ability in plastic art. In this life-sized bronze, as in his painting, the same envelopment, acuteness of vision and distinctive qualities prevail. In its subtle joyousness it breathes the gladness of youth and evidences the artist's rare enjoyment of its design and execution. Graceful and rhythmic in line, vibrant in feeling and withal so frankly presented, it emphasizes that coveted simplicity—the simplicity of cultivation.

To one familiar with his work it possesses the same mysticism and depth as his nocturnes, with their harmonious, lyrical qualities that give movement and life to his trees and clouds until at times



THE LAUGHING FAUN
FOUNTAIN

BY ALBERT P.
LUCAS



L'APPEL
BY ALBERT P. LUCAS

The Dual Art of Albert P. Lucas



Owned by the Metropolitan Museum, New York
FENSTASE

BY ALBERT P. LUCAS

they appear to be floating in luminous, translucent light. A recent proof of his painter's genius is *The Voyage of Life*, a striking canvas of powerful technique and faultless chiaroscuro. Here the romantic and decorative elements dominate the poetic to some degree. The composition is convincing of a new phase of his versatility and gives renewed evidence of a personal vision. The subtle blending of colour is dexterously manipulated, and the carefully drawn, thoughtfully grouped figures suggest a well-defined spiritual aspect expressive of a spontaneous enthusiastic mood. The dignity and elegance of this canvas alone is enough to place the artist in the highest sphere of modern art. It is a work that will not fail to command and hold attention.

Quite different in mode of expression is *Susette*, a charming delineation of childish character. How ably the artist has handled the subtle delicacies of tender flesh tones and caught with his practised eye the elusive lights and shadows in the baby face! In its simplicity of treatment and frank presentation it makes its own appeal.

The Red Shawl, now in the Boston Museum, was given an honour place in the Paris Salon a few years ago. It is a composition of great interest, typical of the rare brilliance that inspires the artist's work in general and

evidences again his greatness as a painter of flesh. The translucency of colour always characteristic of him is here emphasized, and the unerring drawing, grace of line and tasteful arrangement produce a picturesqueness in which refined thought is ever apparent.

The same delicacy of flesh modelling so much praised in his painted nudes is observed in his bronzes and marbles, and his temperamental nature is as poignantly revealed in both modes of expression. He does not search for the latest fad or seek to copy the chief gymnast who may happen to occupy the seat of honour at the most recent art tribunal; in his modelled conceptions, as in his paintings, he works out his own ideas and aims to produce the "thought feeling" which is guarded by subtle intellect and by dis-



In the Paris Exposition, 1900

A NATIVE OF ALABAMA

BY ALBERT P. LUCAS

The Dual Art of Albert P. Lucas

tinguished and refined choice of subject. He is a follower of no school, but a serious artist who works out his own salvation with the best tools in his possession—hard-won knowledge and inherent merits.

In all of his work, whether it be landscape, genre, portraits or sculpture, there is always evident a substantial prop of marked discipline which proves him to be ever alert to the fundamental principles of his craft, without which no worthwhile art is ever achieved. A painter of luminous effects, he is not concerned with the physical aspects of nature in a realistic manner, but allows his imagination full sway. In vibrating colour notes he runs the gamut of the palette and his landscapes are reminiscent of tender foliage, iridescent skies and gentle winds. In their depth of feeling and beauty of colour the artist evidences the fact that painting to him is something living, breathing, personal. Fashions and fads in art there have always been, but fundamental laws must necessarily remain a dominant force. Principal among them is the one that teaches that the true artist must first express himself with complete absorption in his chosen theme and never to follow another mind, no matter how admirable. It is this law that characterizes the art of Albert Lucas. In this is his strength, and it is this pervading force that makes it a matter of indifference whether he affiliates with ultra-modern wielders of the brush who "perform" in paint or not. In his own manner he records the emotions of a high-strung, sensitive nature. It is not material facts that he seeks to put on canvas, but his ideas of what has seemed to him most ineffably beautiful. A student of nature who can reproduce the spirit of the trees, the mystery of the woods and clouds, and the low, indistinct sounds of running water, with dra-

matic yet tender chords, is this artist—a dreamer, a poet.

That he occupies a position of importance in the records of American art seems unquestioned; that which he holds to-day has been gained by exceptional quality of accomplishment. To a lover of lyric poetry, of fairy stories, of MacDowell music, the art of Albert Lucas will most strongly appeal.

FURNITURE AND TAPESTRY

LECTURE PROMENADES have been planned to take place at the Metropolitan Museum, commencing Monday, November 9, under the guidance of Mr. George Leland Hunter, two courses being devoted to the discussion and study of the tapestries for which the Museum is justly famous, and three courses for inspection of the furniture.



THE VOYAGE OF LIFE

BY ALBERT P. LUCAS



SUMMER

BY FREDERIC FRIESEKE

AMERICAN ARTISTS IN PARIS
BY CLARA T. MACCHESNEY

AN ARTICLE which appeared in the *London Times* this summer made the assertion in connection with the Exhibition of Paris-Americans at Shepherd's Bush, that "they painted in a French or a cosmopolitan manner"; "they seem more anxious to pass a certain examination or standard than to express themselves"; also "an exhibition of American pictures is apt to look like a collection of the works of prize students, and when we look for signs of American art we do not find them."

The author of these astounding statements shows his unbounded ignorance.

I had the opportunity of seeing this Exhibition several times, as well as three others by Paris-Americans, and to visit six of the artists in their studios. The thought came to me while walking through the salons this summer, how easy it was to pick out the canvases by Americans. I found them, as always, not only uninfluenced by the so-called French school, but also, with two exceptions, by the post-impressionists. They are strongly individual, yet of an interesting similarity. The men whose names have long been long familiar to us, Max Böhm, H. O. Tanner, Richard

Miller, Frederic Frieske, Gari Melchers, Eugene Paul Ullmann, etc., not only "express themselves," but hold high the standard of American art.

Never did this standard reach a higher level than at the different exhibitions held this summer. There is little change in style and none in subject. Two new men were especially well represented at Shepherd's Bush—John Noble, who paints marines, and Roy Brown, a pure landscapist.

Frieske and Miller reached their high-water mark in the salons this year. The latter is rapidly developing a style more and more his own. His portrait of a lady in red was conceded by all the artists to be his best endeavour. She was not sitting as usual by her dressing table, nor in front of green blinds. It was less laboured and more spontaneous in treatment. After a wearisome journey through the Salon des Artistes Français one hot June day, it appeared like a bright oasis in the vast desert of monotonous, dead canvases.

Frieske's *Venus au Soleil* is one of the greatest examples of flesh painting in sunlight I have ever seen. The directors of the Luxembourg Gallery negotiated for its purchase, but too late, for a French lady had already become the



TOILERS OF THE SEA

BY JOHN NOBLE

fortunate possessor. It shows a nude woman lying on a mauve shawl on a river bank, an open parasol is placed at the upper right corner. Flecks of sunlight coming through the trees fall on the exquisitely modelled rose and mauve tinted body. The picture has rare beauty and great poetic charm. Friescke has outdone himself.

Summer, which is reproduced here, is one of the most successful of the many similar subjects he has painted the past eight years. The partial introduction of two figures on the left is a new and successful departure. The reclining figure is a marvel of execution, seen in a blaze of sunlight; all shadows are made hot and luminous. The indication of the limbs under the dress, the painting of the still life, the fruit, carafe of water and tea things is a great achievement.

Among the newer men, John Noble is the most poetic, and has a technique peculiarly his own (with apologies to the critic above mentioned). His early life was spent at Wichita, in the Osage Indian reservation, now part of Kansas. From a sheep-herder to an artist is a far cry. Numerous were the adventures and varied the life until he drifted into the Cincinnati Academy. From there he went to the Mecca of all art students, Paris, and studied under J. P. Laurens at Julien's. For nine years he has lived in and painted the fisher-folk of Brittany. The last five years he has been a member of the art colony at Trépiéd, a village near well-known Etaples in the north of France.

The half-tone above is of his picture now on exhibition at Shepherd's Bush, and represents the Breton fishermen pulling a boat out of the surf.

He generally sees nature in a mist of blue and rose. He sometimes advances far into the field of the impressionist and gives us bold, crude, decorative effects, in direct contrast to his more finished pictures. Of his *Moonlight on the Sea*, enveloped in a fog, a French critic says: "An artist must be both painter and poet to bathe his pictures in an atmosphere so poetic and so true. He has given, with an infinite delicacy, the pale, unreal light of the morning fog. It would be impossible to find more feeling or sensitiveness in a picture than Noble has here expressed. His technique is marvellously suited to the subjects he treats." A true artist creates his own point of view.

This is a sign of genius. Noble has undoubtedly his particular viewpoint.

Roy Brown, equally forceful, but vastly different in conception, is a landscapist. He sees the dunes, the lanes, the pines of Trépiéd, from a bold, vigorous standpoint, which is sometimes decorative. Breadth and great simplicity are his aim. He lays on the paint in thick, broad strokes, and his colour is often as brilliant as the pigment allows. His *Haystacks at Shepherd's Bush* is one of the strongest of his canvases which it has been my



CONSOLATION

BY ELIZABETH NOURSE



PORTRAIT OF LIEUTENANT-COLONEL DRISCOLL, D.S.O.

BY MAX BOHM

pleasure to see. The stacks and fields covered with snow are seen in strong sunlight and is a great *tour de force*. The boldness, the vitality, the brilliancy displayed, make it a big work. His only limitation is a leaning too far in this direction, and a consequent lack of delicacy and of subtlety.

Brown is a native of Illinois and from the Art Students' League, New York, followed the trend of the art students to Paris, where he entered Julien's, and for two and a half years received instruction from J. P. Laurens. He exhibits in the Chicago Art Institute, Carnegie Institute, Philadelphia Academy, Academy of Design, etc., and in the two Paris salons. He is represented in the permanent collection in the Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois.

Elizabeth Nourse, who is the rival of her compatriot Mary Cassatt in the painting of mothers and children, who, like her, has lived many years in Paris and has received many decorations and honours, was not represented in the Salon des Beaux Arts this year except by two drawings and two water-colours. She had a very severe illness last winter, and did not touch a brush for months. The picture here represented was painted in the Spring too late to send to the Salon. In it one sees no effect of her long illness, no weakening of her powers, rather an added vigour and spontaneity, a looseness of touch, which distinguishes her present from her former works. In the lack of "posing," the seizing of a happy moment, the freedom of expression, she has never been more successful. In the placing

American Artists in Paris

of this group in the canvas, the spacing, the direction and balance of line, one sees a surety of knowledge which only comes from long years of faithful study. The enforced rest her illness gave her has set her far ahead in her work, and may she long continue to give us her beautiful interpretation of mother and children.

H. O. Tanner continues to be the poet-painter of Palestine. He has long been a member of the Trépiéd colony, and is president of the Art Society of Picardy Le Touquet. His delightful home is the centre of the colony, and the artist or student from Etaples, or Le Touquet, Paris-Plage, is always sure of a welcome. In his commodious studio, so well adapted to his special line, I found him working this summer. Like many of his confrères, he paints in tempera. He sees and renders his impressions in blue and blue-green tones, generally high in key. This is in direct contrast to his *Raising of Lazarus*, acquired fifteen years ago or more by the French Government. In this admirable picture, yellow and brown tones predominate. If I were to venture a criticism on Tanner's present work, which none admires more than myself, I should say he swings the pendulum now too far the other way. His large Salon picture shows Christ at supper in the home of Lazarus; Martha is standing and in the act of serving at the left. Christ is seated in the centre, a self-portrait of the artist is represented at the right, with Mary at his side. In the figure of Martha, Tanner tries to raise her from the position of a worried housekeeper to that of a human and very sympathetic woman, lovingly serving her Master. He considers this one of his most successful figures.

In introducing his own portrait, he follows the example of Dagnan-Bouveret of our own time, and of that of many of the old masters. Mary given here, was also shown in the Salon des Artistes Français this summer. She is waiting, lamp

in hand, ready to render service to her beloved Lord.

Tanner with his family, and other American artists of that region had to fly precipitately to England last August. The artistic homes, the gardens filled with flowers, the orchards loaded with fruit, the studios with their unfinished canvases, were left to the mercy of the marauding peasant or the devastating Germans. The fugitives may soon be able to return and resume their work. The society of which he is president opened a very representative exhibition of two hundred and fifty pictures at Le Touquet, Paris-Plage, early the week war was declared. This exhibition of the work of members of the society and their friends was doomed to failure as it was open only five days when ordered closed by the local authorities. The building was then given over to the sheltering of refugees.

Max Bohm is one of the leading spirits in



MARY

BY H. O. TANNER



FLOWERS

BY MYRON BARLOW

the art colonies of Paris and of Etaples. He came to Paris thirty years ago, and has hewn his way through many difficulties to numerous honours and great success. His pictures are well known on both sides of the Atlantic. Two years ago, he painted a mural decoration for the library of the city-hall in Cleveland, Ohio, which city is his birthplace. The subject is *A New England Town Meeting in Early Days*. It is conceded by all to be a great work. He will shortly execute another in the vicinity of Boston. His broad, flat treatment of tones lends itself especially to mural decoration.

He is one of the few of our artists who renders his conception from the imaginative side. The idealization of mothers with groups of children, with the seashore as a setting, is one of his favourite subjects. His portraits are never literal nor hackneyed, but pictorial in their treatment. In the portrait of Lieutenant-Colonel Driscoll, he is shown on a battlefield, with a big sweep of sky behind, which Bohm so loves to paint. On the horizon line, low in the picture, in the far distance, a few mounted soldiers are visible. Another successful portrait, and of his wife, is on exhibition at Shepherd's Bush, and has been shown in America. It

is a harmony of browns and yellows and has the same big sweep of sky and a low horizon, being of beach and sea. This, like other of his subjects, is "braced against the wind," which gives flowing lines of great charm.

Bohm is too strong a man to be influenced by the "blue school" or the post-impressionists. His work is big, simple, vigorous, like his personality. It is brilliant in colour and original in treatment.

Never could it be said of Bohm's work that it was influenced by the French school, or that he "seemed anxious to pass a certain examination standard." Here, if anywhere, could the *Times* critic find signs of American art.

Myron Barlow is one of the oldest residents in Trépiéd. A long, one-storied peasant house he has transformed into a delightful studio. In its low-ceilinged rooms, or out in the garden where the poppies glow against the white wall, he poses his model and gives us *The Reader*, *Flowers*, *The Apples*, etc. He claims to be one of the first in the art world to paint blue pictures. These are high in key, and his figures are generally placed against a very light or white background. Vermeer is the old master whose work he constantly

American Artists in Paris



POPLARS

BY ROY BROWN

studies. His *Fleurs Roses*, bought by M. Rothschild, exhibited in the Salon des Beaux Arts, is one of the most interesting as well as beautiful pictures I have ever seen by him. To the knowledge of technique, which is his to a great degree, his subject matter has generally been sacrificed, and his pictures have lacked feeling and spontaneity. The young girl in the garden picking flowers is a trite, homely subject, I admit, but rendered as Mr. Barlow has done, it rises to a height which, in my estimation, he has never before attained.

The most noticeable picture by an American woman artist in the Salon des Beaux Arts was *The Blue Room* by Florence Upton. It represents a woman seated behind a writing table leaning her head on her hand while looking up from her writing to a window on the left as if to gain inspiration. An ordinary subject, but as Miss Upton conceives it—seen from a new and beautiful standpoint. Not only has she triumphed over difficult technical problems—for everything in the picture is blue except the dress—but she has given us, in the face of the writer, much which leads the imagination through long lanes of thought. It may be an idealized portrait, but of this I am sure, it is a success on both its material as well as its imaginative side.

An American woman whose work

is becoming known is Grace Hall Turnbull, of Baltimore. She was represented by two portraits in the Salon des Beaux Arts, and the prize of a thousand francs given by Mrs. Whitelaw Reid was awarded her at the Exhibition of American Students, held at the club's gallery, 4, rue Chevreuse in the Spring.

THREE lectures by Kenyon Cox will be delivered in the lecture hall closely following the opening of the Benjamin Altman collection. These lectures will be allied in their thought to the paintings of the collection, and will give a sympathetic basis for their appreciation. The general title of Mr. Cox's lectures is "The Golden Age of Painting." The dates upon which they will be delivered are as follows: 1—The Culmination of the Renaissance, November 24; 2—The Venetians, December 1; 3—Flemish and Dutch Painting of the Seventeenth Century, December 8.



National Academy of Design, 1914

YOUTH

BY JOSEPHINE PADDOCK



PEGASUS

BY EDWARD F. SANFORD, JR.

I N THE GALLERIES

THE art season in New York and elsewhere in America is facing very curious problems this winter whose solution can better be arrived at later on when a few exhibitions have been held. November and December are more or less tentative months when dealers put out stock pictures and reserve their best material until after Xmas. It is like pugilists sparring for a lead. At present there are a few initiatory shows, most important of which is one at the Montross Gallery.

Shades of Thomas W. Dewing, D. W. Tryon, Horatio Walker and that group identified with the Montross Gallery, for the genial proprietor has taken yet another bold step into the realms of the very modern men and offers us at his Fifth Avenue rooms a group of advanced notions and strange performances—not, be it understood, without interest, but still far away from his old standards. Other times other manners. It is unquestionably a day of art unrest, and here we have some of the

revolutionary young men, with their strange manifestations. Tell us what does Mr. Milne mean by his *Black* and his *Red*, wherein are various spots indicating strangely two figures, women, with faces made not out of roses, but out of dreary pigment, black or red, as the case may be. George Alfred Williams we get, in his *Drama of the Spirits*, highly decorative, and Alfred Vance Churchill's *April Evening* might almost be a Barbizon production. It is likely Mr. Montross eased his conscience with this last, as he did, for instance, with Arthur Dow and Hugo Ballin, the latter with a large and not over-decorative canvas, *A Summer Ideal*. Maybe, however, he meant "Idyll." There are portraits by Randall Davey, but they are nothing like his last year's Academy offering, *Captain Stevens*; George Bellows, an unfettered soul, who never fails to interest; Edwin Booth Grossman, who is full of promise, and Eugene Speicher. Claggett Wilson has his remembered *Laughing Bull-Fighter*, and Alden Twachtman an allegory, reminiscent of many other men,



THE YOUTHFUL FRANKLIN

BY R. TAIT M'KENZIE

a sort of Ryder-Fuller affair, but interesting, while Putnam Brinley has on view two landscape designs that are brilliant in colour and highly decorative. Clever are Van Dearing Perrine, James Preston and Guy Pene DuBois, the latter appearing to the greatest advantage in a strongly lit portrait of a lady in black. Mr. DuBois discloses a healthy advance, with no end of invention. There is delightful observation in the *Sporting Life* and in *A Dancer*, while the little likeness of *Virginia III* is full of lovely adolescence. Mr. DuBois is distinctly entertaining as well, and in these days of abortive efforts to be strange and original, this last consideration is one that is most refreshing.

Not alone at the Montross Gallery can ultra modern art be seen. The Gallery of Mr. C. Daniels on 47th street keeps its pleasant space at the disposal of young painters who are distinctly radical in their tendencies. A visit there is well repaid, for some of the canvases exhibited show distinct talent and individuality of outlook.

The Salmagundi Club has long been associated with the painted mug—ordinary beer mugs painted over by the artist members to be auctioned off for the library fund. The new honorary librarian, Mr. C. F. Naegele, besides converting comparative chaos into perfect order in this excellent library, has determined to go one better in the matter of mugs and has designed a very handsome Louis XVI box. Forty of these boxes will be painted by prominent artist members of the club in the style of the period, and then the mould will be destroyed. Instead of a club sale, these boxes will be auctioned off at the Plaza Hotel and the public will thus have the opportunity of acquiring a very valuable work of art. Different designs and different periods will follow each year. This movement is truly artistic and should stimulate people to look for beauty in objects of every-day use. Mr. Naegele claims very properly that one should not be dependent upon walls for the enjoyment of a good piece of painting. We can learn good lessons from the past.

Mr. Martin Birnbaum, of the Berlin Photographic Company, has many interesting plans for the art season, some of which, however, owing to conditions in Europe, will have to be deferred or annulled. Among the certainties may be reckoned: a second Bakst exhibition of entirely new things,

many very large and interesting compositions owned by Mrs. Payne Whitney and Mr. A. E. Gallatin, which have never been seen; the work of a young Englishman named Herbert Crowley; the first American exhibition of Edmund Dulac, comprising work never shown in England or France; an exhibition of new work by Albert Sterner; the Javanese work of Maurice Sterne.

Visitors to the City Club have been interested in the portrait work of a young artist, Wayman Adams, exhibiting for the first time. The City Club is not an ideal place when considered as an art gallery, and we could have wished so promising a performer a better hanging ground. We

In the Galleries

reproduce his clever sketch portrait of a very charming débutante disguised under the title of *Girl Drawing on Glove*.

The Arlington Galleries have been showing the work of a young Chilean artist, Arthur Welsby, whose landscapes are certainly interesting, many of them being veritable *tours de force*. He has an unfortunate way of overworking his canvases and overloading his palette, which in some of his paintings robs the effect. Some of his simpler themes and especially his flower subjects are very alluring.

Other illustrations include a very striking bronze relief by Paul W. Morris, being part of baptistry memorial to Leander Howard Crall, to be erected in Holy Trinity Church, New York City; a *Pegasus* by Edward F. Sanford, Jr., who has left the beaten track here to produce something original and impressive, a happy blend of modern and classic perception; *The Youthful Franklin*, Philadelphia's latest improvement, being the work of R. Tait McKenzie. The artist has avoided the usual presentation, that of the great man in the plenitude of his fame, and has essayed to present the ambitious, unknown youth marching, like his prototype Dick Whittington, to fame and fortune. The university may be



BRONZE RELIEF

BY PAUL W. MORRIS



GIRL DRAWING ON GLOVE

BY WAYMAN ADAMS

congratulated along with the artist on this fine achievement.

The Macbeth Galleries, which are at present attractively hung with canvases of representative American artists, will in the latter half of the month be showing the recent work of Mr. Robert Henri, just returned from the Far West with splendid studies, including Indians, negroes and most fascinating types of Chinese children. To say that these paintings will attract considerable attention is to put the case mildly.

The trustees of the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C., have announced the fifth biennial exhibition, which will open to the public on December 15, 1914, and close January 24, 1915. It will be the effort of the Gallery to maintain the same high standard as heretofore, and to make the exhibition as representative as possible.



Donated to the Red Cross Exhibition
MOTHERHOOD

BY BESSIE POTTER VONNOH

FOR THE WAR SUFFERERS

TO INCREASE the Red Cross Fund by any means is the object of every sentient being to-day, no matter in what camp his sympathies belong, and, as we go to press, an exhibition is being promoted for the sale of pictures and statu-

ary donated by the artists, proceeds of which will be handed over to this excellent organization. Until the 10th of this month some two hundred exhibits of oil paintings, sculpture, water-colours, pastels, engravings and drawings will be on view at the Clews Building, 630 Fifth Avenue. On the next page is a list of the donors.

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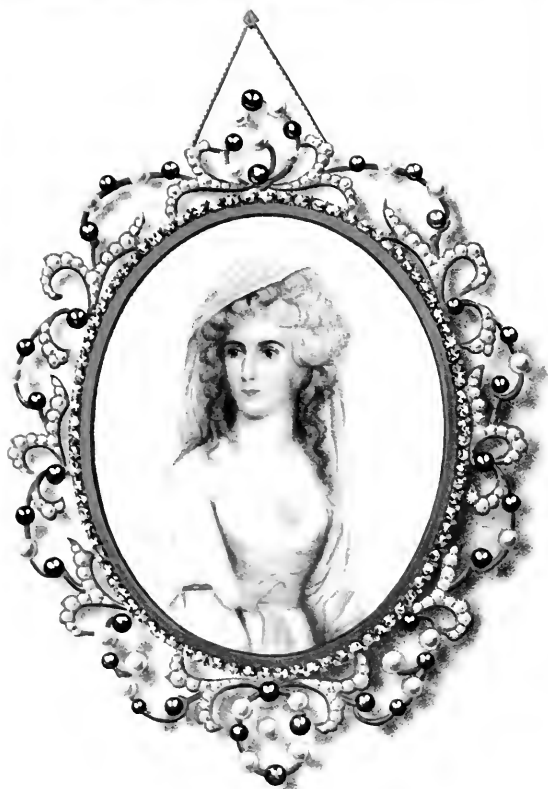
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LADY ELEANOR BUTLER.
BY RICHARD COSWAY, R.A.

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DECEMBER, 1914

A WESTERN RENAISSANCE BY LENA M. MCCAULEY

IF AN enchanted historian who had spent years in Italy, in Florence, Rome and Venice, studying the Renaissance, and had wandered in the museums of Germany, France and England, should awaken in the heart of America to-day, he would declare that after centuries of silence art was on the verge of a second renaissance, but an era in keeping with the spirit of the twentieth century. It was an art making its appeal to the many rather than to the few, and to the humble as well as to the proud. It linked even the children of the common people with the palaces of treasure, and concerned itself with every-day living.

In place of deserted palaces and churches where magnificent paintings and sculptures displayed their splendour and gathered dust in solitude, there were art museums with temptations to invite the people in every community. Their her-

alds proclaimed the service of the beautiful, and they stood for public education. Processions of men, women and children made pilgrimages to look at exhibitions of art, schools were given holidays to visit them, and busy men made festivals in the evenings in order to view the latest work of their contemporary painters and to learn what was being done in the varied artistic activities the world over. Such extraordinary conditions were not mentioned in previous history, and they must promise much for the future of the country.

As the observer continued his journey he would find school buildings, libraries and State houses adorned with mural paintings within the last quarter of a century. In the State capitol buildings of Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois and Iowa, the foremost American painters had been employed. In the market-places of obscure towns in Dakota, Kentucky, Iowa, Minnesota, Missouri and Illinois, sculptured monuments to the heroic dead or the mighty Indian chieftains of the past, modelled by Lorado Taft, Cyrus Dallin, Charles Mulligan,



THE CITY ART MUSEUM OF ST. LOUIS, WINTER

A Western Renaissance

Leonard Crunelle or Nellie V. Walker were honoured. On the noble sites at Keokuk, Dubuque, and Paducah bronze Indians from the hands of America's sculptors guarded the flowing waters of the great rivers at their feet.

In the rural districts, without the cities, art colonies of painters in Indiana, Wisconsin, Illinois and Missouri, and elsewhere in the Mississippi Valley, cherished ideals in harmony. Their studios in the neighbourhood of Chicago, St. Louis, Indianapolis and Milwaukee increased in fame every year. The lace makers and craftsmen of

As the source of inspiration, one must look to the Art Institute in the heart of the city of Chicago. Founded in 1870 and enriched by generous trustees, it ranks first in age and in treasure among the museums of the West. Under the guidance of Director W. M. R. French for thirty-five years, with whom was associated the astute Newton H. Carpenter, and one president, Charles L. Hutchinson, a generous patron who gave liberally of his time and his wealth, the institution grew from a small school of design, and its museum to a compelling influence over the country around it.



THE HACKLEY ART GALLERY, MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN

Minnesota's foreign-born citizens, and the art industries encouraged in villages throughout this broad expanse of country; the travelling exhibitions from town to town, the competitions in farmhouse architecture and rural schools; the public schools and professional art societies, women's clubs and civic efforts, such as those not only in the villages of Minnesota, but at Richmond, Indiana, and its circle, of Peoria, Springfield and Rockford, Illinois—all these point to a renaissance, a rebirth of art in the West. Art is indeed a vital force in these communities, and to recite its activities in poetic phrases does not embellish the truth.

Within the limits of this brief survey, it is impossible to recite the details. A small group of public-spirited citizens charted its future and builded better than they knew. Although Director French has recently died, rich in years and in honours, the policy of the Art Institute for the good of the entire community, as he directed it, must live on.

Visitors from abroad are impressed by the collections. There are the old masters, a Rembrandt, Hals, Hobbema; others of the Dutch, Flemish and Spanish schools of the Prince Demidoff collection; the early Italian painters obtained by Martin A. Ryerson abroad; the Barbizon

A Western Renaissance

school splendidly represented in the Field Memorial Room; the fine examples of French and other Continental painters given by the Nickersons and various Chicago citizens; the noble display of works by George Inness presented by Edward B. Butler; the paintings given by the Friends of American Art, by the Antiquarian Society; the particular purchases of the museum itself; the treasures in the print rooms and the sculpture in the galleries and the architecture in Blackstone Hall; the jades, potteries, medals, curios and bronzes; not forgetting the Egyptian Room, or the innumerable objects of artistic value from many donors or loaned to the institution; all unite in perfecting the resources of the museum in its representation of the art of ages gone by and what is being pursued in the present.

It is needless to recite the current exhibitions of each year, opening with the art crafts, and when the interest is eager at mid-autumn, showing the contemporary American painters of Europe and America. This exhibition compares favourably with that of the older Academy of Design and the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. It is followed by the Western Society of Artists, an important body that links the St. Louis, Indianapolis, Cincinnati and art colonies of the Middle West with the Chicago Society of Artists. The latter group of painters make a pretentious effort after the New Year, and Chicago men, women and children, led by the women's clubs, turn out in thousands to view the paintings and what the sculptors have brought. Then there is a local Architectural Club, upholding the ideals of young architects, and exhibitions of contemporary European art which in their circuit from New York or Boston, or the Albright Art Gallery at Buffalo, or the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh, go on to the Hack-

ley Art Gallery at Muskegon, or to Minneapolis, or St. Louis, Missouri, or Louisville, Kentucky, as its tour has been arranged.

In the long ago museums existed as treasure houses only, and later came the passing exhibition. To-day twentieth-century enterprise requires more, and the Western renaissance orders that museum directors are servants of the people. There are docents to explain pictures, receptions given by women's clubs to inform different localities, and classes for children.

There is free admission to the Art Institute three days of the week, and frequently in the evenings. For over three years there have been Sunday concerts afternoons and evenings for the working people, and every fortnight the Polytechnic Society brings its 1,500 members to the galleries. The lectures on art are given daily, pageants and plays, and the public as well as the art school of nearly 3,000 students, has the



INTERIOR OF SCULPTURE ROOM, CITY ART MUSEUM, ST. LOUIS



KEMYS LION, ART INSTITUTE, CHICAGO

privilege of all these advantages. What wonder that the attendance was nearly one million persons last year.

But the Art Institute does not work alone. The Municipal Art League links to it sixty clubs of men and women, representing tens of thousands of Chicago citizens. Another list of about seventy societies, including the Chicago Society of Artists, the Water-Colour Club, Society of Etchers, two Ceramic Societies, the Camera Club, and architects, meet monthly in the club rooms. When they so desire the art galleries are lighted all evening and open to them. Many of these groups of artists, the Chicago Society, the Water-Colour Club, the Etchers, Art Crafters, and others, promote travelling exhibitions, and it is through their initiative that art colonies have come into existence in remote sections—north, south and west.

Among the associate organizations is the Antiquarian Society, composed chiefly of wealthy women, which since 1888 has collected antique objects of art arranged in a special gallery at the Art Institute. It has a catalogue of valuable tapestries, paintings, carvings and strange antiquities. The Friends of American Art, founded here, and the parent of at least eight similar organizations in cities even to Los Angeles, has an income of not less

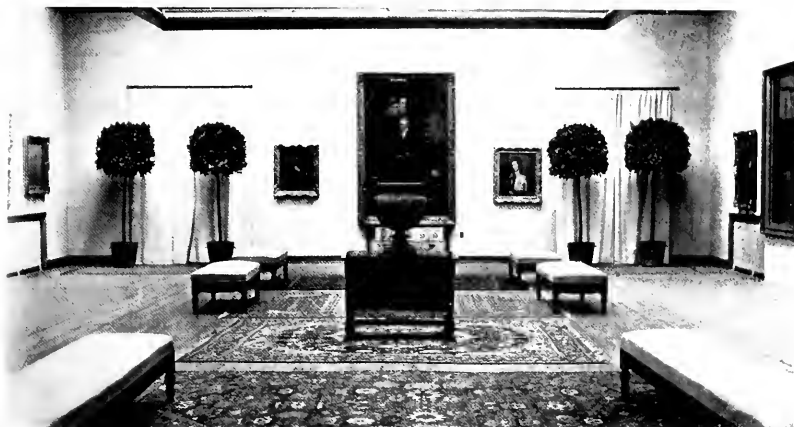
than \$30,000 a year for the purchase of paintings by American artists. The Friends of American Art have hung two or three galleries with the canvases of eminent Americans. The Municipal Art Gallery of the Municipal Art League has fostered Chicago art and has its collection of paintings purchased at the annual exhibitions of the past nine years. The Public School Art Society, as its name suggests, has decorated about 135 public schools with paintings and fine reproductions in half-tone and colour, many of

which it has imported from abroad. Its members being travelled women of wealth, they have been able to give time and thought and have made model collections for schools from the artistic and the side of the interest of the child. The pictures owned are valued at \$40,000. The Public School Art Society also sees to the improvement of school buildings and grounds, and circulates loan collections of paintings, as well as making permanent decorations. It sends out lecturers to schools, and takes children to the Art Institute.

Appeals are often made to the Art Institute for the loan of paintings, and resulting from these are



FERGUSON FOUNTAIN, "THE FOUNTAIN OF THE GREAT LAKES"
BY LORADO TAFT, ART INSTITUTE, CHICAGO



A GALLERY IN THE MILWAUKEE ART SOCIETY

the exhibitions arranged for the University of Illinois at Urbana, at Decatur, Springfield and Peoria, and the tour starting at Richmond, which has gone to Fort Wayne and six other cities of Indiana.

A large art school is sure to have talented students, and the public schools being encouraged in art, have ordered handsome mural decorations for the arches and wall spaces in their assembly halls, paying for their execution. These constitute a striking feature in the annual exhibitions. The subjects are taken from American history or a similar source. The Municipal Art League, realizing the barrenness of the Juvenile Court Room, gave commissions for mural paintings for its decoration. The Crippled Children's Home was made cheerful with panels from the Mother Goose stories, hung low where the children could enjoy them. Six Art Institute students won in the competition, and all who had entered realized that there was a demand for good painting, and that art was not apart from the practical industries but belonged to the world's work. Western publishers and advertising houses have discovered the link that binds them to the productions of educated artists, and more than one student of the Academy of Fine Arts, the School of Normal and Applied Arts and the Art Institute has seen his drawing on the cover of a periodical or serving in some other practical way. It is interesting, also, to record that two of the successful painters in recent years for the Academy at Rome were men

who did commercial work while studying in the art schools.

The relation of artists to the public in the West is intimate and friendly and co-operative in the interests of art. Lorado Taft and the sculptors associated with him, constituting a school of sculpture, have erected a chain of studios on property owned by the University of Chicago near the Midway. These are always open to visitors, and Mr. Taft is ever ready to explain the \$1,000,000 Ferguson Fund left to the city of Chicago for sculptural decoration, of which he has reaped the benefits in *The Fountain of the Great Lakes*, south of the Art Institute, and from which he is receiving an annual \$10,000 for a stated time until he has modelled in colossal size *The Fountain of Time*, a part of the sculptural scheme he has designed to adorn the Midway, a spacious avenue with lawns at the University of Chicago. Mr. Taft and a congenial group of literary folk, as well as painters, have a summer retreat with studios at Eagle's Nest on Rock River near Oregon, Illinois, where his gigantic statue of *Blackhawk* guards the heights.

In these few pages lack of space forbids more than mention of the colonies of artists' homes at Park Ridge, Glencoe, Hubbard Woods, Woodlawn, and the grouped studios in the Tree, Fine Arts, Pearson Street, Grant Park and Munroe Buildings, and near Jackson Park, where not less than one hundred workers in the arts are neighbours. Each group has a distinctive character, while its painters, sculptors and crafters have a

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common interest in a social way and promote its artistic side. Through the Art Institute, the Municipal Art League and their own co-operative gallery and Fine Arts shop at the Artists' Guild and the artist clubs, there is a unity of interest and a general effort toward the wider fields of art and a national progress.

The art enterprises of Chicago have been dealt with at some length because they are first in age and activities, but what has been said of the Art Institute is to a great degree true of the City Art Museum of St. Louis, the John Herron Art Institute of Indianapolis, the Hackley Art Gallery at Muskegon, the Milwaukee Art Society (whose director, Dudley Crafts Watson, was trained in Chicago), and will obtain in the new Minneapolis Museum of Fine Arts. Every one of the latter has aspirations to become a notable museum, has ventured art in the education of children, has popularized its collections, and through directors of present-day enterprise is determined to promote a love for the beautiful and its refining influences as art for life's sake. Nor has this renaissance stayed in the Middle West. Texas, in Dallas, Waco, Houston and in other cities, regards training in art history and art accomplishments a part of public education. The State has adopted a text-book. In the North, as will be shown, the Minnesota State Art Society is setting an example for the entire country.

As early as 1870 St. Louis organized its art forces as the art department of the Washington University. Halsey G. Ives, the director, a far-seeing man, brought fresh ideas into the art school and purchased good paintings, but it was not until the impetus given by the World's Fair of 1903, and the "art tax" given by the legislature in 1907, that the City Art Museum and School of Fine Arts became a municipal institution supported by the State and open to the public every day of the year. The art palace of the Lewis and Clark Exposition, on a commanding site in Forest Park, became the Museum. Until the time of his death Halsey G. Ives devoted his life to upbuilding the collections in its thirty-nine galleries. Its Sculpture Court, 150 feet long by 60 feet wide, contains the most comprehensive gathering of American sculptures in the world. Acting-director R. A. Holland continued the progressive policy supported by William K. Bixby, himself a collector, and the president. Mr. Holland and the docents and special lecturers give Sunday afternoon talks in the galleries. The museum co-operates with schools, colleges and civic societies, and the series

of changing exhibitions belong to those seen at other great cities of the country, and the number of viewers is increasing.

The Two-by-Four Society of St. Louis (the local artists) gives loyal aid. Frederick Oakes Sylvester paints the landscape of the Mississippi River; Edmund H. Wuerpel is a poet of the moods of nature peculiar to the region; O. E. Berninghaus, a third leading member of the group, chooses Indian and frontier scenes. In making comparisons, it is interesting to note that the Missouri artists have a significant originality, and that one who knows Western art at large would not confuse their fine style with the equally good though different art of the Hoosier painters of Indiana, the cosmopolitan work in Chicago, the Illinois spirit of the Palette and Chisel Club of the metropolis, or that of the Milwaukee painters or those of Minnesota. In comprehending a renaissance all must be considered.

Civic art, the City Art Museum, the local painters and the art school of St. Louis are a strong factor in stimulating art enthusiasm and exhibitions of work in Arkansas, Nebraska, Kansas, and the West and Southwest. All the scattered art centres in these regions are signs of a healthy progress.

The John Herron Art Institute of Indianapolis, founded by John Herron, with the art school of the capital city of Indiana, is third in age and controlled by the Art Association of Indianapolis. It is a live organization, vital in a modern sense. It has held twenty-eight annual exhibitions of American art and has brought the population of the city to its doors through its co-operative work among the teachers and children of Indianapolis. Students flock to the lectures after school hours, Saturday mornings there are art classes under Miss Seegmiller and William Forsyth, the Indiana landscape painter, and the staff of the Art Institute. Friday evenings the High School boys and girls have the liberty of the galleries, and the Art Institute circulates fifteen travelling exhibitions of paintings, textiles and other objects, which were shown to fifty groups of children in thirty-five schools of the city in a limited time. The first month of the year 7,000 visited the Art Institute. Leaflets of a special kind are distributed to attract children to the Art Institute, mothers' clubs meet there, in addition to art societies, and the Indiana Federation of Women's Clubs and the Drama League have the club rooms for their congresses.

Thus, in the revived idea of art for the people and art for life's sake, art lovers are sought in the

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highways and byways. The art of music is heard in concerts and Christmas carols, and the art of costume, the drama and the dance with picture building in pageant plays, such as that of Benjamin West, given not so long ago in the Sculpture Court under the auspices of the arts section of the Women's Club. The leading Indiana painters, William Forsyth, J. E. Bundy, T. C. Steele, Otto Stark and Otis Adams and their associates, have established a distinctive local art organization.

money, which was to be expended at the discretion of the Board of Education, for an art museum and paintings. This fact gives the Hackley Art Gallery a unique place among art museums, and when Raymond Wyer was appointed its director in 1912 he grasped the possibilities of the museum as a power in education in that section on the east coast of Lake Michigan. Funds were spent to begin a worthy permanent collection of paintings, both of Old Masters and significant works of living



VISTA IN BLACKSTONE HALL, ART INSTITUTE, CHICAGO

While giving exhibitions for Indianapolis, they are widely known in the travels of the Society of Western Artists, and in the national exhibitions of painters of the United States. Harold Haven Brown, the director of the John Heron Art Institute, went from the University of Chicago to aid the progressive work then in its beginnings.

Hackley Art Gallery of Muskegon, Michigan, Raymond Wyer, director, occupies an influential position. The late Charles Hackley, a wealthy citizen of Muskegon, devoted to the cause of education, founded technical schools and gave the

men. The active service to the community was set forth by the director, who said in an annual address that there was an art in living, and it was the intention of the Hackley Art Gallery authorities to endeavour "to develop that discrimination which leads to a love for those things which tend to help a community to live, not only nobly but gracefully as well." The children of the little city of Muskegon believe that the museum is theirs and that it is their privilege to attend the lectures and exhibitions. The club women take a deep interest in the art movement, and the whole State of

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Michigan, especially in the north and west, outside the circle of Detroit, whose museum, like that of Toledo, belongs more to the Atlantic group, is developing an active support. The city of Grand Rapids invites art lecturers and exhibitions, and in the summer the largest Chautauqua of the Middle West, that at Bay View, Michigan, supports an art school and makes a feature of illustrated lectures on painting and sculpture.

The Minnesota State Art Society has a history unparalleled in the annals. It illustrates the renaissance of art for the people and the crusade

Besides, the State Art Society circulates exhibitions of paintings, sculpture, the handicrafts and industrial arts in the towns. It offers prizes for model farmhouses, publishes and circulates the plans. Its scheme is practically inexhaustible, leading from art museums to art in the home, in house furnishings, gardens and town planning. After making an art census of activities, clubs, collections, industries and the innumerable instances in which art might be considered, Director Flagg and his assistants saw the possibilities of the foreign-born lace makers of Minnesota. It was



SCHOOLCHILDREN VISITING A GALLERY AT THE JOHN HERRON ART INSTITUTE, INDIANAPOLIS

of modern art better than any of the museum forces described, for it has not had traditions to build upon. The Minnesota State Art Society was created by an enlightened legislature in 1904 and is a department of the State Government of Minnesota. Its headquarters are in the old State capitol at St. Paul, and Maurice I. Flagg, formerly of Boston, is its director. It exists for the purpose of promoting art in relation to the needs of Minnesota, which has a foreign-born population, bringing the talent and skill of old-world craftsmen to the new. It intends to encourage home industries and to keep young people in the villages and on the farms, to their own and the State's advantage.

resolved to keep the colony together, and by tactful management the women were induced to use linen thread and to improve their patterns, and the result is that these lace makers are famous and receive good financial returns for their products, marketed by the Minnesota State Art Society.

The annual art exhibition of paintings, sculpture and crafts work sent out by the Minneapolis State Art Society prepared its way by advance advertising. In twenty-seven days it visited the cities of St. Paul, Minneapolis and Owatonna. In the Twin Cities one person in twenty-five attended, and at Owatonna 1,500 in excess of the population entered the gallery, owing to the response of the

rural districts. Minneapolis purchased two paintings, one for the Newsboys' Club and another for the new Minneapolis Museum. Owatonna and the State Art Society each purchased one, and a number were sold to private individuals this year.

Two travelling exhibits of industrial art and school work from Minneapolis were sent to twenty-nine cities in the State. The industrial art visited fifteen cities, and the State Library Commission co-operated with the State Art Society, circulating two travelling libraries directly related to the exhibits. Parts of exhibitions went to Anoka, Stillwater, Duluth, and a display was a week at the University. The director visited eighteen cities and towns in three weeks, lecturing on the "Art of Common Things." Circulating collections of coloured prints and its own paintings are kept on the go continually by the Minnesota State Art Society. It sent one to the State Federation of Women's Clubs. During a summer it maintained a class in handicrafts at Mound, Minneapolis, and discovering the lace makers at New Ulm and Sleepy Eye eager for help, a lace school was organized for them. Meanwhile twenty-five public schools were decorated and hung with pictures.

Minnesota, it will be seen, is undertaking a State-wide movement, although the Minneapolis Institute of Fine Arts is rising to take its place as a great art museum of the nation. Receiving the old Morrison homestead in the heart of Minneapolis as a gift, the Minneapolis Institute of Fine Arts was made still further possible by the gift of \$100,000 by William H. Dunwoody, whose munificence stirred his fellow citizens to a degree that nearly \$750,000 was subscribed in a single evening. A superb art palace was planned and will be ready for occupancy this year, and a rich collection is assured, owing to the bequest of Mr. Dunwoody, who recently died, giving \$1,000,000 for paintings and sculpture, and as a general endowment. Associated with it is the Minneapolis Art School of some years' standing, of which Robert Kochler is director and acting director of the museum.

The Milwaukee Art Society, but a few years old, is the latest illustration of the wave of art education in the Mississippi Valley and Great Lakes region. Under the direction of a young and enthusiastic painter and lecturer, Dudley Crafts Watson, recently of the Art Institute of Chicago, the city of Milwaukee has had its attention concentrated on the programme of the Art Society. Mr. Watson, of indefatigable energy, and the gift of leadership, within less than a year has directed important current exhibitions from the East to

Milwaukee. He has appointed gallery lecturers in German, Italian, Polish, Bohemian and English to escort Sunday parties. His lecture room of four hundred chairs is crowded Friday afternoons with schoolchildren at the sketch class, and the evening receptions and art lectures overflow. The Art Society is housed in a small but artistic structure costing \$35,000, the money for which was raised by popular subscription in six months, and there are 1,300 live members on the rolls. Samuel O. Buckner, president of the Milwaukee Art Society, is not only a collector of rare paintings, but a man of practical foresight and executive wisdom to lead the growing organization into the larger plans it has outlined for itself. The Layton Art Gallery has a collection of valuable paintings, chiefly of European masters, which has long been the pride of Milwaukee.

In this passing review of the Western renaissance an effort has been made to give prominence to the newer ideas. The West is rich in princely collections. Chicago could boast of the Rembrandts, Hobbemas, Constables, Turners, the Early Italian, the eighteenth-century English, the Barbizon and modern painters in the private collections of Charles L. Hutchinson, Frank G. Logan, Cyrus H. McCormick, Edward B. Butler, Mrs. W. W. Kimball, Martin A. Ryerson and a dozen other men and women of wealth, the majority of whom are interested in the welfare of the Art Institute. The City Art Museum of St. Louis has its William K. Bixby; Milwaukee, Samuel O. Buckner; and Minnesota and Michigan have world-famed canvases in their public and private collections.

The renaissance of Italy was the flowering of the romance of religion. The passion for art has been tossed between devotion to nature and hero worship in the past, and leaving behind us the gallery of battles of the hundred years ago, the worship of human beauty in the golden age of portraiture, all held in the net of wealth and power until the era of Millet brought art closer to the soil and, coming nearer our own time, in the inheritance of Inness and landscape painting, the argument must be that the new renaissance will lead to another great passion of the human soul. It may be individual liberty and expression. But, whatever it will be, the evidence is plain that the Western renaissance, compelling an education in art, opening the eyes to beauty, employing the hands, encouraging the devotion of the masses of the common people and children, most of all, is something that has never been before.

Pen-and-Ink Sketches of Rheims Cathedral



PEN-AND-INK SKETCHES OF
RHEIMS CATHEDRAL BY DE
WITT H. FESSENDEN

FOR centuries Rheims Cathedral has stood for the best we possess in early Gothic art, and at no time more than the present have men and women of culture the world over expressed the interest they feel in this wonderful structure and anxiety lest the havoc produced by war should baffle the restorer's art. Certain it is that no powers of restoration can ever bestow upon posterity this priceless gift of inheritance in its pristine glory. On this page and the next are reproduced some sketches of Rheims recently executed by De Witt H. Fessenden, a young artist whose pen-and-ink work is one of many media in which he expresses himself, but the one in which he most excells.





RHEIMS CATHEDRAL
BY DE WITT H. FESSENDEN



DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL

BY ROBERT VONNOH

THE VONNOHS

THERE has grown up in our time so great a misunderstanding of what does or does not constitute the artist and the legitimate artistic attitude that a conscientious reviewer of this subject is almost discouraged to the point of abandoning any attempt at discrimination. Definitions have become so lax, boundary lines so indeterminable, perceptions so blunted, that the very fundamental of that thing we call art is forgotten, misinterpreted or ignored. We are confronted by a muddle of discrepancies which we find very difficult to reconcile with that kind of delicate and disciplined receptivity of the senses which the present writer (however much he may be ridiculed for it) has always emphasized as a dominant factor in the making and appreciation of beautiful things. Curiously enough, we rather demand a nicety of judgments in the matter of decoration: we do not feel ourselves or our neighbour incriminated by evidence of a certain tact in the shaping of a waist-coat, a sensitive response to

elegance of line in a dinner jacket; nor is it to be doubted that a pretty taste for gauging the quality of your remarkable sherry, the octogenarian dignity of your port, can be looked upon as other than a quite invaluable qualification. But apply the same identical scales for weighing the æsthetic, for or against (a sort of inarticulate intuition, nothing more, nothing less), to the poem, the symphony, the canvas, and you have founded an indestructible reputation for old-fogeyism and a downright lack of intelligence.

It is for this reason, because, so to speak, of a prejudice which this generation is cultivating, that the writer is confronted by a disheartening difficulty in calling attention to the work of Robert Vonnoh and his wife, Bessie Potter Vonnoh. Mr. Vonnoh's work is of a kind that (if one may have resource to the questionable facility of paradox) is commendable in this present time for what it is not rather than for what it is. An honest consideration of it will not make the mistake of throwing it into competition with that which is most characteristic and most definite in our contemporary



THE OCTONARIES
BY DOBRIE AONNOL



THE DANCE

BY BESSIE POTTER VONNOH

painting. Lacking, for example, the idiomatic twang of so native a point of view as Murphy's, or the powerful, pungent, pugnacious vernacular of Bellows, it lends itself less easily to those verbal embellishments of the commentary upon which he must needs rely in his endeavours to translate the message of colour into speech. Its virtue is, it cannot be denied, the rather negative virtue of reserve, a quality which we must appreciate for itself and for what amount of good influence it exerts in its community, without expecting that it particularly excite us or compel any large measure of our attention. It is, one might not badly say, the pianissimo of painting, the eternal balance (for which let us be truly grateful to the band-wagon assertiveness of the younger generation. I should be at once ridiculous and so much, even, as dishonest, if I failed to acknowledge that this type of work is not epoch-making work. I am simply remarking on certain phases of a dignified and

delicate talent on the ground that however less weighty, less significant it is than the work of certain obvious leaders of contemporary painting, it is no one whit less sincere and—in proportion—of its own characteristic degree of preciousness. Take, for example, the portrait, *Octogenarian*, to me one of Mr. Vonnoh's very best things. Painted as this picture would most probably have been painted by a dozen readily recallable names (not least among them a brilliant pupil of Mr. Vonnoh's, Robert Henri), we should have had as efficient a workmanship, but we should, perhaps, not have had the particular spirit that permeates the picture, the spirit of a poor, shrivelled, mumbling and cold-haunted old age, where all has fallen away except a feeble and querulous desire to be left alone and to sit, unmolested, by a little warmth. Where a younger painter would most likely demand your attention, utilizing even so sober a spectacle for the display of an impertinent virtuosity, Mr. Vonnoh cannot do otherwise than evoke it reverentially in all its chilly, toothless reticence.

It is as a portrait painter that Mr. Vonnoh is best known. Personally, I cannot help but regret



PHANTASY (BLUE AND YELLOW)

BY ROBERT VONNOH

this, not only because of my greater interest in landscape (American painting's legitimate metier), but also in view of a certain charming dexterity which is obvious in his handling of the out-of-doors. I think there can be no question in the minds of those people who are at all intelligently concerned with the matter, that American landscape painting has a tendency to fall into the easy habit of formula. When, as in the case of Mr. Murphy, this formula is a beautiful formula, we must not commit the stupidity of reproaching it for what it lacks, and we are well within our rights in attributing questionable motives to those persons who are antagonistic to it. Even so, the fact remains that no painter has so far succeeded in successfully combining the thousand intricacies of colour which is Nature with that sense of dignity, euphony and solidity of workmanship which is the conspicuous and satisfying characteristic of the tonal school of painting. When, for example, a painter like Mr. Tryon attempts in his later work to reproduce those various blues, purples, mauves, violets, etc., which unquestionably assume a supreme significance to any honest pair of eyes, we pay our respects to a commendable ambition, but we are forced to admit that the result is highly suggestive of the crushed confectionery of a Christmas card or the sweet and facile sentiments of a valentine. There are some of us who believe that we have seen the best of American painting, but if this is an error and, as is popularly supposed, artistic valuations, possibilities and productiveness are in for a large bull market, we respectfully solicit an ultimate excellence which will combine the alert and courageous experiments of a Monet with the superb discretion and sentiment of a Wyant or a Murphy. I do not know whether Mr. Vonnoh's landscape painting is widely circulated, but in those examples of it which I had the pleasure of inspecting in his

studio I was impressed by the reconciliation he attains between that sort of fluent, loose handling which we associate as a general rule with the unpremeditation of the sketch and that unmistakable air of distinction, of good breeding, which we are vouchsafed at the expense, too often, of spontaneity. If I may rather intrusively indulge my imagination, I should say that this phase of Mr. Vonnoh's work has suffered from a lack of perseverance, of concentration on a particular point of view. It is the inevitable result of that

cosmopolitanism, that breadth of interest, which we enjoy as a social asset in Mr. Vonnoh, and as a personal influence. As in the case of Mr. Alden Weir, he has been so intelligently sympathetic to the various tendencies about him that he has failed, perhaps, to do the very highest justice to his own ability.

There is one thing which cannot do otherwise than discourage the acute observer of the activities of Mr. and Mrs. Vonnoh—the disquieting fact that they are people of refinement and intelligence. At a time when the idealisms of our artists and the appreciative capacities of our patrons of art are bounded on the one side by Castle House and on the other by the Persian Garden, we are forced, I think, to ac-



THE BUTTERFLY BY BESSIE POTTER VONNOH

knowledge the unhappy significance of so conspicuous a disqualification. I find, for example, in their home a Steinway parlour grand in place of the inevitable Victrola, and it is from an atmosphere permeated with a gentleness of demeanour, a breadth of interest, an unobtrusive cultivation that the work of Mrs. Vonnoh comes to us. It has been so extensively commented upon that it would be superfluous of me to attempt an appraisal of its technical excellence. It is with its attitude of mind, of feeling, that I am concerned, maintaining, despite the hostility to this view of the literal-minded, that it is the duty of the writer to convey primarily the intentions,

The Vonnohs

ambitions, idealisms of the artist rather than to submit a mere cataloguing of certain mechanical proficiencies. When you meet Mrs. Vonnoh you are impressed by a quiet absence of eccentricity, of over-emphasis, whether of dress, of manner, or of opinion. As you hear her talk you realize that her work, because of the nature of the woman, cannot fail to oppose the thousand intricacies of that materialism and brutality that has dominated so large a proportion of the art of the times. Her point of view is a kind of diffident defense, maternal rather than militant. She has told me how, as a child, her hands instinctively sought the shaping of lovely things; she has interested me in her account of her early school days, a fortunate and unique opportunity being afforded her for the practise of that which was to her a recreation, a thing not foisted upon her by discipline but sought and found with a delighted quickening of the senses which is, after all, the keenest compensation of the worker. There has been no conscious imitativeness in her work; she has responded inevitably to those things about her which have seemed beautiful to her, her fingers busying them-

selves in a glad and unpremeditated attempt to catch the lovely minuteness of life rather than to labour at a conventional dignity of mere bulk. Her dominant note, the note to which I find myself most sympathetic, is her rendering of a sort of delicate domesticity. One feels that the touch which has evoked the nursery in the placid permanence of sculptures has been moved by that degree of tenderness with which it would caress a living thing. The world-old consideration of temperament intrudes itself. Mrs. Vonnoh's vision of the child and the mother is a difficult balance between the materialism of its obviously physical aspects and the sentimentalism of that phase of it which we call, for want of a better word, spirituality. If she may register a legitimate claim for novelty, it is justified by her contribution of this supersubtle, supersensitive inspection of this motive of maternity. It has been her aim to sound the human note sweetly and reticently, without a sacrifice of a certain degree of gentle strength. She achieves the precious and delightful distinction of that kind of inconspicuousness which signifies proportion and restraint.





THE MORNING ROOM

BY CHILDE HASSAM

THUMB-NAIL NOTES ON THE
ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE
CHICAGO ART INSTITUTE
BY JOHN LANE

I HAPPENED to be passing through Chicago and handed my card to the acting-director of the Art Institute, Mr. Carpenter. He at once informed me that the Twenty-seventh Annual Exhibition of Oil Paintings and Sculpture was being put in place. Mr. Carpenter spoke with such enthusiasm that I expressed a hope that I might be allowed to see the collection. Although there was no catalogue ready, I was prompted to go through the rooms. I was so struck with the freshness of the work that I have made a few thumb-nail notes, in the hope that they may be of interest to the readers of THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO.

I think it is only fair to say that it was with difficulty that I could discover the names of some of the artists, and that I therefore selected the pictures from my own predilection, and not from

names. However, later, on looking through a card list of names, I discovered that there were only a few which were known to me, for I should say at once that I am only a visitor in the States, and that I am not in the way of meeting or knowing the work or even the names of many of your most distinguished artists. That I have made omissions will be obvious to all readers. But, on the other hand, it may have some interest to have the rapid notes of a lover of modern painting.

The l'isit, by Louis Kronberg, with its blonde and brunette dancing girls, with the grandmother, is spacious and delightful. *The Ponte Vecchio*, Florence, from the brush of Colin Campbell Cooper, has a Turneresque effect. Ernest L. Blumenschein's *The Peace-Maker* and William R. Leigh's *The Great Spirit* have a kind of artistic relationship, and both struck me as being original. The inspiration seems to be the spirit of the Indian. In this room there is a fine picture of the English artists' quarters, *St. Ives*, by Gardner Symons, which breathes the atmospheric mystery of Celtic Cornwall. Another picture of great

Exhibition of the Chicago Art Institute

interest, alike in colour and design, is *The Stronghold of the Seafarers*, by Lewis Cohen. Very different is the impressionistic painting, *The Abbey, Chateau Landon*, by Elliot Torrey. Mr. W. Elmer Schofield deserves more than passing notice for his two pictures, *Building the Cofferdam* and *The Spring Thaw*. Mr. Farley's *The Dunes of Barne-gat* has a rare opalesque quality, which is so uncommon in modern art. His sand dunes are unusually full of colour. *Under the Bough*, by

Mrs. Ray Atherton, by Mrs. Grace Farwell McGann, who is a very accomplished pupil of the master. Charles H. Davis is represented in this room by a most pleasing landscape, which is one of the two pictures which he has in this exhibition.

The Letter, by William MacKillop, is a very quiet interior, full of contemplation. Mr. Daingerfield's *Andromeda and the Sea Nymphs* is delightful in design and colour. In some respects it reminds us of the work of the master, Fantin LaTour.



FROST-BOUND

BY JOHN F. CARLSON

Arthur B. Davies, reminds one of the Italian primitives. *Gypsy Spayde*, by William T. Smedley, is also very worthy of our notice. Jane Peterson shows an attractive canvas, entitled *The Round Pool*. John F. Carlson and Hobart Nichols are also well represented. I was extremely interested in the saucy little *Spanish Dancer*, by Mr. Truman E. Fassett. It is a colourful piece of painting. There is another picture in this room which is very interesting, in connection with Mr. Lawton Parker's portrait of the same subject, in the same chair, and in the same costume. It is *Portrait of*

Miss Theresa Bernstein has produced a remarkable little picture, which takes us back centuries in many respects. It is not only the design but the atmospheric feeling of the whole picture which is most fascinating. Benjamin Kopman's picture, *Interior*, hanging just above it, is strangely reminiscent of Bonington, but it is none the less pleasing. George Elmer Browne's painting, *Winter Logging*, has quite an original note. There is also a strong portrait sketch by William H. K. Yarrow, which is most arresting.

Mr. F. Luis Mora is represented by one of his

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PORTRAIT

BY PHILIP HALE

characteristic costume pictures. Mr. Childe Hassam is also well represented in the same room by his charming works, *Venetian Glass* and *The Morning Room*.

The most live portrait in the exhibition is far and away the *Portrait of LaVerne W. Noyes*, by Louis Betts. The skilful handling of hands is a characteristic of this strong artist. At present there are a number of his portraits at the O'Brien Art Gallery, Chicago, all of which have considerable merit. He probably belongs, though he may not know it himself, to the great traditional family of portrait painters, one of whom painted in the time of Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth, and whose works may be seen in the National Gallery of London. There was another artist, John Betts, who painted in 1660. I am the fortunate owner of the only picture by him in existence. It is signed

and dated, John Betts, 1660. It is a portrait of a lady. This particular artist is known only from my portrait. By way of criticism, it could truthfully be said that Mr. Betts does not put on his clothes as on a tailor's block. He might, however, with advantage, pay some slight attention to the folds of his draperies, as they are likely to arrest the eye to the disadvantage of the composure which should exist in portraiture.

There is also a very fine example of Mr. William Wendt, entitled *The Higher Altitudes*. Marion L. Pooke's *Donna Italiana* is worthy of mention. We are glad to see a good example of Richard Miller's flesh painting, *Nude*. Mr. Frank De Haven has a very suggestive picture, which he calls *Summer Evening*, not too lurid.

Here, too, Mr. Lester D. Boronda is represented by *The Moths*, which is a very good piece of

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work, true to its title. *The Concolescent*, by Ivan Olinsky, in its way is one of the delights of the exhibition. A very pleasing portrait of a lady playing with a coral necklace is the picture, *The Dreamer*, by Carl J. Nordell.

Mr. Charles Morris Young's *My House in Winter* is a very inviting picture. The light and shade on the snow is very cleverly managed. In Mr. Charles Bittinger's picture, *The Lace Fan*, the dress and fan are extremely well represented. Charles H. Davis is represented by two of the best landscapes in the exhibition. Mr. John W. Alexander contributes another of his characteristic paintings, which in some respects recalls Whistler, by which no disrespect is meant. The water bottle alone is the work of a master hand. Mr. William M. Paxton is represented by two pictures. One we will not mention, but the one entitled *The Morning Paper* atones for anything else he may have perpetrated, for it has a charm quite its own. Willard L. Metcalf's *Cherry Blossoms*, with its breath of early springtime, is quite worthy of our attention. Mr. Francis C. Jones has a charming group, Albert Mooreish in pose, but wholly original in colouring and design.

Mr. Groll's picture, *Peace, Hopi Land, Arizona*, has the place of honour in its room. Mr. Arthur E. Powell has produced a very pleasing winter effect in his *Bronx Kills*. *The Harbour*, by Jonas Lie, in the same room, is a very effective and pleasing piece of colouring. The quaintness of Miss May Audubon Post's contribution, *A Holland Baby*, *Marken*, is also very haunting. Perhaps the colouring is a little unnecessarily heightened, however. *Golden Rocks*, by Paul Dougherty, is of unusual interest. It is a fine study of sea and rock, and it is masterfully painted.

Mr. Fink has a very interesting portrait of a lady, in dull colours, and, therefore, all the more difficult to tickle the fancy of the observer. It is a good and honest piece of work. Miss Grace Ravlin's *Procession of the Redentore, Venice*, is a very bright bit of colouring and full of action. The dreamy landscape by William A. Coffin, *Morning*, arrests our attention. Mr. John W. Beatty has a painting entitled *Plymouth Sand Dunes*, which is very pleasing in composition. Charles Warren Eaton has a very effective work entitled, *At Close of Day*. Mr. Henry B. Snell and Mrs. Florence Snell have characteristic English scenes, entitled, respectively, *Low Tide* and *Quay Street, St. Ives*, both of which reproduce the atmosphere of Cornwall. There is a very interesting portrait of the sculptor Daniel C.

French, by Robert Vonnob, which shows him at work. Mr. A. L. Kroll also gives a brilliant piece of colouring in his picture, *River Industries*. John C. Johansen gives us a large expanse of sky in his picture, *Approaching Storm*, but the picture nevertheless is full of charm, and has much originality. There are three pictures very aptly grouped in Gallery 30, which have a great deal of interest and very modern tendencies. These are, *Arrangement*, by E. Varian Cockcroft; *Miss Burdett*, by Arthur Crisp, and *Youth*, by Josephine Paddock. There are, of course, a few other examples of the ultra-modern school which are crying out for notice, but all that is necessary here is to give the names of the artists and their exhibits; Jerome Blum, *The Garden and Boats in the Harbour*; Joseph Vavak, *My Italian Friend*. I do not mean to say that these are vile or insane productions. Compared with what we have seen in Europe, no doubt they are all re-trained, but it is easy to trace their influences. We are sure, however, that all these artists can and will do better work when they come more into line with classical traditions.

Perhaps the most interesting and certainly the most original portrait sketch in the exhibition is that of *Thomas in His Red Coat*, by Robert Henri. Mr. Keller, in his *Wisdom and Destiny*, has very nearly achieved a picture not unworthy of Brangwyn. Mr. Horatio Walker hardly does his great powers justice with his picture, *The Royal Mail*. William P. Henderson has a strong portrait in *The Landlord*. *The Dunes*, by Roy Brown, is a very decorative and well-composed landscape. No doubt he shares with Mr. Farley the honours of successfully reproducing on canvas the immortal sand dunes. Mr. Wilson Irvine's *Blue Barrel* is a delicate piece of work, which does great credit to the painter. Henry Salem Hubbell's *Crimson Charger* is a fascinating picture, with a note of originality. Gertrude Fisk's *Goldfish* is delightful in colour and composition, but somehow she has the hands of the lady in scarlet very much mixed. *The Old Bridge, Florence*, by Gaetano Busalacchi, is a very decorative picture.

In another room G. Melchers has a fine portrait of Mr. Charles L. Hutchinson, and further on *The Widow*, by Charles W. Hawthorne, is a large canvas, which impresses us with the sad beauty of the woman's face, as she stands alone in the world, with her child in her arms. Mr. E. Irving Couse should have been mentioned with Ernest Blumenschein and William R. Leigh, as he, too, gives us a canvas which breathes of the spirit of the departed Indian. It is entitled, *Twilight, Taos, Pueblo*.



ENAMELLING
BY MARION BOYD ALLEN



WINTER LOGGING

BY ELMER BROWNE

Among portrait painters are: Philip Hale, J. Alden Weir, I. R. Wiles, Eugene Speicher, De Witt Lockman, Gretchen Rogers, Cecil Clark Davis, and Marion Boyd Allen who contributes an interesting interior entitled *Enamelling*.

Among canvases that I have not referred to I should like to mention: Everett L. Warner, *Brooklyn Bridge*; Leonard Ochtman, *Early Summer*, *Autumn in Connecticut* and *Winter Morning*, *Minus River*. These last are very delicate in tone. *Garden Flowers*, by Alfred Juergens (savouring of the modern school), Redfield's three large canvases, *City at Night*, *The Birch and Sycamore*, and *Snow-Bound*, also a large and attractive canvas by Hayley-Lever.

I was very much disappointed not to see examples of Walter Gay, T. W. Dewing, Dodge MacKnight, Robert Reid, E. E. Simmons, Edwin H. Blashfield and Maxfield Parrish, greatest of living decorative artists.

FOR THE WAR SUFFERERS

THE Red Cross exhibition at 630 Fifth Avenue has been most successful in its aims, quite a number of pictures, etchings and bronzes having been disposed of up to the 10th of November. Subjoined is a list of contributing artists who did not appear in the catalogue:

Wayman Adams, Harriet Allis, Marie Apel, Wm. Jean Beaulieu, E. B. Bonta, Charlotte Brewster, Putnam D. Brinley, W. H. Crocker, N. P. D'Art, L. F. Dorn, Katherine Dreier, E. Fullick, R. D. Gauley, Albert Groll, Helen Harrison, Carl Hirschberg, J. C. Johansen, A. M. Johnson, Berenice Langton, B. L. Link, J. F. Monks, W. D. Paddock, Agnes Pelton, Theo. K. Pembroke, Clarice Petremont, Caroline Risque, Helen Sahler, Lizette G. Smith, Eugene Speicher, Carl Springer, Elliot Torrey, N. Vayana, Douglas Volk, F. V. de Voll, J. A. Williams, E. Wilmann, S. J. Wolfe, Frieda J. Zwicker.

The Amherst Monument



NOAH WEBSTER MEMORIAL AT AMHERST COLLEGE

BY W. D. PADDOCK

THE AMHERST MONUMENT

THE GREAT responsibility attached to the man who cast his vote for W. D. Paddock when it came to selecting a sculptor to undertake a somewhat unusual task—somewhat unusual because, instead of a portrait, the donor, Mr. Billings, was desirous of presenting to his old college a tradition, a noble ideal. W. D. Paddock has hitherto been associated with a different type of work, and it is therefore all the more to his credit and to the credit of his supporter that a big, splendid work has been achieved which will readily bear comparison with the best of its kind on any campus in the whole country. His conception breathes the faith, the learning and the spiritual uplift which Noah Webster's life at Amherst embodied. The setting of the statue is of red Westerly granite, and the bowls at the end of the bench are of bronze, like the seated figure. Water runs out from the ends of the cross which forms the top of the stone, dropping off the ends of the big stone into the basins and carried off by invisible channels.



THE APPROACH TO THE MONUMENT

Exhibition of Decorated China

EXHIBITION OF DECORATED CHINA

THE Annual National Exhibition of Decorated China was held recently in Chicago in the galleries of Burley & Tyrrell Company.

The exhibition was larger than those of other years, and the conventional style of decoration predominated. The use of this type of ornament has steadily increased from the small showing of a few years ago to about three-fourths of the whole in this year's display. These exhibitions are unique in that they aim to encourage the artists to strive for a higher standard for use in commerce, the practical side of art development. Six cash prizes were divided between the two styles of decoration, *i.e.*, conventional and naturalistic.

The first prize in the conventional class was awarded to Mrs. Ralph Park, of Chicago, for a round fruit platter and set of small plates to match. The design consists of five geometrical divisions running to a centre medallion that is filled in with small blue flowers and gold leaves. These are also used in the filling of the panelled divisions of the plate border.

Mrs. J. W. Shaw, also of Chicago, received second prize for a bowl, whose decoration is in every sense a departure from the usual.

Miss Frances E. Newman, of Minneapolis, took third for a water jug, with a remarkably effective panel treatment.

These three prize-winning exhibits are shown in the illustration herewith. Honourable mention was awarded to Miss Florence McCray, of Garden City, Kansas, for the chocolate pot, with cups and saucers, also seen in the cut, and to Mr. Otto Trepte, of Chicago, for his large chop plate, which is gold covered and etched in a delicate manner.

In the naturalistic class, the Ursuline Sisters of Tiffin, Ohio, showed some very attractive work, including a boudoir lamp, for which they received first prize. All of the background is a lustreless black, with a broad disposition of gold; the decoration a variety of moths or butterflies.

A chop dish and a half dozen plates, whose decoration is large roses, each done in a different colour on a different background, secured the second prize for Mr. E. J. Mulvaney, of Chicago.

Miss E. Winans, of Aurora, Illinois, showed a serving tray with pale blue and yellow atmospheric background, in which seems to float a disposition of roses in deep and light pink and yellow, for which she received the third prize.

Honourable mention in naturalistic decoration was given to a bon-bon box entirely in grays, by Mrs. L. C. Butcher, of Chicago, and to Mr. W. R. Scholtz, of Chicago, for a Colonial tea set, in which the design is of panels framed with gold bands and paste dots.

Mrs. LeRoy T. Steward, of Chicago, had undoubtedly the richest and most ambitious piece of work in the exhibition. If she had not marked it as "not in competition," it certainly would have been a first-prize winner. We regret that no photograph is available for reproduction. A large chop plate and luncheon dishes to match were in deep blue and gold, accented with many colours. The pattern was geometric forms in three large divisions, enclosing a rich collection of flower forms. These medallions of flowers were coloured strongly enough so that at a distance they held their relative positions most perfectly.

One of the interesting departures of this exhibition was the introduction of several small tables for displaying the work of individuals, the exhibitor in each of these cases being "not in competition." Among those who took advantage of this privilege was Mrs. A. A. Frazee, of Chicago, one of the most original of the overglaze decorators in the country.

PRINT ROOM, NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

NAMES particularly prominent in the history of etching—Rembrandt, Whistler and a few others—are represented with a certain frequency in exhibitions of prints. But there are also minor men who deserve a hearing, who offer delightful by-paths to the student of etching, vistas of quite widely varying points of view, born of national and local conditions and influences, popular taste, artistic tendencies, individual mental make-up and viewpoint. The Prints Division of the New York Public Library has arranged an exhibition of etchings by seventeenth-century artists. By way of introduction, a few plates of the sixteenth century are shown, by those early etchers, Hopfer, Altdorfer, Lautensack. Only a comparatively few years later the art was being practised assiduously by a number of artists.

There is the usual display of books relating to the subject of the exhibition.

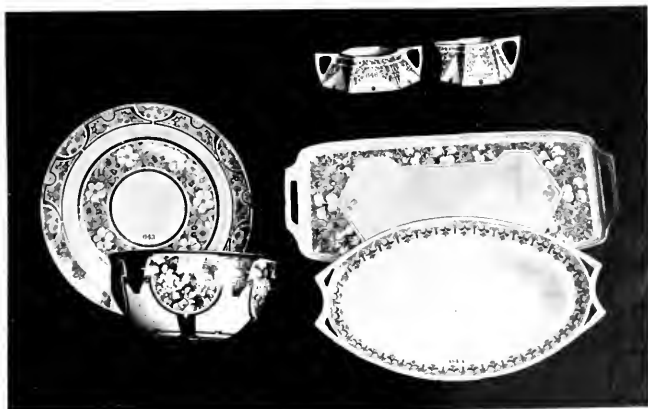
The exhibitions of mezzotints from the J. L. Cadwalader Collection and of "recent additions," and the J. F. Millet memorial exhibit, remain on view.



PRIZE-WINNING EXHIBITS IN THE CONVENTIONAL CLASS OF DECORATED CHINA



PRIZE-WINNERS IN THE NATURALISTIC CLASS



THE EXHIBIT OF MRS. A. A. FRAZEE

BOOK REVIEWS

EARLY AMERICAN CHURCHES. By Aymar Embury II. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) \$2.50.

The desire to rescue from oblivion church buildings connected with the formative period in America, so many of which are disappearing through fire, change of population from old centres and other causes, has been the reason of this work. The name of the writer and the cherished memories and traditions which in this collection of illustrations and data are offered to the reader, would seem sufficient to ensure this book a secure position. For five years the entire eastern portion of the United States has been searched for material, with the result that all buildings presenting architectural or traditional interest have been photographed and recorded. The author has ignored churches constructed since 1815 in Greek Revival style and has confined himself to the Colonial period, with exception of the church at Sag Harbor, which is unique in style inasmuch as it represents the short-lived "Egyptian" period in America. There is much to interest the general reader. In one church portrayed one sees the bell rope dangling in the centre aisle. We read how another sacred edifice performed civic functions; besides being the house of God, it was also the fire house and public arsenal. A good anecdote is recorded of Ethan Allen. At Bennington Church the parson was holding a thanksgiving service during Revolutionary times and giving all credit of a victory to God, when Allen interrupted him by calling out, "Please mention to the Lord about my being there."

HISTORIC HOMES OF NEW ENGLAND. By Mary H. Northend. (Little, Brown & Co.) \$5.00.

It is a very fortunate circumstance that every one is not engrossed in the contemplation of modernity, pretending to admire "modernist" decorations or, pulling unwilling Time by the forelock, indulging in hysteric rhapsodies over "futurist" manifestations. In fact, it is a very fortunate circumstance that there are a few people like the author of "Historic Homes of New England," who combine with their sympathy, understanding and knowledge of bygone things the ability and diligence to chronicle them. We are pleasantly familiar with Miss Northend's "Colonial Homes and Their Furnishings," and hence predisposed to welcome this new work, which is abundantly interesting in its intimate description and illustra-

tion of twenty-one historic homes which flourished in times which we rarely, if ever, pause to visualize or recall.

Every year some one of our already too few landmarks vanishes. Old Newport, as it was even ten years ago, is a thing of the past; a recent disastrous fire destroyed a large part of old Salem, and everywhere the march of "improvement" or the hand of time or ill fortune obliterates traces of historic interest in this country. Unless a venerable house is bought and preserved by an historical society or maintained by reverent descendants of its original builders, its ultimate destiny is a foregone and sad conclusion.

Miss Northend's subjects are typical of Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Rhode Island, although she has not included an account of a cer-



HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES

tain intensely interesting but little known type of early American home in the Narragansett portion of Rhode Island—such old slave-holding houses as the Robinson or Potter manors.

It is obvious from the nature of this book that its interest is manifold, for the genealogist will find carefully prepared data on old New England families, the antiquary and the decorator will find a wealth of illustration of rare and seldom-seen china and furniture, and the architect will be rewarded by glimpses into many a charmingly quaint and dignified interior.

There is a chapter devoted to the famous old "House of the Seven Gables" in Salem—an architectural relic so quaint that it seems it must have been built especially to illustrate Hawthorne's haunting romance. These historic homes of New England, indeed, harboured many a romance which never got into such dull histories as most of us have read, and to bury oneself in these pages is to



An illustration in *Early-American Churches* (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

ST. PAUL'S CHAPEL, NEW YORK CITY

discover a chapter in American history and in the lives of some of the founders of our country with which we find ourselves, with mixed surprise and pleasure, but scantily acquainted.

"Historic Homes of New England" is not to be supposed, as its title might indicate, to be only of local interest, but should be regarded rather as a national document—as a precious heirloom or a

priceless legacy turned over to us by its author for the edification and education of those of us who are able to appreciate its real value and significance.

GRINLING GIBBONS AND THE WOODWORK OF HIS AGE. Written by H. Aray Tipping. (Published at the office of *Country Life*, Covent

Garden, London, and in New York at Charles Scribner's Sons), \$20.00.

The names of Inigo Jones, Grinling Gibbons and Christopher Wren loom large in English art, and typify all that was most splendid in the work of the seventeenth century. Americans have a special interest in the art of this period, as it was all more or less connected with what we call Colonial architecture. The life of Grinling Gibbons in particular is worthy of study, and we are indebted to H. Avray Tipping, not only for his large and elaborately illustrated volume, but also for the wealth of historic data which he has collected.

Mr. Tipping has set us right on many points of interest, as we have until now been largely led astray by such romancers as Horace Walpole. Then, too, there is a deal of amusement to be gotten by the quaint extracts from original documents. It is curious to learn of the labour troubles that beset these be-wigged and be-powdered gentlemen of the seventeenth century and how the more or less rival unions, the carpenters and the joiners, had a falling out.

There is a romance and a fascination in the many little mysteries that develop about the personality of this great designer and wood-carver named Gibbons. We like the declaration of Walpole that Grinling Gibbons was "an original genius, a citizen of nature, consequently it is indifferent where she produced him." But the indefatigable Mr. Tipping has produced a letter written by Gibbons himself to an astrologer, which proves beyond doubt that he was born in Holland.

There is a deal of romance in the early success of the artist, and it is curious to see how all this success seemed to hang on the friendship and enterprise of that distinguished gentleman, John Evelyn. We also learn how all these fine plans were for a time upset and the artist's hopes blighted by the stupid criticism of an ignorant woman who, in the words of John Evelyn, "began to find fault with several things in the work, which she understood no more than an ass or a monkey." It is all so very modern and up-to-date.

Naturally this book gives much space to the halcyon days of late English architecture—particularly to the reign of William III, when Gibbons and Wren were at work on St. Paul's choir.

Hampton Court was at this time receiving its ornamentation, as also were the great houses of Belton, Petworth and Chatsworth. All these artistic and historic monuments are beautifully illustrated in this delightful book.

People interested in the arts and crafts and all



THE S. DONATO MADONNA
FLORENCE

BY LUCA DELLA ROBBIA

devotees of the English restoration should thank Mr. Avray Tipping for his most praiseworthy volume on "Grinling Gibbons and the Woodwork of His Age." (1648-1720.)

LUCA DELLA ROBBIA. By Allan Marquand, Professor of Art and Archaeology in Princeton University. (Princeton University Press, Princeton.)

Princeton monographs in art and archaeology have been added to by a *catalogue raisonné* of the works of Luca della Robbia, in which the monuments have been chronologically arranged, along with their related documents and bibliography. In proof of the many-sided training which Florentine artists received, we learn how Luca executed a choir gallery, bronze doors, lunettes, ceilings, pavements, decorative and commemorative medallions, altar-pieces, shrines, statues, groups and sculptural monuments. Chief interest attaches to his glazed terra-cotta, which he substituted for marble. Nearly two hundred illustrations enrich

the volume, and include the beautiful *Madonna of the Rose Garden*, once considered a forgery and hidden away until discovered by Dr. Bode. The author is careful to assign to Luca only such work as indisputably emanates from his hand; earmarks of the pupil's hand are quickly detected. It would be hard to find a more charming example of the master's craft than the *Madonna of the Niche*, in the Bliss collection, New York.

LOHENGRIN. The drama of Richard Wagner retold in English verse by T. W. Rolleston. With illustrations by Willy Pogany. (Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York.) \$5.00.

This exquisite edition of "Lohengrin" versed in true ballad style by T. W. Rolleston is chosen as an apt setting for the illustrative genius of the Hungarian artist, Willy Pogany. Every page has a special decoration in offset lithography, while numerous insert plates in four-colour process lend further attraction to the work. There is a fine ring and resonance about the verse which recalls Macaulay. It is a companion volume to the mediaeval legends, "Parsifal" and "Tannhäuser."

ETCHING. A Practical Treatise by Earl H. Reed. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.) \$2.50.

This is the first and last book of a man who knows his subject. Mr. Reed did not rush into print in a hurry. For many years he has been not only an etcher of repute but an ardent student and lover of everything pertaining to the craft, and probably no etcher in the country has paid more attention, if as much, to the paper, ink and tools of the profession. The book is therefore designed to give reliable information and data for the use of the practical worker; it is a complete guide and manual, the result of twenty-five years of practical experience. The book is handsomely turned out and enlivened by reproductions of the author's etchings in illustration of methods observed.

FUND IN AID OF THE FRENCH AND BELGIAN ARTISTS' FAMILIES

THE greatest inspiration that has come to American artists since the Italian Renaissance has come through the French and Belgian schools. These countries have received our artists with every courtesy and extended to them, free of charge, the freedom of all their galleries, museums, etc., and we have found the masters there always ready to respond to any call to come to the studio of an American and criticize

his work or offer any suggestions. It would seem as if it were our opportunity to repay in some measure the duty we owe to France and Belgium for all modern paintings and sculpture that have enriched the galleries of this country and stimulated our students to accomplish something worthy of our great republic. It is a debt of honour; no one has made a demand upon us for this special work. On this account we should be glad to give our art products in aid of the suffering women and children whose husbands and fathers, many of them, have been killed at the front. We ask you to make some sacrifice, to give time, money or some work of art to this important exhibition and auction sale to take place at the Plaza Hotel on December 10. There is not an artist or collector in this country who is not indebted to these schools, and we feel sure that the sad story of Belgium will appeal to every heart that responds to the touch of duty. We have already had a generous response from artists, collectors and dealers, but we are hoping that every artist or art lover in this country will give generously, not some piece that has been shelved for lack of merit, but of his best.

The French ambassador has written his appreciation of this work in a letter to the committee. The Belgian minister is to come here especially for the auction sale and possibly the exhibition which is to be held at Clarke's art rooms, 5 West 44th Street; and we may perhaps hear from him, as well as the French ambassador, the true story of the suffering of the homeless people.

Contributions of pictures, sculpture and *objets d'art* should be sent care of the French and Belgian Artists' Fund, 15 West 38th Street, where a special studio has been assigned by the owner of this building, Mr. Barbey, as his contribution to this cause. Expressage will be paid by the committee up to a limited point. Pictures will be protected, as we have said; they will be shown under the most favourable auspices and to the best people of New York, and sold at the Plaza Hotel by an expert who contributes his services to this cause.

Our ambassador, Myron T. Herriek, has cabled the committee that he will attend to the distribution of the funds that go to France, and the Belgian minister will see that all funds sent in his care will be given where they are most needed.

Cheques may be made out to the French and Belgian Artists' Fund and sent in care of Mrs. Frederick W. Longfellow, 235 West End Avenue, or to the president (Dr. Edward H. Peaslee) of the Second National Bank, Fifth Ave. and 28th St.



Courbet. — Montross Gallery.

THE WEST INDIAN GIRL

BY CHILDE HASSAM

IN THE GALLERIES

ALTHOUGH New York's art season does not blossom until Christmas has come and gone, the buds appear in plenty during November and the current month. The most important event so far has been the opening of the Benjamin Altman collection to the public at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Such a splendid showing of Rembrandts and other treasures cannot be touched upon lightly, and must be reserved for a future occasion. An interesting one-man show is that of Robert Henri at the Macbeth Galleries. A sojourn in the West has furnished new types to replace his Irish, and among our illustrations is *Tam Gan*, whose nationality leaves no room for doubt. Indians, negroes, Chinese, have sat to him, and the exhibition is wonderfully effective, a glow of rich colour decoratively and forcefully applied.

The Academy of Design is beautifully hung

with over five hundred water-colour drawings, which will be noticed later.

The attractive galleries of Goupil & Co. have had on view the work of Mrs. de Loria Norman and son. His tender years excuse his performance. Mrs. Norman's work is very uneven, some of the smaller sketches being pleasantly executed in oil and water-colour, while her larger work of imaginative quality lacks spontaneity and charm of colour. The *pièce de resistance* is a splendid bronze by Bagatti, entitled *Dix Minutes de Repos*, in which a big string of draught horses are enjoying a brief interval of rest, while dragging a huge block of marble. The grouping of the horses and the pressure of the load upon the axles is an achievement. In the same galleries is a display of woodcuts by the talented wife of Mr. Austen Brown, whose work is well known at the different international exhibitions. Mrs. Austen Brown achieves distinction by her great charm of colour



Courtesy R. C. & N. M. Yose, Boston

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM

BY MARY L. MACOMBER

gradation and by the simplicity of her themes, where only the essentials are employed.

Mr. Purdy has provided a rare feast for lovers of sculpture in his exhibition of works by American artists held at the Gorham Galleries last month. Space forbids mention of more than one or two numbers, and there were one hundred and seventy-eight! What appealed especially to us were Adolph A. Weinman's *Descending Night*, a most poetic representation; *La Baigneuse*, by Sara Morris Greene; Karl Bitter's *Diana*, and the wonderfully decorative *Morgiana*, detail of the *Fountain of the Arabian Nights*, Panama-Pacific Exhibition, by Edith W. Burroughs.

The Montross Gallery showed during November the latest work of Childe Hassam, seventeen oils and some two dozen water-colours. His *Capri* lacks sunlight, but the *Couch on the Porch* and *Helen Burke* have enough and to spare. Those two pictures in themselves would provide a worthy exhibition, not to mention *The Breakfast Room in the Old House*, with its cosy appointments and the reflection of the fire upon the tablecloth. Among his water-colours two little Broadstairs sketches are quite charming.

The Macbeth Galleries preceded their Henri exhibition by having on view a group of selected paintings by seventeen American artists of prominence.

Mary L. Macomber has recently completed a 50" by 40", entitled *The Twenty-third Psalm*. It is not our custom to use poetry, much as we appreciate it, but in this case we make an exception, inasmuch as Miss Macomber has explained her picture in a poem:

As brooding wings spread wide above a nest
To shelter from the storm the fledglings there,
Thy psalm, "sweet Singer," shows a Father's
care;
Holds, spreading wide, great sheltering pinions,
blest
With power divine by faith made manifest
Above the weak and helpless ones who fare
Along the world's great highways everywhere
By duty made to seek from the life the best.
When lost illusions blight the sweetest flowers;
When metal base returns for friendship's gold;
When illness sows the path with weeds of pain,
Or death's grim shadow brings us darker hours,
And storms break overhead; thy song, so old,
Brings faith, and hope, and life to us again.

The Arlington Galleries have continued their one-man policy by inviting the work of Alexander Grinager, whose paintings were quite recently the subject of an illustrated article in



Courtesy the Macbeth Galleries
TAM GAN

BY ROBERT HENRI

THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO. This show includes much new work painted in variable moods and fancies. At times he is steeped in Old Masters and renaissance and produces the handsome patrician lady who has just stepped on to her gondola. That woman is a type, and a splendid type, too, of the *grande dame* of old Venice. We might add that Mrs. Grinager designed the costume. At other times he is quite modern and direct in his painting as exemplified by a lad's head, very simply and forcefully executed, and the *Boys Bathing*, which is full of joy and sunshine. His handling of eddying waters in another canvas is masterful.

Maison Braun et Cie. have an interesting one-line exhibition of water-colours by Arthur Byne, who has made Spain his special domain of art. Mr. Byne is fearless in colour, very bold and broad in his methods, and seeks to give the very essence and colour of each spot he selects. In many cases a certain crudity of colour, especially with his reds, and composition give a disappoint-

ing effect, but, on the other hand, some church interiors, some views of the famous bridge at Toledo, his gateways, cloisters and patios, are excellent examples of water-colour painting within its appointed bounds.

At the Ehrlich Galleries a very interesting experiment has been put into practice. To conquer the false idea that Old Masters can only be acquired by the owners of very deep purses, Mr. Ehrlich has filled a gallery with authenticated Old Masters, ranging in price from \$350 to \$1,500, and, curiously enough, the quality of the canvases would lead any ordinary art lover to imagine that he was face to face with extremely costly examples. The *Portrait of a Cavalier*, attributed to de Vries, is a fine painting, as is the *Portrait of a Gentleman*, Amberger School. There is a landscape by Salvatore Rosa, of fine quality, the storm clouds being of exceptional merit. There are portraits by Sir William Beechey, Francis Cote, Sir Peter Lely and John Opie. Fancy buying a Lely

for about the price of a rifle or a Ford car! People who do not appreciate art which is of native and recent growth should certainly be able to satisfy their needs at 707 Fifth Avenue.

Mr. George T. Plowman has had a most successful exhibition of his etchings and drawings at the Tolerton Print Rooms in San Francisco. Mr. Plowman is now very busy at West Point, Princeton and other historic corners of America, doing large plates for the Copley Company, Boston.

The Daniel Gallery has been showing the recent work of Charles Austin Needham, who is a painter of much imagination and feeling. His pictures have a haunting quality, owing to their poetry and mysticism, which are repeated in their well-chosen titles in the catalogue—*Goblin Grottoes*, *Flags of Dawn*, *Siren of the Surf*, *Spring Somnolence*, etc.

An interesting display of primitive African art is on view at the Photo Secession Galleries. In these rare carvings we see not only the source of Brancusi's inspiration, but possibly the very *fons et origo* of all art.



IN STATELY VENICE

BY ALEXANDER GRINAGER



BURMESE DANCER. (1914).
BY GERALD FESTUS KELLY

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ANTIQUE CHINESE CLOISSONNÉ ENAMELS BY JOHN GETZ

IN TWO PARTS—PART I

THE Avery Collection, presented in recent years to the Central Museum of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, comprising, as it does, one hundred and forty-odd examples that date from the great Ming and great Ch'ing dynasties, merits more than a passing review or notice, since these objects possess interesting phases of expression in this Far Eastern art, whose advent in one of our museums affords a closer acquaintance of the technical perfections and development made during those periods which are most prized to-day.

The complexity of details on such objects in workmanship and colouring aroused wonder here in America, as they did in Europe years ago, followed by a keener appreciation with their study. As now displayed in the Central Museum of Brooklyn, we are enabled to see such variety of forms, as of motifs in design and colouring which are typical of those early epochs referred to. Many pieces to be seen were made in the Imperial ateliers at Peking, some dating back to the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, while others are of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, so that these varied and particular examples cover a range of four hundred years. It is noteworthy, also, to say that modern or nineteenth-century objects have always been excluded by Mr. Avery when forming this collection, so we have only to deal with the older products designed in the past for ceremonial uses, for old temples or private altars in the palaces of Chinese emperors and high mandarins, whilst others were doubtless fashioned under imperial commands to be used as gifts of

state, or for high attainments during the early years of this special art in China.

The Chinese do not claim for themselves the invention of enamelling on copper in any of the forms to be here set forth; this art appears in remote times to have penetrated first from Western Asia through Europe, but there is no evidence of its reaching eastward so far as China until the close of the Yüan dynasty, that is to say, about the fourteenth century, when native records first refer to *ta shih yao*, "Arabian enamelled ware," as resembling the *fo-lang ch'ien*, "Byzantine incrustated work," which goes to prove that at this mentioned period examples brought by Arabian ships were made available for comparison by the Chinese.

The French writer, M. Paléologue, concludes in "*L'Art Chinoise*" that the Chinese learned the technique of *cloisonné* and *champlevé* enamelling from a succession of craftsmen travelling across Asia, setting up ateliers in all the large towns visited by them, just as Syrian workmen, who overran France during the Merovingian epoch introduced in the same way Byzantine methods of their crafts, M. Paléologue adding, "that a careful study of the most ancient Chinese *cloisonné* enamels reveals intrinsic proofs of the Western origin: in fact, the workmanship presenting striking resemblances with certain enamels of the Byzantine school; *par exemple*, the mixture of different coloured enamels inside the wall of the same cell, etc."

The conquest of almost the whole of Asia and part of Eastern Europe by the Mongols, during the thirteenth century, undoubtedly opened up new paths for the practice of industrial arts; a theory that enamellers have followed the courts of the Khans is in part confirmed by the date marks, according to Dr. Bushell. Assuming this to be so, there must have been a revival of this particular



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art in China during the middle of the fifteenth century, or period of Ch'ing T'ai of the Ming dynasty, judging from the marked pieces known here and abroad. This later epoch is believed by some writers to have been the beginning of *cloisonné* enamelling in China, basing their conclusions from

the fact that even to the present day the term *Ch'ing t'ai lan* is used in Peking as a synonym for *cloisonné* enamels; otherwise the ordinary Chinese name for enamel is *fa-lin*, which according to some authorities is traced back to "Fo-lin," or "Fu-lin," a name used in the East for the Roman Empire. Dr. Bushell states in his work that the name "Fu-lin" (also written "Fo-lin") first appears in the seventh century of Chinese history as that of the realm ruled by Byzantine emperors, presumed to be a mediæval name for Constantinople; other authorities maintain it is an Eastern name for Christendom or a particular European country, while Professor Hirth, in his "Roman Orient," identifies the name "Fu-lin" with Bethlehem. But aside from this controversial ground, whatever the derivation may be of this term, all Chinese sinologists agree in attributing the origin of enamels or *fa-lin* to the West.

The enameller's art, in China as in Europe, may be divided into three separate groups—namely: *cloisonné* and *cham-levé*, which form the first two varieties (termed so by the French and adopted generally), whilst painted enamels compose the third group. In this last-named variety the colours are applied on the flat copper surface by a brush, followed by a low muffle-kiln firing of the completed painting. This method of enamel painting on copper in China appears to have been inspired by Limoges examples brought from Europe by French missionaries at the close of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, when it was termed *yang ts'u* (literally "foreign porcelain") by the Chinese. The technique of painted enamelling on copper, as practised in Peking or Canton, is precisely like the enamels of France and the Battersea enamels of England, except for the Eastern details in design. It is stated that the first pieces of Limoges enamels presented to Emperor K'ang-hsi (a contemporary with Louis XIV of France) were copied in all respects after the originals by the native artists, who received commissions during 1685–1710 from the *Compagnie de la Chine*, founded by Cardinal Mazarin. The best objects of enamelled copper, painted after Chinese designs, are those of the *famille rose* genre, attributable to the era of Yung-Ch'eng (1723–1735) and Ch'ien-lung (1736–1795), while in the two succeeding periods (ending 1850) the details are for the most part only copies of those former types.

Among the accompanying illustrations (taken



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from the Brooklyn Museum catalogue) attention is invited to Nos. 126 and 143.

No. 126 is a notable example of painted Peking enamelling of the Ch'ien-lung period, in the form of a *ju-i* sceptre,* with silver filigree setting. The decoration, in brilliant blue and green enamel painting, includes various raised figures in groups, on silver-meshed filigree, representing the "eight immortals," or company of genii, known as the *Pa Hsien*. The *Taoist Triad* (star-gods of longevity, happiness and rank), *Shou, Fu and Lu*, are pictured upon the upper trefoil. On the wand proper appear four small tablets, displaying separate enamelled characters forming the enigmatical expression, "*Yih P'in Tang Y'ueh-hsuan*." This wand was probably made as an *ex voto*, or birthday offering, for a titled dignitary and master of a hall with terraces, to be used at state ceremonies, etc. Made during the era of Ch'ien-lung (1736-1795). Its length is 22 inches.

No. 143 shows another piece of painted Peking enamelling, made during the Ch'ien-lung period (1736-1795, in the form of a Mandarin hat stand (*mao-chia*). Four upright *ju-i*-shaped sceptres, are joined in the middle and attached to a permanent base. The piece is finished at the top with a small round box to hold perfume. The whole is coated with brilliant blue enamelling, delicately decorated with floral arabesques, *shou* characters of longevity and dedication marks, which appear in red on the cover of the box and also on the four sceptre heads. Its height is 14½ inches.

The following technical details with regard to

*A "reed" wand, terminating in a "*lung-ai*" (emblematic fungus or trefoil) an evolution at the upper end, whilst a smaller incurved leaf finishes the lower end. In old Buddhist paintings the *ju-i* is usually placed in the hands of priests or Taoist deities as emblems. *Ju-i* also signifies "may, all be" as one wishes.

cloisonné will show the patience and dexterity demanded by this complex method. To prepare an object (be it a vase or any other form) a piece of copper is spun or hammered out into the desired size and shape, leaving a smooth surface, upon which the design required is carefully traced in black with a fine brush, to be followed by the application of a thin, flattened wire ribbon of copper or brass, that is placed edgewise and fastened to the excipient by a unique process of soldering,

forming such cell-like *cloisons* or divisions as the intricacy of a design may show; in other words, the "cells" map the flat surface with raised enclosures that shall hold the separate enamel colouring. To insure success great care must be exercised by the craftsman in this preliminary stage, so as to accurately shape all curves and perfectly fit all ends to meet the outlined design, otherwise the finished work would prove a failure; "such endless patience with the attendant difficulty can be imagined," as has been well said by Prof. W. H. Good-year, when we study the specimens before us in the Avery Collection.

With the wire completed and fastened, the artisan proceeds to fill the cells with powdered enamels, moistened into a paste, which he applies, with the aid of a bamboo brush, according to the design, picking out flowers and leafage with colours to reproduce nature; generally on a background of turquoise-blue, varying this mode sometimes with yellow, red, white or deep blue. After the coloured pastes become dry the object is baked by means of a charcoal fire, protected by an iron network cover, the heat being regulated by large fans held in the hands of attendants.

Several applications of the paste materials are necessary to properly cover the cell work, so the



No. 90



NO. 143



NO. 44



NO. 83

process continues with repeated fusion in firing, until the successive layers of the vitreous colouring uniformly covers or reaches to the tops of the wire *cloisons*, after which the entire surface is carefully rubbed down with varied pumice-stones until all is smooth and the design well defined. This process of bringing the enamelling and the metal divisions to a uniform surface is concluded with a final polishing in which powdered charcoal is used, followed by a cleaning with hartshorn and a special kind of seed oil. The upper rim, with interior of neck and foot underneath, is usually fire-gilt, along with the *cloison* or wire-work which defines the details.

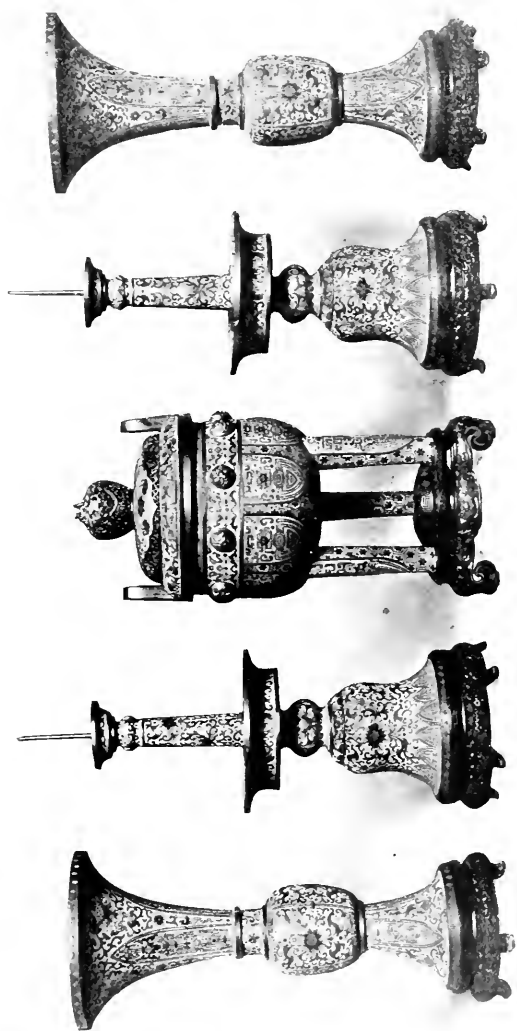
Such objects as date from the Ming dynasty are, as a rule, characterized by greater boldness of design and treatment in colours that with depth and purity have never been surpassed, if equalled. The dark lapis-lazuli blue and turquoise-blue tones are strikingly notable, while the strong yellow, full

greens and dark coral red are most typical. Vide illustrations No. 35, No. 44, No. 83 and No. 90.

No. 35. An Imperial Beaker-Shaped Vase (*Ta shu fu P'ing*), made in five sections, with archaic gilt-bronze dragon and phoenix handles; richly studded with semi-precious stones. The trumpet-shaped neck, with turquoise-blue enamel ground, sustaining chrysanthemum flowers and varied border motifs in typical Ming colours, while the bulbous body below presents a similar turquoise-blue ground, relieved by conventional lotus flowers and scrolling vines, amid which appear the familiar eight Buddhist emblems of "happy omen." The shoulder is finished by a deep blue lanceolated bordering and supports three projecting gilt-bronze phoenix-birds, with studding of semi-precious stones to match the two dragon handles at the neck.

Raised upon three gilt-bronze winged lions, the vase rests upon a *cloisonné* stand, which bears a circular *shou* character of longevity in dark blue, surrounded by lotus flowers and leafy scrolls in characteristic colours of its period. This homogerous *ensemble* presents the *cloisonné* art with great decorative force, and comes from the palace of an empress at Peking. Has special imperial mark (surrounded by dragons), reading: *Ta Ming Ching-fai nien-chih*, "made in the reign of Emperor Ch'ing-tai (1430-1450) of the great Ming dynasty." Its total height is 41½ inches and its diameter 22 inches.

No. 44. A Pear-Shaped Vase (*Hua-p'ing*). Attrib-



Nos. 27 to 31

uted to the close 明 the Ming dynasty (1368-1643); la-shioned with spreading mouth and base. The body is divided by floriated bands into five horizontal sections, which are filled with typical lotus and leaf scroll designs in red, green, white, brown and yellow enamels on a turquoise ground.

No. 83. A Pear-Shaped Vase *Hua-p'ing* of the Ming dynasty, 1368-1643; with spreading base, bronze lion-head handles with loose rings on the shoulder. The vase is divided by floriated bands into five horizontal sections, which are filled with characteristic lotus flowers and scrolls rendered in low-toned enamels on a pale turquoise-blue ground. Its height is 16 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

No. 99. A Large Ewer *Chin-hu*. In form of an ancient Persian *guldor* or *guldaspish* used as a rose-water sprinkler, with slender handle and spout, supported by a dragon's head of gilt-bronze. The body, with a deep turquoise-blue ground, displays conventional lotus blossoms and leafy scrolls, in typical enamel colours of the Ming dynasty. The two flattened sides have circular panels, with separate Buddhist floral and fruit motifs—emblems of abundance, notably the pomegranate and the "Buddha's hand" citron. Its height is 13 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

The Ta Ch'ing dynasty is represented by examples of the K'ang-hsi, Yung Ch'eng and Ch'ien-lung eras, which are distinguished for the excellence of their enamels and technical finish. *Vide* illustrations Nos. 27 to 31 inclusive.

A gilt-bronze and cloisonné enamel shrine set (*Wu hung shih*), composed of the following pieces:

No. 27. A Censer-Tripod (*Hsiang-lu*), made era of Ch'ien-lung (1736-1795), with gilt-bronze mounting, rim handles and original cover. The cloisonné motifs include a bordering of archaic, mask-like lineaments known as *tsao-tieh yen*, or glutinous ogres, alternating with eight gilt-bronze rosettes. These are followed below by a border of green enamelled palm leaves, with archaic ornaments, on a blue diapered ground, showing red flowering. The three feet display similar latticed diaper and archaic forms. The cover is of gilt-bronze open-work, surrounding cloisonné panels, and is topped by an open-work gilt-bronze finial in form of a coiled dragon, amid cloud forms. Its height is 16 inches.

Nos. 28 and 29. A Pair of Beakers (*Hua-ku*) en suite with small ovoid bodies, slender trumpet-shaped necks and spreading bases. Decorated on the neck and base with long green enamelled palm-leaf bordering, which encloses archaic ornaments in lapis blue, on a ground of turquoise. The ovoid centre section is divided into four vertical compartments, each showing lotus blossoms in India red, yellow and white enamels, surrounded by arabesque scrolls. The upper and lower rims are finished with engraved fret *lei-wen* bands. Height, 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Nos. 30 and 31. A Pair of Pricket Candlesticks (*Chu-lai*) en suite with arabesque scrolls and conventional lotus blossoms matching the beakers. Height, 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Note.—This article will be concluded in our next issue, when further examples will be shown illustrative of the Ta Ch'ing dynasty, followed by examples of the *champ-levé* method.

THE ART ALLIANCE OF AMERICA is an association of workers in art and users of art in all branches, working toward a single end. It has been formed to promote co-operation between artists, art students, artisans, publishers, manufacturers, advertisers and all others who are engaged

in artistic activities; with the assistance of experts to aid, direct and advise art students, artisans and artists in their studies and pursuits; to provide a general registry for artists, art students, artisans and employers; to provide a department of information; to hold exhibitions; to publish information relating to the objects of the Alliance.

ART EXHIBITS AT THE PANAMA EXPOSITION

THE various collections of famous works of art to be shown in the one hundred galleries in the great fireproof Palace of Fine Arts, long since completed, at the Panama-Pacific Exposition have been augmented by the receipt of many large shipments from the East. Eugene Pirard, the Belgian expert in charge of their installation, has just moved into the Palace to carry on the work of partitioning off the maze of galleries and of hanging the paintings and etchings.

Among the art shipments, in addition to half a carload already received from Boston and several cases from St. Louis, is a carload of paintings which lately arrived from Chicago for the Exposition. A second large shipment from the Chicago Art Institute Museum has appeared and another carload from Boston, containing rare sculptured works and canvases, followed in due course. J. E. D. Trask, chief of this department of the Exposition, now is in the east, arranging itineraries of the travelling art juries, and securing the best historical and modern art works in America. Enormous shipments of art works from all of the warring nations of Europe have been recently shipped on the United States naval collier *Jason*, which carried a shipload of Christmas presents to Europe's destitute. Owing to the eagerness of Germany, France, Holland, England, Italy, Spain, Greece and other nations to get their artistic masterpieces into a less unsafe region, it has been possible to collect from those countries the most valuable and the largest collection of works of art ever shown at any exposition.

HOSPITAL DECORATION—Indianapolis has set a good example by beautifying its city hospital with the aid of Indiana artists. Two buildings, known as the Burdsal units, have been added to the general scheme. Several local artists, including Wayman Adams, who recently exhibited here in New York, at the City Club, have been busy during the summer in planning wall paintings of a suitable nature for the different wards, corridors, dining and other rooms.



THE NAOMI WEBSTER MEMORIAL AT AMHERST
BY WILLARD DRYDEN PADDOCK

A Visit to Washington Headquarters



THE CANDLE-ROOM

A VISIT TO WASHINGTON HEAD-QUARTERS

WE HAVE recently discovered three rooms in the Washington Headquarters Museum, on Harlem Heights, called the "Candle-Room," the "Quilting-Room" and the "Spinning-Room," constructed on novel lines that have never been attempted before. These rooms are high up in the old house, lighted by deeply recessed dormer windows, looking east, north and west over the new city, and are designed to illustrate three branches of the household work of our grandmothers—early lighting, the quilting-bee and the spinning of flax and wool.

These rooms seem to have been equipped from the winnowings of a great garret in some Colonial house that has been enriched by the accumulations of 150 years of family discards. In the Quilting-Room, whose quaint wall-paper seems to have been in place for a hundred years, one notices first the rush-bottom chairs with scroll backs, supporting the quilting frame, the Seth Thomas clock, the eagle looking-glass and the rag carpet on the

floor. The chairs are drawn back from the quilt and there is such an air of suspended activity that you know instantly that the quilters have just stepped into another room for a dish of tea. And then, with a mild shock, one sees hanging along the wall the wraps of those fair ones who must have been gone for a mere trifle of a hundred years.

The spinster of the straw bonnet and the flowered shawl was from Salem town, and the Quaker bonnet and blue umbrella were the belongings of the visitor from Philadelphia, while the little old lady who wore the black bonnet and shawl of a friend in mourning was from Hicksville, Long Island. One stops to look at the minor articles on the wall, the almanac hanging from the clock shelf, printed at Burlington, Vermont, 1800, the sampler in the miniature quilting frame, the work of Mary Taft (aged twelve), West Bloomfield, 1828, and the patchwork of old-fashioned calicoes bearing on the centre square, in faded ink, the name of "Mehital le A. Ballard, Hooksett, N. H."

The Candle-Room is centred on a framework of tallow dips hanging from slender rods above the layer of old gazettes that kept the drippings from



THE QUILTING-ROOM



THE SPINNING-ROOM

The City House Palatial

the sanded floor. The dried apples on the wall, the red peppers festooning the fireplace, and the iron candlesticks, suggest the picture of a larger kitchen where an old woman is reading her Bible by the sickly glimmer of a tallow dip, her surroundings half lost in great, shadowy spaces.

In the Spinning-Room all the small wheels from the garret are huddled together like a flock of frightened things under the protection of the big wheel. The yarn on the reel was spun on the occasion of the ladies' garden party in May, by Aunt Susan, aged eighty, and the linen thread on the flax wheel by a German spinner, and they continued to spin for a week in the "movies" at the Harlem Opera House—and they are still spinning.

This work was admirably seened by Mr. Shelton, the genial curator of the Museum, assisted by Mrs. William R. Stewart, the president of the Washington Headquarters Association, founded by the Daughters of the American Revolution, and a committee including Mrs. Henry Alloway, Mrs. William Arrowsmith, Mrs. J. H. Crossman, Miss Mary E. Brackett and Mrs. Simon Baruch.

W. H. N.

THE CITY HOUSE PALATIAL: A STUDY IN ARCHITECTURAL EVOLUTION BY C. MATLACK PRICE

ARCHITECTURE, like all other arts, is full of problems, and while the artist (which means the architect) is expressing his aesthetic convictions and abilities as well as he can, he must also address himself most diligently to the solution of these problems. The dramatist must not become so interested in some purely dramatic passage of his work at the expense of the technical structure of an act, or a poet become so engrossed in a flight of verbal rhapsody that he forgets there should only be fourteen lines in a sonnet.

And in no degree differently, while an architect is considering the profile of a moulding or the "feeling" in a piece of ornament, he is called upon to solve certain definite and difficult problems which are as much a part of the art of architecture as prosody and versification are a part of poetry.

When it is considered how many problems are involved in the successful design of a city house



INNER COURT WITH FOUNTAIN—THE J. HARPER POOR RESIDENCE

The City House Palatial



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE J. HARPER POOR RESIDENCE

it does not appear to be remarkable that there are so few which are well designed, but rather that there are so many which are well designed. Urban architecture of to-day is, at its best, a compromise—an architectural solution of certain problems, many of which are not aesthetically architectural. Plumbing, heating, comfortable

disposition of a number of servants, elevators, dumb-waiters, service stairs, wiring, fire protection and, most vexatious of all, the city building laws—would have disturbed such Renaissance masters as Palladio or Peruzzi far more grievously than the profile of a moulding or the execution of frescoes. I have pointed out elsewhere that our

The City House Palatial

architect of to-day must be an Admiral le Crichton—that if he has more facilities and inventions at his disposal than the old masters, by the same token his task is complex in an even greater ratio of proportion.

Perhaps no type of building in this country has seen so great a development as the city house, nor, it should be added, did any type of building stand in such dire need of betterment as the American city house of the 'eighties. Stupid, commonplace, bourgeois, ugly and unsanitary, the too-familiar brownstone house stands to-day as a dismal monument of a dismal period, when artistic or architectural taste, appreciation and ability were at their lowest ebb. These houses, with their stupid and unnecessarily inconvenient plan, were far worse than the rather primitive but at least dignified city house of earlier days—those quaint old relics, with fanlight doorways and beautiful iron railings, which here and there survive the onslaught of city "improvements."

The "brownstone front" monstrosity not only obliterated in its design any trace of architectural sanity and merit which existed in this earlier type, but popularized a filibellous imitation of the most debased type of contemporary French architecture and retarded the ultimate development of the city house a great many years.

The idea of a "foyer" in a city house, or of any room occupying the full width of the always too narrow city lot, was a long time in gaining a foothold. It seemed as though the city dweller, benumbed by his "habitation enforced" in the funeral walls of the house to which he had so long been accustomed, was slow to accept the new idea, or even to believe that a city house might be

anything but a dreary and uninspiring replica of the dwellings of a thousand no more enlightened neighbours.

And so, gradually, it came to be understood that all city-house plans need not be exactly alike and all poor, and it became increasingly evident, with the advent of the street-level entrance and the foyer hall, that some city-house plans, differing essentially from precedent, might be very excellent, from viewpoints aesthetic and practical. It became apparent that the entire width of the

city lot might be used, with ingenious planning, and even that an impression of magnificent height and spaciousness might be attained.

And so, by slow evolution, the city house came into architectural being, until there are to-day a great many varied and excellent solutions of its manifold problems. Excepting in the case of a corner lot, there is always a restriction in the providing of adequate windows in narrow fronts and backs. The longest walls of the house being dead walls, considerable pressure is brought to bear

upon the architect to so dispose the plan as to make the most of this condition, and to add such light as he may by ingenuity in the handling of a light well or light court near the centre of the lot—by no means an easy matter to effect without loss of floor space.

An unusually spacious and monumental impression has been attained by Messrs. Howells and Stokes, architects, in their design of the New York City residence of J. Harper Poor, Esq., of which three illustrations are reproduced in this article.

The design of a city-house exterior is, like the design of a city-house plan, a matter of some



THE ENTRANCE

A Tribute to Howard Pyle

restriction in that it presents but one face susceptible to architectural embellishment, and this must be so devised as to accurately strike the keynote of the whole house, as well as to achieve and express a certain kind of dignity and urbanity. With no prevalent style in city architecture, yet without the isolation which makes possible individual diversity in country-house design, it would seem that our best city houses are those which dwell in the best architectural harmony with their neighbours. The architect, it need not be said, when considering this, entirely ignores the old "brownstone front" type, on the assumption that all these will (it is to be hoped) be eventually demolished or remodelled, and that consistency in design or abstract appropriateness is to be reached rather through a general adherence to *type* than to any specific style.

Thus the façade of the J. Harper Poor residence is most successful in that it is neither unpleasantly conspicuous by reason of eccentricity nor stupidly inconspicuous by reason of mediocrity. It has all the urbane "manner" and well-bred distinction which should characterize the city house.

The remarkable feature of the design, however, is the high degree of attainment in architectural expression developed in the inner court, which causes to be entirely forgotten the restrictions of the narrow city lot upon which the house is built.

The proportions and function of this great court have afforded a splendid opportunity for architectural treatment—and an opportunity of which the architects have availed themselves in a distinguished manner. The expression of that peculiar combination of grace and dignity, of richness and restraint which characterized certain phases of the art of the Italian Renaissance, has been beautifully effected, and the entire fabric presents itself not only as a remarkably significant illustration of the highest development of the dignity of the city house, but constitutes as well an architectural achievement of unusual merit and distinction in itself.

TRIBUTE TO HOWARD PYLE

BY J. B. CARRINGTON

A THE Wilmington (Delaware) Society of Fine Arts recently held the third annual exhibition of paintings and illustrations by pupils of Howard Pyle. No one ever did more to dignify and raise the standard of American illus-

tration than Howard Pyle, and no teacher ever had a more loyal and appreciative following. Mr. Pyle's school was unique in the fact that his pupils were selected from hundreds who applied for membership, and for the fact that his teaching was beyond price. The young men and women who owe their success to his generosity, the inspiring influence of his great knowledge, and the stimulus of his fine character and high ideals, strive to maintain the traditions of his school and to spread abroad their love and respect for his art and personality.

The list of his pupils who have made a distinct place for themselves is a long one. Maxfield Parrish was in the school for a time, Miss Violet Oakley, who was chosen to finish the work left undone by Mr. Abley for the Capitol at Harrisburg, and who has won a very high place among contemporary mural painters, owes much to Mr. Pyle's influence and encouragement. N. C. Wyeth, one of the ablest among our illustrators, who made the paintings for Stevenson's "Treasure Island" and "Kidnapped," Stanley M. Arthurs, Walter Russell, Jessie Willcox Smith, Herman C. Wall, Clifford W. Ashley, Frank E. Schoonover, Harvey T. Dunn, Sidney M. Chase, Henry J. Peck, Philip Goodwin, George Harding, Harold Mathews Brett, Thornton Oakley, Ethel Franklin Betts, Elizabeth Shippen Green, are all of the Pyle school. Mr. Pyle was quick to recognize individual talent and he had the faculty of inspiring those who came under his influence with his own seriousness of purpose and respect for hard work.

The exhibition for this year included one hundred and twelve numbers. Among them were the studies for the Harrisburg decorations by Miss Oakley. There were three prizes awarded of \$100 each. They went to N. C. Wyeth, for the best illustration, to Miss Oakley for her decorations, and to Miss Katharine Pyle for a portrait. The president of the Society is Mrs. Charles Copeland, a member of the famous duPont family, and to her generous aid and encouragement much of the success of these annual exhibitions is due. It is a pity that there is not a permanent exhibition gallery in Wilmington for the collection of Mr. Pyle's work, and it might well be made the nucleus for a general collection of modern paintings. Many of Mr. Pyle's drawings and paintings of the Revolution have an especially intimate value for the people of Delaware.



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THE ATTACK UPON THE CHEW HOUSE
DRAWN BY HOWARD PYLE



TANGIER

BY ALEXANDER ROBINSON

DECORATIVE PICTURES AT THE
PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF
FINE ARTS
BY THEODORE L. FITZSIMONS

THE four groups of pictures in the water-colour exhibition, all of which share the *decorative quality* in common, yet are very distinctive in character and artistic expression—are those by Alexander Robinson, Thornton Oakley, Elenore Abbott and M. W. Zimmerman.

In the paintings by Robinson and Oakley, one gets two points of view. In the Oriental motif—in Robinson's bold, dashing handling we see a strong contrast to the finished, subtle style of Thornton Oakley. In the former we get the relations of simple masses of colour to each other, in the latter we get detailed form as well as relative colour—both are charming and both breathe the spirit of the East. Yet we are looking through very different lenses on almost the same aspect of colourful Oriental life. Though one painter draws his inspiration from Tangier and the other from India, needless to say, the handling and technique

is as different as the temperamental vision of these two painters.

The picture entitled *Tangier*, by Alexander Robinson, is a typical example of his brilliant colour and decorative massing. The rich-hued mantles of the Moors grouped in the foreground and the clear note of the white-walled city singing against the purple-blue sky of the background, though somewhat posterish in effect, are nevertheless of high dramatic appeal. *Arab Girls* and *Market Tenants*, by the same painter, show his love of dazzling sunlight and the gorgeous tropic colouring. But the painting which best betrays his personality is that of *Hadi-Ben-Hassan of Bagdad*. The riot of pure colour in this picture, which at first sight appears to be merely a riot, resolves itself into a wonderful harmony constructed upon a decorative design, all the colours having sympathetic relationship with each other and blending into a warm, rich tone. They are one, though many, as in a Persian rug.

The Guard of the Maharajah, by Thornton Oakley, is probably the most decorative of his Indian scenes, though they are all so well studied



THE GUARD OF THE
MAHARAJAH

BY THORNTON
OAKLEY

and massed and fluent in colour and line that comparison is impossible. Among the others, where one perceives the unique arrangement that is the chief charm of this painter, are *The Bullock Cart* (*Raj-Punta*), *Water Buffalo* and that strange and fascinating study of *The Fakir*, in which every part of the composition of the picture comes in to express the mysterious asceticism of the East. One is inclined to regret that Mr. Oakley had not used pure water-colour and *left his lights*—it would have given a spontaneous, fresh flow to his work that only a water-colour possesses.

One regrets very much, also, that in an exhibition which is supposedly of water-colours there are so few strong, unadulterated water-colours present. When one misses the strength of an oil painting, one can only be satisfied with the grace of pure water-colour. Tempera—the go-between—is not a convincing medium. These remarks do

not apply to the Oakley pictures, but are suggested by the exhibition as a whole.

The third group which attracted the writer's attention is that of paintings by Elenore Abbott. In coming to Mrs. Abbott's work, one passes from the Oriental spirit of gaudy colour and voluptuous style to the classic spirit of the Greeks. Though just as sensuous, it is more constrained in its expression—more self-controlled in drawing and subdued and subtle in colour relation—and its very self-imposed limitations are the wings of its freedom of expression. This is true of all Greek art. The spirited picture of *Circe* (a pure water-colour, by the way) is the most complete expression of this spirit in Mrs. Abbott's work. *Come, Lie in the Grass with Pan* was another charming example. In it is expressed the pastoral spirit of paganism. The decorative, drooping foliage of



PETT JEAN

BY ANNA HURLBUT JACKSON

the tree hanging near the reclining figures makes a most fascinating design in this picture.

The last group of paintings by M. W. Zimmerman draws its inspiration from Japan and is very frankly Japanese. Though one instantly perceives that they are of Western origin, *Fuji and the Pines* is beautiful in its simplicity, the dark silhouette of the pines against the pale-blue, snow-crowned pyramid of Fuji in the distance.



THE GREEN DRAGON
BY N. C. WYETH

Decorative Pictures at the Pennsylvania Academy

Another picture, *Night Over the City*, though very different in subject, is handled in the same delicate style. In like manner, also, is *The River at Night—Quebec*. The deep blue tone of the river blending with the paler blue of the sky—the orange-coloured lights gleaming from the ferry-boats and distant river shore, suggest the treatment of Whistler where a picture is considered as a harmony of two colours, and where all the colours are so related and subdued as to have the impression of a single tone.

The most striking illustration by N. C. Wyeth is that entitled *The Black Dragon*. The colour in the swarthy torso of the Moor (depicted striking at the dragon) is glowing and harmonious; the drawing and construction is masterly. Though the subject of this picture somewhat reminds one of Maxfield Parrish's illustrations for the "Arabian Nights" and the colour and composition savours of the same source, yet the blue of the sea, for instance, lacks the resonance and depth that we are always sure of finding in Parrish.

Of the miscellaneous pictures that stand out for poetic feeling, *The Parthenon*, *Moonlight*, by Paula H. Bakano, is chiefly mentionable for its decorative quality and form and colour, and for the undiluted technique of water-colour. This

picture is boldly and frankly painted, as well as being sympathetic in mood. Another picture is *The Lurid Dawn*, by Frank Reed Whiteside, that is a very happy exposition of the painter's rich and joyous colour sense. It is the dawn on the sea that is depicted, and the vibration of colour reflection in the water is subtly felt. The general tone of this picture is pale amber.

Before closing the writer wishes to mention the beautiful line drawings by the sculptor, Charles Grafly, Nos. 561 and 563 being peculiarly exquisite. In these line drawings, Grafly has caught the spirit of what he wishes to express—the same spirit of movement and mood that Rodin has in drawings—but in the case of Grafly, the spirit is combined with perfection of form. In fact, these drawings are carried farther than the Rodin drawings. The figures are symmetrical and in perfect proportion, and anatomically correct—yet their proportion and construction does not in the least impede their fluent, lyrical expression. In fact, they are its chief aid. This startling fact is a refutation of the absurd idea of Kandinsky and the Modern School—that if a work of art possesses only the *inner meaning* of that which it expresses it is a perfect work of art—in other words, that form and spirit are separate qualities in art.



DEAD GOOSE

BY FRANK W. BENSON

THE NATIONAL
SOCIETY OF
CRAFTSMEN
BY MAUDE E.
WOODRUFF

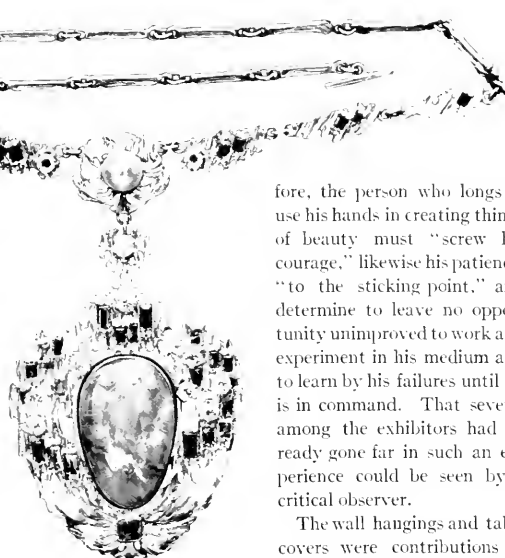
THE National Society of Craftsmen, an allied society of the National Arts Club, held its eighth annual exhibition and sale in the gallery of the Club during December. Unusual interest attached to the exhibition this year, owing to the announcement to the members of the Society that the trustees of the National Arts Club had placed at the disposal of the Society a \$1,000 second mortgage bond for a life membership in the

club, to be awarded as a prize at the exhibition to the member exhibiting who should be adjudged by a competent jury to be the best craftsman or craftswoman.

The exhibition exceeded those of other years in its simplicity and beauty of setting, the individuality of each department blending into an impressive whole, an impression which speaks for the permanence, seriousness and value of the arts and crafts movement.

While there are still some people who seem to believe that anything queer and rather badly made is arts and crafts, and while there are others who through ignorance or indolence continue to offer work that fails in beauty of design and execution, a steadily increasing number of men and women show the results of serious and persistent study and effort toward true self-expression in their chosen medium. To be a master craftsman one must go to the very depths and search out the nature, the limitations and the availability of his chosen medium as a means of expressing his ideas to his fellow men.

In America it is exceedingly difficult to gain a thorough education and training in craft work, and apprenticeship is next to impossible. There-



JEWELLERY DESIGNED BY
GRACE HAZEN

fore, the person who longs to use his hands in creating things of beauty must "screw his courage," likewise his patience, "to the sticking point," and determine to leave no opportunity unimproved to work and experiment in his medium and to learn by his failures until he is in command. That several among the exhibitors had already gone far in such an experience could be seen by a critical observer.

The wall hangings and table covers were contributions of stencilled, block-printed or dyed velvets, silks and linens, and hand-woven rugs. A

noticeable example was in Pompeian reds and greens, with motif of peacock feather tips. The decorative quality of these textiles was very marked. This note was carried on a step in the Herter portières of fancy weaves in silk manufactured from guncotton, which will wash like linen. These had a lovely lustre and were double-faced in colour, to harmonize with two rooms. There was also a characteristic tapestry, and a triplex painted by Mr. Herter himself was a splendid addition to the room.

The dyed and stencilled fine silks from a few leading workers showed charming results in colour, that of Miss Amy Mali Hicks being very rich; and the embroideries on linen, the cut work, the block-printed and embroidered combination and the lace work revealed the beauty won for our every-day needs of clothes and table linen.

Mrs. Philip Holzer's exhibition of a stole is a high example for the layman and the student. The stole was designed by Mrs. Holzer; the blocks for colour-printing the design on the coat (nineteen in all) were carved by her. All the silks for the embroidery were dyed by her for this special piece and the embroidery was an original application of

The National Society of Craftsmen

stitches on the surface. The silk lining of the stole was dyed to match the plush and cloth, and the stole was made and worked out in her house, under her direction.

Mrs. Bertha Holley presented her own designs after the post-impressionistic style in house gowns, children's dresses and pillows.

There was a large exhibit of hand-carved furniture by Mr. Karl von Rydingsvard and a few

bowls for the company making the American Berkeley, and whose use of the enamel style of application for china decoration has revitalized ceramics in this country, had a splendid exhibit of her work and of the work of her pupils. One orange-lined bowl seems to have infinite vitality. There were several other pieces of ceramic art, in gold lustre and other colourings. There were many pieces of pottery from the best kilns. The Misses Penman and Hardenbergh had some beautiful new bowls and vases in old rose with an harmonious blue lining. The Fulper potters showed a few fascinating bits of glazing, and there are many pieces of pottery which would fit in splendidly and enrich a home; among them being some lamps in blue and in brown glazes. It is interesting and encouraging to watch the constant improvement in pottery.

Jewellery is one of the branches of craftsmanship which has changed greatly from the beginning of the movement. Some workers have gone to the extreme from the crudity of the first work. They now are satisfied to assemble manufactured leaves and scrolls and such material with combinations of colours in gems, filling certain laws of design and appealing to those who prefer the commercial product. There are those who combine careful execution by hand with simple designs. There are those who still cling to *nouveau* art. And there are some who combine technical skill—a knowledge of nature, colour and idealism—to carry jewellery on toward art, expressing an individual idea through this medium.

Among the foremost of these last is Miss Grace Hazen, whose work, while always original, gives a definite impression of the antique. An example of her work is an opal matrix, holding the colour suggestive of a pine forest in green and brown. It is set as a pin. The background is copper, to suggest the exposed brown of the tree roots, and



WALL PANEL
THE HUNTER

BY KARL VON
RYDINGSVARD

pieces by his pupils. The vitality of his carving and the good work of his pupils proclaim his mastery of his medium and his ability as a teacher. While each of his pieces was attractive and practical, the gem of the collection was a cabinet done in Gothic style, a fine piece of execution.

Mr. Frederick Stymetz Lamb exhibited a stained glass window, of simple lines and beautiful colour, the subject *Milton*, one of a large series of historic windows recently executed for Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.

Mr. Charles J. Burdick, who has been very active in advancing the interests of the Society, of which he is president, shows some of his beautiful opalescent glass inlay in copper. Mr. John R. Bacon showed some interesting examples of his Volteranno or "carved glass" transparencies.

Mrs. Dorothea Warren O'Hara, who has made a life-study of enamels for ceramics, both in this country and abroad, who designs many of the



ELECTRIC SCONCES



BY CHARLES J. BURDICK

The National Society of Craftsmen



A DESIGN BY DOROTHEA WARREN O'HARA

the motif is a pine cone made in silver and gold. Mr. Robert Dulk, besides his usual attractive display of jewellery, showed a clever piece of work. It is of silver, about three inches in height and nine inches in diameter, and described as a table ring in which to serve potatoes, etc. It is chased and saw-pierced. The subject of the decoration is the sea battles fought by Commodore George Coleman de Kay. The ring is loaned by Mr. Charles de Kay.

Another piece of technique which should be mentioned is that contributed by Mr. Shubael Cottle, a retired manufacturer of fine jewellery. Mr. Cottle has constructed a covered cigarette box about four inches square and two inches high, which is of one piece of metal, without a seam or bit of solder. Only a worker knows the difficulty of this accomplishment.

There were a larger number of copper and silver articles than usual. The silver was not as beautiful as it may be in a few years. The making of silver objects is a difficult problem and the equipment for the best results is expensive. The quality of the copper work was much better than usual, and there were some good pieces of bronze.

There were but few illuminations, but they were

good, and the book exhibit, while small, was of very good technique.

We hope that as the crafts worker becomes more sure of himself and his ability he will extend his work to further beautifying the necessities of life, for where he leads the manufacturer will follow, and the general level of good taste in the industrial productions of this country will be raised.



JOHN MILTON WRITING THE
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Hon. Mention at the Exhibition of the Craftsmen

POTATO RING

BY ROBERT DULK

A WESTERN RENAISSANCE In the December issue the leading article by Lena M. McCauley aroused much attention and interest. It is only fair to state that the article did not profess to cover the entire ground, so that a few art institutes received scanty or no mention. In a future issue Miss McCauley will complete her survey, grouping several museums around the Carnegie Institute, thus covering the ground completely.

INSPIRATION AND DIVAGATION
BY WILLIAM WALTON

IT is known that even axioms, like other fine things, through no fault of their own, have a way of slipping occasionally out of the careless mind of the general public, and it then becomes a duty to recall them. In the present condition of contemporary art, at home and abroad, it seems to be as well to call attention occasionally to the regrettable fact (universally known) that professing an enthusiastic allegiance to the traditional great truths of art—now sometimes noisily flouted—does not necessarily ensure artistic salvation. Anything that would even *seem* to impair the authority of these first principles is perhaps unfortunate—but we may not shut our eyes to things as they are. So that when one who is generally accepted as a leader of men wanders off into the darkness *carrying the light in his hand*, it is time for an alarm. There will be only too many to accept his leadership in any direction without reflection—the great multitude of the unthinking does not diminish with the progress of the ages. The woolly sheep who follow the bell-wether if only this bell be resonant are past counting.

Certain artists, through force of their genius or the wide-spread influence they exert upon other workers in their particular art, or the extensive human interest they awaken—become international. It did not need the collection of numerous important examples of Rodin's sculpture in the Metropolitan and other museums of art and in some private galleries to establish in this country for him an authority, an emotion and curiosity, probably greater than any vouchsafed to any one of the native sculptors. It does not appear to be generally known, however, that he is not one of men limited to a single mode of expression, articulate or inarticulate, not one of those who—in his own words, "however intelligent they may be, appear shallow and dull, simply because they have not that facility of speech and reply which, for the casual observer, is the only evidence of acuteness." Both of Sir Oliver Lodge's methods of carrying on "intelligent intercourse with our fellows" are open to him, "by a timed succession of vibratory movements (as in speech and music), or by a static distribution of materials (as in writing, painting and sculpture)." Indeed, his facility in the first of these methods may be matter of surprise to many who are not entirely converted by his output in the second. Of making discourses

on "art" there is no end, but for eloquence, intelligence and general truthfulness there are few which excel his brief ode in prose to the Venus of Melos, or the much longer and more exhaustive report of numerous confidential interviews with him by one of his admirers, M. Paul Gaell. The most wearied reader finds a new interest awakened in him by many of these passages, in which the old wine sparkles more clearly in the new bottles. "Art," records M. Gaell, "art, it is contemplation. It is the pleasure experienced by the mind when it penetrates nature and when it discovers in her the spirit with which it is itself animated. It is the joy of the intelligence which sees clearly in the universe and which recreates it in illuminating it with consciousness. Art, it is the most sublime mission of man, since it is the exercise of thought which seeks to comprehend the world and to make it comprehended by others."

The two men were standing before a cast of the *Fates* of the Parthenon in his studio. "It is only three women, seated," said the sculptor, "but their pose is so serene, so august, that they seem to participate in something immense which we may not see. Above them reigns, in fact, the great mystery, the Reason, immaterial, eternal, whom all Nature obeys and of whom they are themselves the celestial servitors. Thus do all the great masters advance as far as the reserved enclosure of the Unknowable. Some of them crush their countenances lamentably against this wall; others, whose imagination is more lightsome, think that they hear, over the wall, the song of the melodious birds who people this secret orchard."

In his little tribute to the Venus: "The antique and nature are bound by the same mystery. The antique—it is the human workman arrived at a supreme degree of mastery. But Nature is above him. The mystery of Nature is even more unsolvable than that of genius. The glory of the antique is in having understood Nature.

"O, Venus of Melos, the prodigious sculptor that fashioned you knew how to make the thrill of that generous Nature flow in you, the thrill of life itself. O, Venus, arch of the triumph of life, bridge of truth, circle of grace!"

From all this he deduces naturally the duty of the artist: "The lines and the shades and tones are for us only the outward signs of the hidden realities. Beyond the surface our regard plunges deep to the spirit within, and when, later, we reproduce the contours, we enrich them with the spiritual contents which they envelope. The artist worthy of that name should express all the truth

of Nature, not only the truth of the exterior but also, and above all, that of the interior."

At another time: "For the artist worthy of that name everything is beautiful in Nature, because his eyes—accepting boldly all exterior truth—readily read in it, as in an open book, all the inward truth." This may be accepted as his creed.

But in this setting up of "Truth" as the final standard, as so very many have done before him, M. Rodin—contrary to his usual custom—falls into the commonplace. Never was a more homonymous shibboleth given to blundering but hopeful men. "What *is* Truth?" said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer." When he proceeds to define more closely this preceptor himself becomes involved in ambiguities and is forced to defend himself against the queries of even his admiring disciple by stout assertions and glittering generalities. Great stress is laid—and here we perceive the real motif of all his work—on "character," "which is the *vérité intense* of a natural spectacle," "and it is even that which may be called a *double truth*, for it is that of the interior revealed by that of the exterior," and it may be either ugly or beautiful. From this it is easy to proceed to the next step—that ugliness is frequently better than beauty for really artistic purposes. "And, since it is solely the forcefulness of the *character* which makes beauty in art, it frequently happens that the uglier a being is in nature the more beautiful it is in art." There is a long definition of *laideur*, "which the common people think is not artistic matter," "but when a great artist or a great writer occupies himself with one or the other of these uglinesses (physical or spiritual) instantly he transfigures it . . . with a stroke of his magic wand he makes it beautiful: it is alchemy, it is *de la féerie!*"

This is probably an exaggeration; it is scarcely borne out by his own work. For that matter, it may be doubted whether "transfigured" ugliness is real "truth." But in the definition of this last word latitude is allowed; he explained at length that in his statue of the Baptist, marching with great strides, while his presentation of both feet flat on the ground was contrary to nature and to what the instantaneous photograph would show, it was nevertheless intrinsically true, because it gave the impression of movement more vividly than the scientific record did, and refused to admit that time was ever arrested or suspended, even for the fraction of a second. This ingenious and acceptable doctrine has, however, the effect of

making the definition of "truth" a somewhat inexact one.

In a notable case in his own work, this was demonstrated. He admitted frankly that Puvis de Chavannes did not like his portrait bust. "He thought that I had caricatured him;" "and it was one of the mortifications of my career." Bernard Shaw says: "Puvis protested, pointed to his mirror and to his photograph to prove that he was not like his bust." "And yet I was certain that I had expressed in my sculpture all that I felt for him of enthusiasm and of veneration." Jean Paul Laurens "reproached me amicably for having represented him with his mouth open."

One day the conversation in his studio turned on the bronze statuette of *La Vieille Heaulmière*, which even his admiring disciple qualified as a *modèle d'horreur*, and it was compared with Donatello's statue of *St. Mary Magdalen*, aged and in the desert, veiled only in her long hair. But, while the saint rejoiced in the ruin of her once fair body, and offered thanks to God for the cruel punishment inflicted upon it, Rodin's version of Villon's aged sinner presented only her unrepentant horror at the spectacle of her hideous decrepitude. In this he followed only too literally the suggestions of the poem; there are some things permissible in literature which are scarcely so when rendered in realistic art. That which is decently veiled for us and made acceptable in Villon's fifteenth-century *ballade*, and even in Swinburne's melodious paraphrase, becomes unpleasant when stripped and presented as an anatomical demonstration. It was claimed by the too complacent moderns that the work before their eyes was more *tragique* than Donatello's.

In other respects the sculptor's departure from truthfulness—and some other qualities—is grave. A great change has come over his work since the earlier productions, the marvellous head of a woman in the Luxembourg, the admirable statue of *The Age of Bronze*. In these do not appear the mannerisms which have apparently grown upon him, the numerous anatomical vagaries, the enormous hands, the swollen legs and feet, the unmeaning attitudes—as the stiffly extended arm and hand, the hand clutching the foot, etc., the abuse of the unhewn marble block, spotted with drill holes that express nothing. Technical considerations, the desperate search for "character," and for tragic and excessive character, have probably much to do with this much troubled art. The heroic statue of *Adam*, in black bronze, is intended to present him as struggling with the first breath

of life and the first instigations of consciousness. The figure is marked by nearly all the later mannerisms, and black bronze is an ugly material in which to represent the naked body; it would really seem that a nobler conception might have been presented of the radiant, beautiful, alert figure springing dewy fresh from the hand of its Maker. For the companion statue, *Ève*, was selected the ugly and tragic moment of her remorse and despair, and the bitter, hopeless theme is accentuated by every device in the sculptor's power, including even the characteristics of the modern modelling, as on the abdomen. In the consideration of the statue of the Baptist, the "man sent from God, whose name was John," as we have seen, the concern was apparently largely for his pedestrianism, and the legs of this statue have remained the most admired portion. One of the sculptor's admirers, M. Octave Mirbeau, was, however, filled with enthusiasm for the "preaching as though it were battle, he makes a violent gesture which distributes anathema. . . . His mouth vomits imprecations." In the smaller marble groups there is even more of what an English critic called his "unnecessary and aggressive disregard for those canons of monumental art in the observance rather than in the contravention of which genius should find additional modes of expression." And there seems to be nearly always a perversion of the theme. In a private collection of a resident of New York City is, however, a small marble group of *Romeo and Juliet* free of these extravagances and worthy of the subject.

The *Hand of God*, which Bernard Shaw says is a reproduction of his own, holds a mass of the unformed marble to which are stuck, not supported by, two embryonic nude figures locked together. The famous statue of the *Penseur* is officially described as that of "a prognathous savage"; the even more famous one of *Balzac* was an unintelligent attempt to express in a single figure more than the plastic art can compass; the *Icarus* selects the moment when the unhappy youth, falling headlong, drives his face into the rock. To walk through a gallery of Rodin's work is to carry away an impression of the sordidness and ugliness of life. As a young man of twenty-three he selected as his first work to exhibit, *A Man with a Broken Nose*, and he has devoted the best years of his life to an enormous *Gates of Hell*.

As for his pencil and crayon sketches, some of them with a very clever use of colour, there are many which can be considered only as experiments upon the credulity of his admirers. His defend-

ers, moreover, in their exuberance, invent impossible arguments which they put in the mouths of their men of straw, set up to be bowled over: "They do not wish to be shaken out of the vain belief that statues and pictures are meant solely to please the eye by a prettiness which makes no demand on the intelligence, and they shrink in angry disgust from what is strong, original and living." . . . "One of the most persistent criticisms brought against Rodin is . . . that he 'introduced' a new and illegitimate sense of movement and action into statuary instead of that immobility, that deathlike repose, which they seem to consider an essential attribute of the highest attainment in sculpture," etc.

That these grave qualities in his work are not inevitable is abundantly demonstrated by some of the smaller, later pieces—the study in baked clay for the head of *Balzac*, vividly lifelike; the only less extraordinary plaster study of a woman's head presented by the sculptor to the Metropolitan Museum in 1912 and thought to be for the portrait of Madame R—in silver, exhibited in 1890; the group in baked clay of the *Caryatid*, and others.

Nevertheless, the distance is long between this art and that of the *Venus of Melos*.

BOOK REVIEWS

OUR PHILADELPHIA. By E. Robins Pennell and Joseph Pennell. (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia and London.) \$5.00.

Like Boston, Philadelphia offers tremendous opportunities to the artist and historian, and in this stately tome before us many a chapter in Philadelphia tradition is unfolded, many a bit of old Philadelphia immortalized in full-page reproduction. Of these it cannot be affirmed that all are delightful. Frankly, they are not. Take, for instance, *Independence Square and the State House*, facing page 50, where both draughtsmanship and proportion are seriously at fault. In other cases, too, J. Pennell has shown a certain carelessness in architectural drawings which assails the eye without being sought for. To outweigh this criticism, however, very many of the drawings are most pleasant and artistic, recalling Philadelphia's odd buildings and spacious streets with marvellous fidelity. Elizabeth Pennell has recorded the "atmosphere" of Philadelphia, its citizens and their lives, with affectionate and humorous touches, extremely graphic, and reaching far



LOOKING UP BROAD STREET FROM SPRUCE STREET
LITHOGRAPH BY JOSEPH PENNELL

below the surface as seen by the ordinary dweller in the midst. We see the Philadelphian of fifty years ago exactly as he lived his span of years, careful to do everything in the "Philadelphia way," to live in exact concord with a set of unwritten regulations more binding, if possible, than those of the Medes and Persians. The house must be situated within the sacred limits of "Chestnut, Walnut, Spruce and Pine." Any other locality would condemn all social claims. Two big parlours, separated by folding doors, ottomans topped by white arum lilies in Berlin wool, a "Rogers group" on a blue stand, immensely high vases, engravings of Gilbert Stuart's *Washington* and, of course, a garden of roses and johnny-jump-ups, marked the red-brick white-and-green-shuttered homes of every Philadelphian of distinction.

The reader who applies himself to "Our Philadelphia" in the hopes of exciting adventures had better refrain from the task, for his disappointment will be intense. But for all who are interested in this wonderful and historical city and in the people and fashions, passed or passing, that have contributed to its unique standing in the America of to-day, a few hours spent with the writer, who devoted many years to watching and

studying her surroundings, must be of vital interest. Until the Centennial, the Philadelphia way had been the only way. The necessary stimulus was afforded by this great event, upon which the writer has laid the requisite stress.

THE ENCHANTMENT OF ART. By Duncan Phillips. (John Lane Company, London and New York.) \$2.50.

Mr. Phillips has written an exceptional work on art embodying many years of thought and study. It is the impressionism of art that gives beauty to life and which the author intended to be his title, but to prevent conflict with other titles that carry the word impressionism, it was decided very happily at the eleventh hour to rechristen the book, and certainly the new title covers the *leit motif* admirably. The author has been at pains to express a new philosophy rather than merely to discourse upon painting and sculpture. In a number of correlative essays he has admitted us to his Palace of Art in which he dwells in happiness, and has endeavoured to proselytize us to his ways of thinking upon truth and beauty, upon life and art, the inseparable constituents of our kosmos. The book is neither technical, historical, nor argumentative. As he appreciates life, so he invites us to appreciate life with him, and holds out a helping hand, without knowing it, to many who approach the realm of art falteringly, dazed and bewildered by the obtrusive shibboleths and abracadabra with which so many writers disguise the simplest matters appertaining to art. In "The Enchantment of Art," books hold as much place as do paintings, which fact broadens very considerably an interest



THE ENCHANTMENT OF ART
PUBLISHED BY THE DEMON LITTORE

which attaches to each and every essay. A coloured frontispiece after Monticelli and eight reproductions of great works lend additional attraction to a book that is destined to be one of the great art books of the season, and many subsequent seasons.

TEMPLE TREASURES OF JAPAN. By Garrett Chatfield Pier. (Frederic Fairchild Sherman, New York.) \$1.00.

A generous collection of artistic data covering the temples in Japan has been carefully compiled

A glossary and index are a useful addition to a useful work. Technically, the volume might have been improved by the use of more modern type.

ETCHING. By George T. Plowman. (John Lane Company: London and New York.) \$1.50.

The writer has briefly but succinctly covered the field of graphic art, paying especial attention to the needs of the etcher, in which task he has fitted himself well, through his many years devoted to the use of pen, pencil and etching needle, and particularly through his training under Sir Frank Short in London.

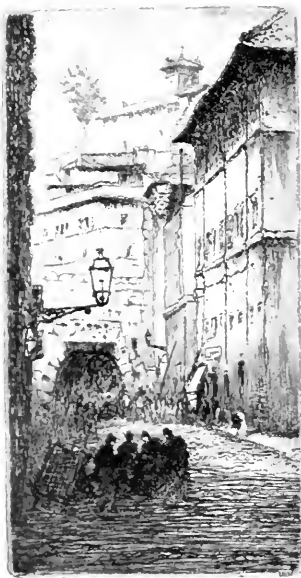
This treatise does not aim to instruct the beginner only, but contains much valuable information for practised hands. The volume has been enriched by many full-page reproductions of the work of living and defunct artists, besides of drawings and etchings made by the author himself, illustrating different methods in vogue. A very useful feature of the book, besides index and bibliography, is a list of addresses for materials in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, London and Paris.

THE PRINT-COLLECTOR'S BOOKLETS. Edited by Fitzroy Carrington. Published for Museum of Fine Arts, Boston. (Houghton Mifflin Company, New York and Boston.) \$1.00.

These excellent brochures, printed on good paper and full of fine reproductions, include "The Men of 1830," "Charles Jacque," "Le Père Corot," "Charles-François Daubigny, Painter and Etcher," "The Art and Etchings of Jean-François Millet," all these by Robert J. Wickenden, and "Maxime Lalanne," by W. Aspinwall Bradley.

POTTERY FOR ARTISTS, CRAFTSMEN AND TEACHERS. By George J. Cox. (The Macmillan Co., London and New York.) \$1.25.

This is a thoroughly practical manual, and by reason of its modest price should be a popular work in the hands of artist craftsmen. "To the scientific critic," writes the author, "I would offer a hundred books with a thousand different compounds; among none of them will he find how to make a Sung bowl or a Rakka drug pot." The book is well illustrated, contains a glossary and appendices, and is well calculated to start many sincere students upon the dignified pursuit of making objects of utility in an artistic fashion.



IN ROME
ETCHING BY GEORGE T. PLOWMAN

by the author on the spot, and over two hundred reproductions of various exhibits help to explain the text. Owing to the restricted space, four or five illustrations occupy a page and are not very clear and sharp. They serve rather as notes than as pictures. To travellers in Japan who have not Mr. Pier's leisure to take in all the temples possessing art treasures, it may be pointed out that a very complete summary of Japanese art may be obtained by visiting Tokyo, Kyoto and Nara, which contain the three great museums of the country.



CRUCIFIED

BY LOUIS RANSOM

IN THE GALLERIES

WHETHER this is the winter of Art's discontent or not can hardly be determined, but there is no doubt that art in America, as elsewhere, is "marking time." This fact, however, does not show on the surface, and exhibitions large and small are as plentiful as in days of yore. Only the dealers and artists know where the shoe pinches. The most important shows are the winter exhibition of the National Academy of Design and the Fifth Biennial at the Corcoran Gallery, Washington, D. C., both of which will receive special notice in our next issue.

The Macbeth Galleries have just concluded an exhibition of home pictures, with fine contributions by Emil Carlsen, including a still-life; a good Tunisian street scene by F. C. Browne; a freshly painted canvas by Gardner Symons, entitled *Evening Light*; Robert Henri's exquisite little

Chinese girl, *Tam Gan*; *Sunshine and Mist*, by T. E. Butler, evincing fine colour in sky and distance.

The picture *Crucified*, by Louis Ransom, aged eighty-three, is an extraordinary attempt to depict, by a solitary and terrible detail, that great human drama which from other hands has always demanded an array of figures, central and detached, aided by many accessories and big scenic effects. Whether the artist has succeeded or not, the canvas is a striking example of the length to which elimination can proceed in depicting a great event. Greater simplicity cannot well be imagined. In the descriptive words of H. B. Fosdick, who kindly submitted the print from which our reproduction was made: "*Crucified*—A blue-black cloud for a background, suggesting night and tempest. At the left, on the horizon, a dull red where the sun has set, showing like a lake of blood. In the foreground a rough, unfin-

In the Galleries



SELF-PORTRAIT

BY RUTH ANDERSON

ished piece of wood; on it a Hand is nailed by a headless spike. The fingers cluster together, as though even in death they sought comfort and companionship of each other. The gash reaches from near the wrist to the finger joints, and blood drips slowly, horribly, clotting in mid-air, and little imagination is needed to depict that lake of blood filling slowly from the tortured Hand. The Hand is not paint; it is flesh, the flesh of a corpse, but still flesh, and one turns away shuddering, repeating unconsciously the last despairing death-cry of the One who groaned, 'Eloi, eloi, lama sabbachthani.'"

Ruth Anderson, who was painting last summer with Jonas Lie at Belle Terre, Long Island, is a pupil to be proud of, though a pupil no more, as her recent exhibition at Baltimore has proven. She is very modern, without falling into the abyss of extremity, paints high-keyed canvases, full of light and atmosphere, with marked individuality. We reproduce here *In Silhouette*, in which black's against orange red was the problem to be solved. More pleasing, if less a *tour de force*, is her self-portrait,

printed in a very restrained and dignified manner.

Albert P. Lucas has had a successful exhibition at the Folsom Galleries, showing twenty canvases. Among the best exhibits are *The Distant Village*, instinct with fine feeling, and giving a very realistic portrayal of moonlight, a mood of nature that appeals highly to this artist. *Frosty Night*, *Birth of the Mermaid* and *Starlight* are other good things.

Carl Oscar Borg showed an excellent series of Oriental water-colours at the galleries of Arthur H. Hahlo & Co. His colour is strong and he uses great sweeping washes with good effect.

Among hundreds of good thumb-box sketches at the Arlington Galleries in the Women Painters' Association it would be impossible to do more than pick out one or two especially good exhibitors—undoubtedly Martha Walter, Mary H. Tannahill, Hilda Belcher, Clara McChesney. M. J. Streat's *Child at Play*, a miniature, is freely handled, transparent in colour and quite a little gem. Frederick Keppel & Co. have on view drawings



IN SILHOUETTE

BY RUTH ANDERSON



DUTCH WOMAN

BY LEOPOLD SEYFFERT



Exhibited at the New York Water-Colour Society, National Academy of Design, 1914

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER

BY WM. FAIR KLINE



Owned by Lawrence Mendenhall, Esq

A MADONNA

ATTRIBUTED TO A. CARLO MARATTA

and etchings in colour by T. F. Simon, a Bohemian artist of reputation. It is remarkable how faithfully the etching reproduces the beautiful quality of the drawing as one compares them side by side.

Lovers of symbolism in art have enjoyed paintings by Kahlil Gibran at the Montross Galleries: *Great Effort*, *Twilight*, *Let Go My Soul*, *Crucified*, and *The Stillst Hour*. His Rodinesque drawings of Ruth St. Denis are also attractive.

Modern work at Daniels' Galleries was seen during December in some sixty small paintings by artists of different calibre and temperament. Max Kuehne exhibited *Cornish Coast*, a brilliant work, showing feeling for strong, refined colour; Hayley Lever had a couple of beach scenes, fine in colour and atmosphere; Clagget Wilson was represented by some nice studies, especially *A Spanish Girl*, in which he has been particularly successful.

For ten days during the past month the Philadelphia Art Club held an exhibition of paintings and sculptures for the relief of foreign artists. Some of the contributing artists were Violet Oakley, Henry McCarter, Hugh H. Breckenridge, Fred Wagner, Charles Morrice Young, Nina

Ward, Alice Kent Stoddart, Maxfield Parrish, Walter Taylor, F. Hopkinson-Smith, N. C. Wyeth, Paul King, Donato, R. T. McKenzie, Winifred Ward and others. Our reproduction shows the gift of Leopold G. Seyffert.

Jonas Lie did good work before ever the happy idea of visiting Panama occurred to him. The stirring and heroic paintings which he brought back gave him such recognition as only few of our American artists can lay claim to. His exhibition at the City Club of New York shows that he is not resting upon his laurels. His colour is improving, the shadows are more luminous, his canvases are more important, more vital.

The Maratta reproduced here is a 10 x 12 inch sketch for a painting which hangs in Rome in the Palazzo Doria. The painting is very fresh and distinct, showing clearly the influence of Raphael, whose pupil Maratta was. There are many examples of this master's work in the Continental galleries, but few, if any, here in America, and we are grateful to the owner, Mr. Mendenhall, for permission to reproduce this little gem, which has been in his family a great number of years.





"THE FIELDS OF AVATAR." SKETCH
FOR A MURAL PAINTING BY
GEORGE SHERINGHAM

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FEBRUARY, 1915

C ONTEMPORARY EXHIBITIONS OF MODERN ART BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

I. THE CORCORAN GALLERY, WASHINGTON

IT NEEDED no lengthy survey of the numerous galleries debouching into the well-planned atrium to be convinced of at least two factors which count for so much to-day in the success or non-success of an exhibition of paintings—superb hanging and a general advance in the modern spirit. The pictures as a whole formed an alluring array of bright subjects impressionistically handled. A local writer expressed himself, with an *abandon* which honoured him more than his actual phraseology, as “dazzled by the painty effulgence.” He probably wished to convey the idea that the old-time bituminous canvas was unplaced, that mere transcripts from nature and wooden portraits had given way to character and design brightly and spontaneously rendered—in a word, that “live” pictures only had the claim of admittance.

Certain it is that the jury showed a complacent generosity to many painters who must be regarded as outside the pale of ordinary academic recognition. A liberal spirit in this direction is the best if not the only harbinger of real progress, and makes it possible for a discerning public to develop a finer catholicity of taste in art, and not to be shocked or surprised by such painters as, for instance, E. Ambrose Webster, whose fine quartette of landscape sub-

jects brightened the atrium and, possibly, were party to our friend being “dazzled by the painty effulgence.”

Of three Sargents only one is important, that belonging to Mr. George Eastman, representing



At the Winter Exhibition at the National Academy of Design, New York, 1914. Painted by JOHN SINGER SARGENT. FAUNESQUE. PA. DOUGLAS VOL.



1. *Isabel*, by John Singer Sargent. Painted in 1874-1875.
ISABEL.

BY CHARLES BITTINGER

two girls in white summer frocks, sprawling comfortably upon the cliffs. No sky or sea is visible, but the picture is instinct with the salt air and the attitudes of the figures are splendidly painted. It takes a Sargent to make so small a canvas into a

big, compelling work of art. And to think that it is common belief in Rochester that Mr. Eastman has been the victim of misplaced confidence in one of the very best things that Sargent has ever painted!



At the Winter Exhibition of the National Academy of Design, 1914-1915

A PORTRAIT
BY J. ALDEN WEIR

Contemporary Exhibitions of Modern Art

Another capital painting in the same gallery is *My Family*, by Edmund Tarbell, who manages by subtle brush-work to paint all round an object, be it an arm or an ankle, and by the necromancy of paint to seem to reveal the obscure side as well as the visible surface. Close by is an unusually good thing by Helen Turner, *The End of My Porch*, where a young girl sits nonchalantly upon the porch-rail. It is well seen and does not suggest

Segovia and there will I capture the models of Zuloaga and Zubiera, and it must come to pass that I shall paint Spanish types even as they have done and may be better." But he has given us nothing new; he has merely plagiarized in paint these great masters, whose influence screams from every inch of his canvases. Seyffert is capable of being himself and a very good self, too. Mathias Sandor has a large and unusual moonlit



At the Winter Exhibition of the National Academy of Design, 1913-1915
THROUGH SUNLIT HILLS

BY GARDNER SYMONS

the model. Childe Hassam's *Little Shoemaker's Shop* is a fine bit of realistic painting, the necessary omission of the Hassam nude affording much relief. Why does he discount so many of his paintings by introducing that absurd and unnecessary nude?

We confess to a feeling of profound disappointment upon viewing the recent work of Leopold G. Seyffert. He must have said before leaving for the land of the Cid: "I will arise and go unto

subject, entitled *The Pueblo of Wolpi, Arizona*. The village, poised on the edge of the cliff, with bright moonlight reflected on some newly white-washed huts in sharp contrast with the intense colour of the sky, makes a fine poetic composition in a three-colour scheme.

Inspirational dashes of bold colour in a dreamy Daingerfield style mark for notice the *Mother and Child* by Mary Kremellerg.

Washington, D. C., has no smiles to waste upon

Contemporary Exhibitions of Modern Art



At the Winter Exhibition of the National Academy of Design, 1914-1915
EAST SIDE POULTRY MARKET

BY S. J. WOOLF

artists. Very few have found the necessary encouragement and stimulus to care to pitch their tents there, and of the few resident artists, most of them have salaried positions. Edmund C. Messer and Richard Norris Brooke, both of Washington, showed interesting canvases. The *Figure* by Cecilia Beaux was not so pleasing as it might be, the great arms and masculine head giving a coarse effect.

S. J. Woolf showed intimate observation of East Side life in his *Poultry Shop*, a clever character sketch of Yiddish buyers and sellers. Victor D. Hecht, Charles Hopkinson, Gertrude A. Lambert, Bernhard Gutmann and Philip L. Hale were well represented in figure work. Maude Drein Bryant showed some crimson ramblers and asters painted with great knowledge. The best still-life we saw was by Hugh H. Breckenridge, entitled *Old China*—a bird-and-flower background in blue against a white plate on edge, with red de-

sign, a beautiful colour design elegantly achieved.

Abbot H. Thayer's *Winged Figure* is a fine decoration, beautifully imagined and drawn. Snow landscapes continue to be a popular subject with the artists. Besides three strong paintings by E. W. Redfield, who is paying better attention



At the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C., 1913-1914
ON LOOKOUT HILL

BY FRANK W. BENSON



At the Corcoran Galleries, Ari Washington, D. C., and 4001 4
BLACK AND GREEN BY GERTRUDE A. LAMBERT

to colour now, there were good snow scenes by F. W. Hutchison, Hobart Nichols, John F. Carlson, Allen D. Cochran, W. Elmer Schofield and Paul King. F. Usher de Voll, too, showed a fine rendering of the East River, New York, in winter. E. Varian Cockerott takes no flattering view of herself in her picture entitled *As I See Myself*. We feel sure that her friends see her very differently. A grand portrait of Dr. S. C. Chew, darkly but luminously painted by Marie Keller, would have shown better in one of the galleries. In the atrium it lost much

of its quality. Mrs. Chauncey J. Blair's *Genius of the Canyon*, by Elliott Daingerfield, is the best work of his that we know; it was a pleasure to see it again. The artist has made the canyon look like a phantom city while preserving the character of the rocks, and in the distance a nude figure lies brooding over the scene. The genius of the canyon is not particularly good, but the rest of the picture is delightful. A monumental painting of India, *The Palace Gate, Udaipur*, with a vast throng of natives riding and on foot, is full of action and interest, and renders very faithfully and with restraint the riot of colour which assails the Western eye when confronted with Eastern crowds. Colin Campbell Cooper and his wife have recently returned from the East with some splendid canvases. E. H. Potthast had marvellous success with seaside sketches. Six were shown and all sold within a few hours. They were very fresh in colour and spontaneous—fine snapshots in paint. Frieseke exhibited a graceful nude, flanked by a very different kind of nude by William J. Glackens. They might have been aptly tagged as "Beauty and the Beast."

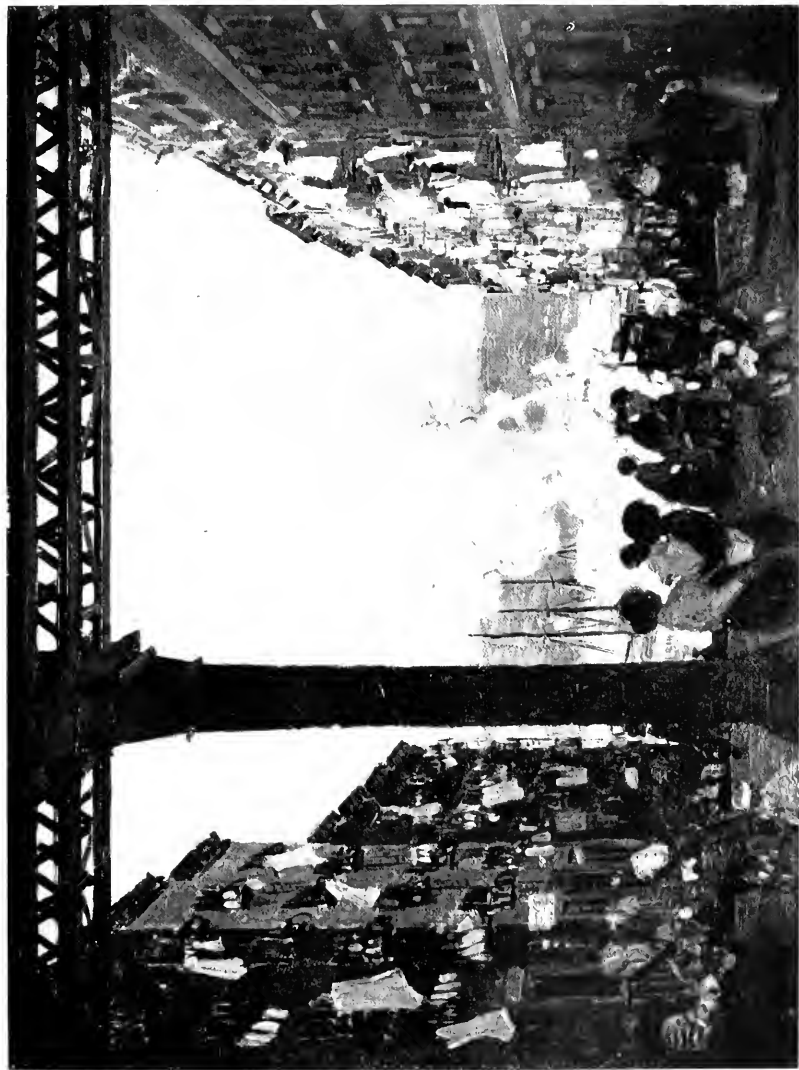
Thanks to the generosity of Hon. William A. Clark, who donated \$5,000 for the purpose, it was possible to award four money awards along with medals and certificates, which fell in order to J. A. Weir, C. H. Woodbury, Gifford Beal and R. B. Farley. In concluding this notice, which perforce can mention only a very few of the exhibits, a word of praise for the excellent arrangement and general success of the exhibition is certainly due to the energetic and ever-courteous assistant director,



At the Corcoran Galleries of Art, Washington, D. C., 1914-1915

100

BY RICHARD BLOSSOM FARLEY



At the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C., 1914-1915

THE END OF THE STREET
BY GIFFORD BEAL

Contemporary Exhibitions of Modern Art

Mr. C. Powell Minnigerode. A pleasant surprise was a booklet given out by Mr. Bowerman, the librarian, in co-operation with the Corcoran Gallery of Art, giving references to literature in books and magazines on the exhibitors. This is the thirteenth reference list and is exceedingly useful.

II. THE WINTER ACADEMY, NEW YORK

New York's Winter Exhibition at the Academy can claim to have been neither better nor worse than usual. A generous sprinkling of excellent pictures, especially in the Vanderbilt Gallery, accorded the Exhibition a certain *cachet*, and there was not a gallery that did not contain several good things apart from these. To offset this advantage, however, there were a large number of contributions which like flies in amber baffle one's curiosity as to how they got there. Some pictures are hung, as we know and regret, by pre-ordained right; others in some mysterious way, without any rights at all, manage to evade the judgment of the jury and smile upon us fatuously from seats of vantage. As long as these conditions obtain, no

exhibition can do more than reach mediocrity, just a *succès d'estime*, which is not sufficient for such an important art centre and metropolis as New York City. If it were not invidious to particularize, we could readily select some fifty or more paintings which have no right in a first-class exhibition. Among the really good exhibits of live art we would call attention to a few, naming them as they occur to memory and not in any order of merit. In the south gallery, prominent paintings were Edmund Greacen's *Beach at Watch Hill*, Bernhard Gutmann's excellent arrangement and colour in his portrait of Elisabeth, his little daughter, and a winter scene by Redfield, whose best picture, however, hung in the Vanderbilt Gallery. One of the best paintings in the centre gallery was a *plage* scene by Martha Walter, one of those unpleasant days at the seaside in contradistinction to the usual sunny scheme. Hayley Lever's *Summer, Saint Ives*, is a splendid bit of painting, full of style and better, in our opinion, than his other exhibit, which won the Carnegie Prize. *Boy Sleeping*, by Antonio Barone, is some-



At the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C., 1914-1915

MY FAMILY

BY EDMUND C. TARBELL

Contemporary Exhibitions of Modern Art



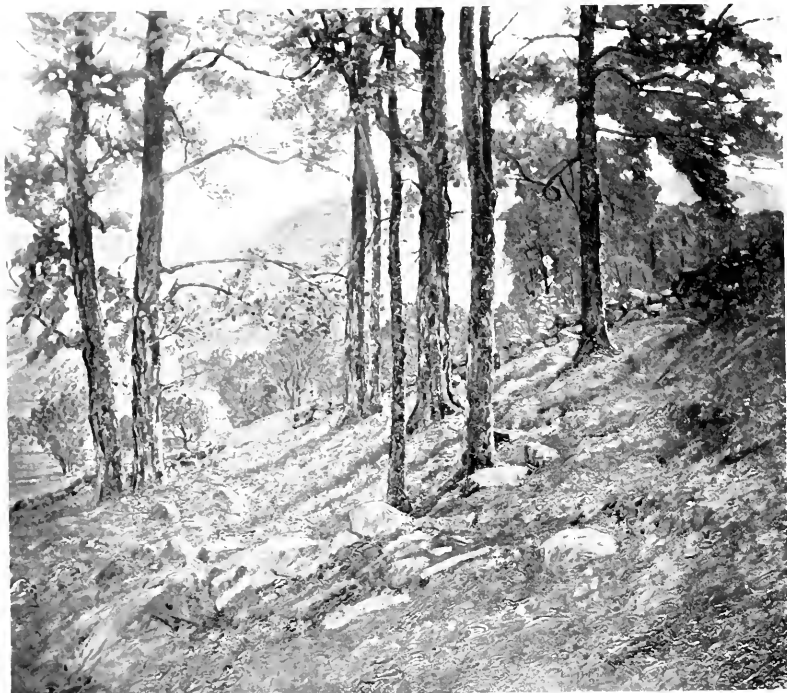
At the Winter Exhibition of the National Academy of Design, 1914-1915
THE SENTINEL TREES

BY W. GRANVILLE SMITH

what sombre in tone, but a finely observed study. W. Merritt Post, George H. Taggart, Charles Warren Eaton, C. C. Cooper and Birge Harrison were all well represented, the last named with an exquisite snow scene by night in Quebec. Sentimental interest attached to the unfinished marine by F. K. M. Rehn, the artist having expired within a few minutes of applying a vigorous brush-stroke to an oncoming wave in his composition.

In the Vanderbilt Gallery, Henry B. Snell's *Cargo Boat* is a fine bit of painting, showing an old, rusty-bottomed tramp steamer high and dry in the harbour mud, undergoing a very necessary toilette. *Evening News*, by F. Luis Mora, is a superbly clever bit of work, showing half-a-dozen tired commuters reading their papers in a subway car. The picture is a strong bit of illustrative work, much above the powers of the average illustrator. Jonas Lie has the real painter's vision in his picture of the lower bay, ice-bound. A flower composition of his, too, is remarkably strong in colour and pleasing in arrangement. We cannot praise too highly the excellent work of Josephine Pad-dock, entitled *The Seal-skin Muffs*, so entertaining and so crisply painted. George H. Macrum

showed some Cornish roofs, with the sea below, a beautiful tonal study in silver greys and rose. A big canvas by Robert Vonnoh is a joyous thing, painted many years ago and never before exhibited. A huge stretch of poppies in full bloom, with French peasants working against a background of mist and trees. A very striking picture, the work of a young Russian, was a small, unassuming subject, just an open casement with a tumbler of cottage flowers upon the sill, looking upon the river and heights above. The picture is no story-teller, but is full of suggestion and *joie de vivre*. The idea of the country and the simple life could not have been rendered more simply and with greater charm. Joel J. Levitt also showed some children's heads, full of character and type. Daniel Garber showed a huge composition bathed in glowing colour, similar to his *Quarries*, very restrained in colour and finely decorative. Walter Douglas's ducks were appropriately near to a drake—a portrait of the father of modern illustration, Mr. Alexander Drake, life-size, by John C. Johansen. The likeness is remarkably well expressed in bold, warm notes, blending well with the coppers in the background, suggesting the col-



At the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C., 1914-1915.
OCTOBER MORNING

BY BEN FOSTER

lecting habit, so strongly pronounced in his sitter. Emil Carlsen's *O Ye of Little Faith* is a successful inroad into the unwonted paths of, as the title proclaims, Biblical inspiration. The depths within depths of restrained blue in the upper part of the canvas are a marvel of distinctive painting. The figure of Christ upon the (somewhat unsatisfactory) waters is dominating and harmonizes splendidly with the vaporous sky. Altogether, it is not far short of a masterpiece. George Bellows has given a *tour de force* in his *Girl at the Piano*. At first sight the face has a chalky appearance, owing to the strong blue of the cloak and the dark stain of the piano, but that feeling disappears on encountering the white in the collar and piano-keys. For splendid passages of painting note the eye and the sleeve and hand. Theresa Bernstein loves moving crowds with richly illuminated groups. Her *Opera Night* is a fine piece of work. Ivan Olinsky, G. L. Nelson, W. Granville Smith, Howard Giles, Louis Betts and Jane Peterson sent

good works. J. Francis Murphy's use of red was disconcerting and the surface lacked that quality which permits one to look at a Murphy at close quarters. The sculpture unfortunately will have to be passed over in this brief survey, but we cannot refrain from noting that the beautiful work of C. S. Pietro, entitled *The Mother of the Dead*, was placed in the least desirable gallery, officially known as the Academy Room, but more often referred to as the Morgue. Possibly on this account the locality was deemed suitable for a piece of sculpture entitled *The Mother of the Dead*, though mingled with dead things were many live pictures to be observed, not least among them a strongly painted moonlight by Julius Olsson; a figure by Jane Peterson in a scheme of lotus leaf; a clever sketch by Stephen Haweis, and a big canvas by W. Ritschell, entitled *Ice-bound Ledges, Monhegan Island*. Such exhibits should go far toward removing the stigma attaching to Academy Room.

ANTIQUE CHINESE CLOISONNÉ
ENAMELS
BY JOHN GETZ

IN TWO PARTS—PART II

For Part I see January number

No. 53. An Incense Jar (*Hsiang-kang*) of the Yung-chêng period (1723-1735). Has short neck, with two gilt dragon scroll handles and loose rings; the body is supported by gilt-bronze animals in the form of a goat or ibex and two rams. The type of this specimen recalls Ming porcelain vases, and it is from them that the gilt festooning with *pendeloques* of tassels, hanging from the shoulder band, are copied. The *cloisonné*

decoration consists of aquatic plants and lotus flowers, herons and other water-fowl, enamelled in various colours upon a black ground, which is entirely covered with a fret *svastika* design of fine wires. The height is 14 inches.

No. 42. Honorific or Twin Vases (arrow receptacle or *chien-tung*), made era of Yung-chêng (1723-1735). Two tall coalesced vases of hexagonal shapes are joined by two chased gilt-bronze ornaments, one in the shape of a grotesque bear, with a phoenix-like eagle perched upon its head; the reverse side displaying a fire dragon in place of the bird, emblems of the powers and strength of the sky, the earth and the air. The bodies of vases are chiefly enamelled in green, with *cloisonné* flowers and leaves, arranged in a conventional diaper pattern and executed in low tones of varied enamels. This interesting specimen follows the model of the earliest bronze arrow stands (*chien-tung*) which were presented as





NO. 53

rewards to warriors of distinction. The height is 25½ inches.

NOTE.—The grotesque monsters supporting the cylindrical vases on obverse side are supposed to represent an eagle (*ying*) perched on the head of a beard (*hsiang*), which words combined as *ying-hsiang* signify in a punning way, an honorific gift for a "champion."

No. 71. A Sacred Elephant Bearing Vase (*Hsiang-t'o-pas-p'ing* or Buddhist altar-piece; made during the Ch'ien-lung period (1736-1795). The *cloisonné* body of the elephant (*hsiang-tsun*) is white, while the partly gilt

saddle-cloth and trappings sustain incrustated enamels to simulate jewels and gold tassels. Two vase forms are carried on the saddle (one above the other), the upper one being of gourd shape and the lower ovoid; the former showing circular panels with script characters and lotus motifs, while the lower vase shows lanceolated and leaf bordering, together with conventional floral details. A pierced crown, in the shape of symbolic hats whose wings intersect finishes the top. The height is 12 inches.

No. 84. A Unique Suspended Flower Basket (*Lan*



NO. 42

Antique Chinese Cloisonne Enamels

shaped knob, also of gilt-bronze. The complete height is 30½ inches.

No. 80. A Large Incense Burner (*Ta hsiang-lu*), made during the period of Ch'ien-lung (1736-1795). Presenting a round-cornered quadrilateral form raised on four tall gilt-bronze feet in designs of monster-heads, and with two gilt metal handles formed by grotesque winged dragons (*ying-lung*). The decoration of this imposing vessel consists chiefly of conventional *cloisonné* floral motifs, emblems, and ogre monster-heads. The *cloisonné* cover is surmounted by a tall, perforated gilt copper knob of floriated open-work design. Its height is 28½ inches.

Passing on to the *cham-levé* enamel method, in which the cell-walls, surrounding the imbedded enamel embellishment, are fashioned in the body of the metal itself, either by ornate sunken ridges in the original casting or by subsequent hollowing

out with a graving tool. This process of imbedding enamels is the oldest and most primitive form known, practised during the early ages of Christendom, especially under the Byzantine emperors, the art reaching China through the Arabs, as already stated, dur-



NO. 84

Feng-hsuan, with dragon holder; made during the period of Ch'ien-lung (1736-1795); the basket, held freely by a dragon's claw, is richly decorated with *cloisonné* details, including landscape scenery, flowers and butterflies, rendered in varied colours on turquoise ground. Two imperial dragons of gilt-bronze encircle the slender column that rises from the centre of an elaborate *cloisonné* enamelled and galleried stand. The gilt-bronze pillar, enriched with small cloud patches and green enamelling, is surmounted by a sacred pearl-



NO. 71



NO. 87

ing the late thirteenth or fourteenth century. It will be noticed that the intermediate walls of metal vary in thickness, unlike the slender and even cell lines made possible by flattened wire used for *cloisonné* details. *Champ-levé* en-

amelling in China is often confined to the decorative gilt-bronze mounting or adjuncts in the form of handles, legs and covers, while in the more characteristic work the vitreous enamel colours are recessed in graven cell-walls and rubbed down



NO. 25

to a uniform surface, as upon *cloisonné*, except for the slight irregular or jointless divisions that are peculiar to the *champ-levé* process, otherwise the difference may not be observed. These variations may be studied in examples Nos. 8, 25, 56 and 87, *vide* illustrations, noteworthy as having a combination of *champ-levé* and *cloisonné* enamel.

No. 25. A Temple Censer (*Fang xiang-yu*). Oblong shape, with curved enamelled handles and four high feet. Each side has a panel with archaic dragon forms, enamelled in India-red and lapis-blue, on pale turquoise-ground; enclosed by a Chinese "key-fret" (*lei-aiên*) *champ-levé* enamelled border. The open-work cover displays archaic angular motifs, with red and blue *champ-*

levé enamelling, and is surmounted by a gilt-bronze "Fu-lion," or *Tai-shih*, attributable to the Ch'ien-lung period (1736-1795). Its height is 14 inches.

No. 87. A Gilt-Bronze Temple Shrine (*T'ai she-t'an*) of the Ch'ien-lung period (1736-1795). Representing a form of garden pavilion, enriched with *cloisonné* and *champ-levé* enamelling. At the corners of the slightly spreading and ornate quadrangular base rise four columns entwined by dragons, that support an elaborately decorated domed roof, from the corners of which extend scroll brackets holding small bells. The details of decoration showing dragons, cloud forms and symbolical flowers executed in gilt-bronze, with *champ-levé* and *cloisonné* enamels of varied colours, on a ground of pale turquoise-blue. The shrine holds a seated gilt-bronze figure of a Tibetan *Bôdhisâtva* or idol, which is encrusted with semi-precious stones, and has a flaming halo or "back-piece." The complete height is 25 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches.



W. DE BEAUMONT

A COLLECTION OF PALETTES BY A. E. SWOYER

ABOUT the middle of the past century there lived in Paris one Georges Beugniet, an art dealer. Had Beugniet been nothing more than a peddler of pictures this chronicle might well end here, or at best occupy some obscure nook in the annals of the trade. Happily for posterity, the man gained the friendship of his clients to such an extent that he induced practically all of them to give him the palette used by the painter in his work, and so subtle was his cajolery that he almost invariably obtained an autographed sketch thereon as well.

Thus was conceived and born one of the most unique and artistically valuable collections in the world. That its worth was appreciated by Beugniet is plain from the fact that he refused numerous flattering offers for its purchase. Upon his death it fell into the hands of Georges Bernheim, a kindred spirit, who not only maintained the principle of the original owner, but added to the collection until it now includes some one hundred and twenty pieces, representing fully the art of

the period and bearing the signature of many a world-famous colourist.

At first thought such a collection might appear to have a value more unique than real, but as a study of the characteristics of many celebrated artists it stands alone. The old artist said: "If you would become a great painter, study assiduously the palettes of those who have gone before you." Granting the wisdom of this advice, then, who can calculate the value to the student of such a group of masters? But not only in the proper use of pigments do these palettes hold their lesson, but because of the impromptu nature of the sketches they serve to show, perhaps, a little of the real feeling of geniuses now dead—a feeling often absent from the more formal productions destined for the salons. Gazing upon them, we behold "the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies."

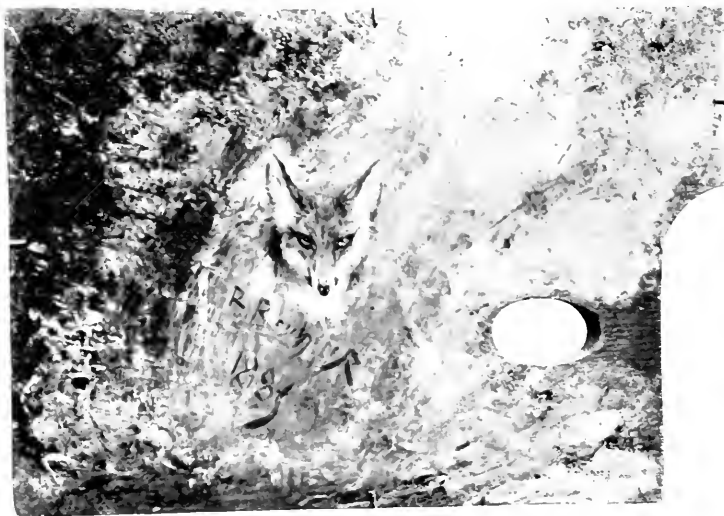
To appreciate this more intimate touch, we see how each donor has unconsciously and in a moment of comparative relaxation done that which he really liked to do, unhampered by the bugbear of public opinion, which so often trammels the true spirit of the workman. Thus

A Collection of Palettes

Willems, whose work betrays a favouritism for positive colouring, has pictured a row of juvenile clowns against a background in which looms a windmill characteristic of his native Montmartre. Eduard Dettaille and Alphonse de Neuville, both painters of battle scenes, have clung to their chosen field; the first with a strongly drawn back view of a cuirassier, the other with an incident of 1870. Another warlike picture, that painted by the artist Luminais, shows the imagination and adaptability of the true genius, for in depicting a Gallic warrior bellowing forth his battle-cry he has utilized the thumb-hole of the palette to represent the widely

delicate little painting of a lace-maker at her task, and Alfred Stevens a study of a lady reading, elbow on table. Woman's loveliness received the cut direct from Roybet, however, who elected to depict with characteristic skill the moustached features of a cavalier; the balance is more than evened by Jacquet's charming female head and the dancing girl of Carrier-Belleuse.

More frivolous in tone, but fully the equal of any in beauty of treatment, is the work of the painters of the nude. Lefèvre offers a sketch of a bathing nymph, that favourite subject of so many artists; Boulanger, a superb figure of a Magdalen,



ROSA BONHEUR

opened mouth, with an effect both startling and realistic.

The spirit which is threaded through the Rubaiyat has its embodiment in the palette of Maurice Leloir, with a charmingly drawn and bibulous old gentleman leaning, glass and flask in hand, against a barrel in a wine-cellar. If we believe with Pope that "He best doth paint them who doth feel them most," then this limner must have been an officer in the army of Bohemia!

As might be expected from the hold which feminine beauty has had upon the art of all ages, the palettes of the portrait painters and of the depictees of figures predominate. Joseph Bail shows a

shielding her face in shame with one rounded arm. De Beaumont, in venturing into an allegorical representation of *Art* in the figure of a young girl seated before a canvas with palette and mahl-stick in hand, produced a study worthy of himself; it is as dainty and perfect in every detail as a miniature. Another allegorical figure, although one not so striking, is the representation of *Dawn* by Hélert, while last but not least in this group are two palettes by Charles Chaplin, the one showing the back view of a girl being especially characteristic.

Of the animal painters, Rosa Bonheur's palette, with its marvellously painted fox's head standing



JACQUET



MAURICE LELOIR



CHAPLIN

out from a background of green, ranks supreme, and is worthy of the creator of *The Horse Fair*. Among this group is also a palette limning three of the hunting dogs that Oliver de Penne so loved to paint; while, in antithesis, Lambert, as might be expected, dedicated his sketch to his favourite cats. Brissot put together an effective combination of two hens, a lamb and a sheep; Charles Jacque also exalted the hen, placing her upon her proper pedestal—a nest of straw. Gustave Doré allowed his mysticism and imagination, so well and gloomily exercised in the illustrations to Dante's *Inferno*, to produce a stork, shrouded and indistinct. Lhermitte shows a harvesting scene, a gleaner in the foreground; Didier-Pouget converts his palette into an early morning landscape, exercising to the full his power of depicting sun, mist and distant hills; Veyrasset and Mita appear with more conventional work, while Ten Cate contents himself with a typical winter scene in Holland.

Some dozen palettes are devoted to the school of still-life, including the great painter of copper, Grün: Madeleine Lemaire, with roses; Vollon, with vase and fruit, and the fishwife's stall of Victor Gilbert.

CXXIV

WILLIAM H. SINGER, AN AMERICAN PAINTER BY ARTHUR HOEBER

FROM the smoke of Pittsburgh to the brilliant atmosphere, the vivid colouring, the white-capped mountains of Norway, is change indeed, and though nurtured in the coal regions of Pennsylvania, educated in the environment of soot and grime of Pittsburgh, the great city of coal and iron, Mr. William H. Singer, always happily able to journey whither his fancy led him, has of recent years found inspiration in fjords, hills, country stretching away, rapidly rushing rivers, all the beauty, the freedom of the land of the Vikings. Known to but few outside of his modest artistic set, Mr. Singer came to New York this season at the Folsom galleries with a show of some dozen and a half of canvases so virile, so personal, so enthusiastic and spontaneous in execution, as to take at a bound a place among the men doing the things worth the while in art.

Mr. Singer is practically without instruction in the schools. For long he worked by himself in Pittsburgh, and, in 1900, he went to Paris, where



BIRCHES

BY W. H. SINGER

he entered the Academie Julien and remained but three brief months, after which he sought nature, for his bent lay entirely with landscape in the open. First to Holland, at Laren, and subsequently to the little Norwegian town of Nordfjord, a small fishing village, and later to Oldham, in the hills; in all these places he found material a-plenty that greatly appealed to him. The subsequent year, 1901, he made his first exhibit, appearing at the old Salon in Paris, but after that he cast his lot with the more progressive crowd at the New Salon; and there he has been represented, year after year, with canvases that have attracted considerable attention. All of his work, it may be stated, has been painted entirely before nature,

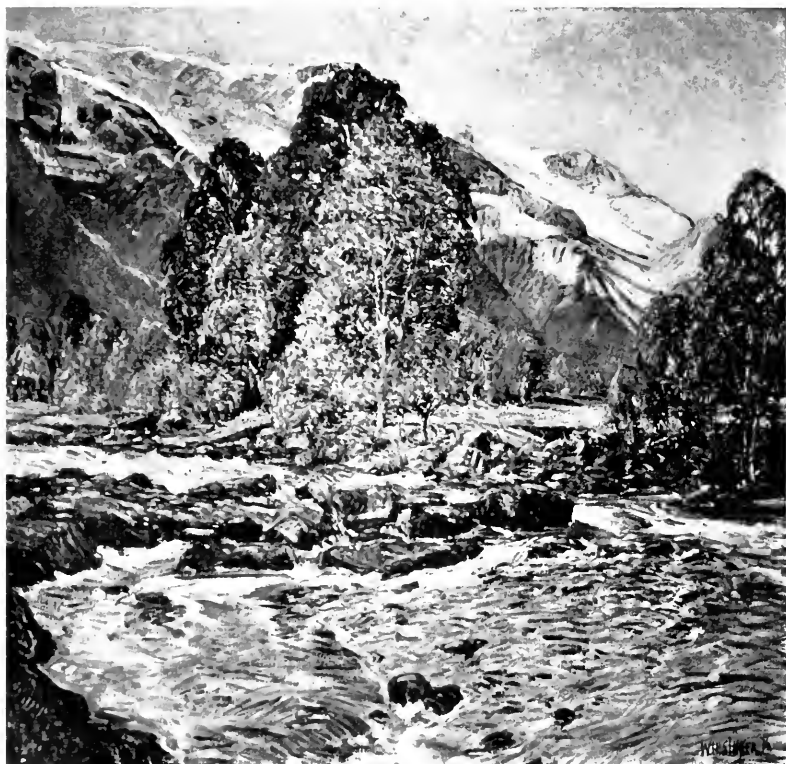
and has not been subsequently retouched, for Mr. Singer maintains he cannot, in the quiet of his studio, obtain any of the thrills produced by the open. He paints, too, with much rapidity, rarely spending more than two sances on any canvas, preferably but one; though prior to his attacking his compositions they receive much preliminary consideration, much contemplation, so, when he is ready to proceed, he knows his theme with an intimacy that makes for excellent results.

I think one may see at a glance the absorbing interest the man discloses in all he attacks, this spontaneity and enthusiasm, this innate love of nature, this impelling force that makes for conviction and impressiveness. In the matter of colour,

the man is entirely personal. He sees the tenderness of tones, the poetry and charm of atmosphere, the envelopment and the harmony of the open. With it all he is direct, simple and obsessed by no *parti pris*, going to his picture with a mind singularly open. And he draws the landscape as one having authority, designing only after much serious observation and reflection. In short, Mr. Singer is a distinct art personality, a newcomer to be welcomed, to be kept track of, a man who has done much worth the while, but who promises with the years to do more. The movement of his *Salmon River*, the dignity of his *Birches*, the refinement and subtlety of his snow in *My Garden* and the delicate analysis of his *The Falls*, are all refreshing and novel, presaging much for the future and giving satisfaction in the present accomplishment.

FAMOUS PAINTINGS FOR PANAMA EXPOSITION

DIRECTOR RAYMOND WYER's activities at the Hackley Gallery, Muskegon, Mich., have been noticed in THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO on several occasions, and choice paintings in their permanent collection have from time to time been reproduced in our pages. Mr. Wyer has recently yielded to the importunities of the department of fine arts at the Panama Exhibition in permitting several masterpieces to make the journey to San Francisco. It is doubtless a great sacrifice to lose these works for so long a period, but it is a case of *noblesse oblige*, and one can only congratulate him upon his decision and wish to his charges a safe round trip. We reproduce here the Hogarth, Gainsborough and Beechey.



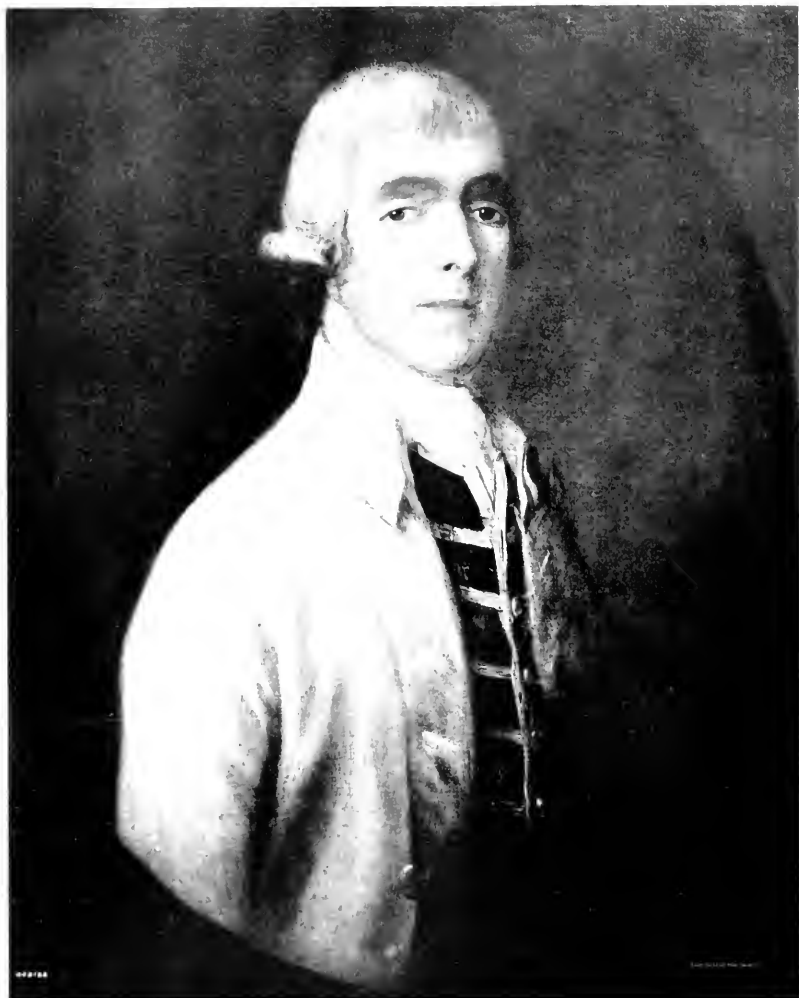
SALMON RIVER

BY W. H. SINGER



loaned by the Hackley Gallery to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco, 1906.

MUNROE FERGUSON, ESQ.
BY SIR WILLIAM BLYTH, P.A.



Lent by the Hulton Gallery to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco, California, 1915

SIR WILLIAM LYNCH
BY THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A.



Loaned by the Hackley Gallery to the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco, California, 1915

ANNE, VISCOUNTESS IRWIN
BY WILLIAM HOGARTH



Courtesy Hotel St. Francis, San Francisco, California

THE OLD WINE MAKERS OF CALIFORNIA

BY LESTER D. BORONDA

L ESTER D. BORONDA: A PAINTER OF OLD CALIFORNIA BY ARNOLD GENTHE

LESTER D. BORONDA, whose work was introduced to New York through an exhibition at the Braus Gallery a year ago, is one of the younger American painters whom we have

to take seriously, even if at times his finished canvases do not fulfill the splendid promise of the smaller sketches. He is an earnest worker of distinct originality, fitted in a remarkable manner, both technically and temperamentally, for carrying out what he considers his chief artistic mission: to visualize for us on canvas the charm and glamour of the olden Spanish days in California, now gone forever.

On returning to his native California in 1909, he naturally fell under the spell of the wonderful Western landscape. It was the romance of those vanished golden days of which in ruined missions and tiled adobes he found suggestive and picturesque remains—that more cogently appealed to his tendencies and purpose. No matter if he portrays fiestas, serenading caballeros and proud señoritas, or benevolent padres and grizzled paisanos, there is always the touch of poetry that makes his pictures more than merely interesting records of the past. The most representative canvas of this type is the important triptych which he painted for the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco, entitled *The Old Wine Makers of California*, a difficult composition woven into a charming and original pattern.

It was the lure of these old Spanish days of California that really tempted Boronda to leave New York (where he had been making his home since 1913) with the intention of spending a year in Spain, the land of his ancestors, to gather new inspiration and impressions from actual contact with the descendants of the people he loved to



Owned by Louis W. Hill, E. 1, St. Paul

DEPARTURE OF THE WEDDING PARTY

BY LESTER D. BORONDA



Courtesy the Braus Galleries

A SONG OF OLD MONTEREY
BY LESTER D. BORONDA

Lester D. Boronda

paint. The outbreak of the war held him in Paris, and he came back without having set foot on Spanish soil. But even if his original plan was frustrated, the trip was not without valuable and gratifying results. Most of his recent work, which was shown at the Rochester Memorial Museum this December, demonstrates that Boronda is gradually working through to a greater refinement in tone and a more telling handling of

affixed signature read Lester D. Boronda was an artist we would hear from in the future. The waning day that softens and mellows harsh outlines; the mystery of night, when artificial light tries to penetrate darkness; sharply silhouetted figures against luminous backgrounds, and submerged masses in shadow, have been the difficult problems of light that have constantly attracted him. Boronda's improvement is particularly



Courtesy of the Macbeth Galleries
THE MOTHS

BY LESTER D. BORONDA

his medium without losing any of the spontaneity and vitality that distinguishes his work.

I well remember his first exhibition four years ago in San Francisco—mostly small sketches and studies, principally scenes from Italy and France, put down with rapid, vibrant touches that made one overlook an undeniably crude quality. The only large canvas there, portraying a French family returning from a picnic, showed such freshness and originality in composition and colour that I felt that the man whose rather clumsily noticeable in the handling of these elusive subjects,

In one of his latest pictures, called *The Moths*, Boronda shows a Parisian crowd surging before the gaily lighted entrance of a *Bal*. A silvery rocket is bursting between the trees—a soft mist, so typical of an autumn in Paris, warmly envelops the whole.

It is to be hoped that he who more than any other American painter recognized the inexhausted possibilities of those themes will not, under the influence of more recent inspirations, abandon the work for which he seems so eminently fitted.



MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN

BY SHERRY E. FRY

I N THE GALLERIES

SHERRY EDMUNSTON FRY, A.N.A., is at work on a memorial fountain to be erected by the wife of the late Major Clarence F. Barrett, a veteran of the Civil War, and for years a resident of Staten Island. It will be placed at St. George when completed. The work was won in competition and the subject is *Victory Compelling Peace*. The material to be used is Tennessee marble and the figure will be seven and a half feet high. At the base of the pedestal there are designs representing the departure and home-coming of troops from war. The sculptor was born in Iowa, at Creston, in 1870, studied at the Chicago Art Institute and subsequently in the Paris schools, finally working with Frederick MacMonnies. He has had various medals and earlier won a scholarship to Rome. He is a member of the National Sculpture Society.

Arthur Crisp, well known as a painter both of easel and mural pictures, sold recently to the Government at Ottawa, for the Canadian National Gallery, one of his most interesting decorative



A LITHOGRAPH

BY ALBERT STERNER



A MINIATURE

BY STELLA LEWIS MARKS

paintings, a canvas 40 x 45, which he called *L'Encore*, and which in colour was a charming harmony of delicate tints with much graceful movement. The picture was seen in this city last season, at the Municipal Art Galleries on Irving Place, at the exhibition of the Allied Artists. Subsequently it went to the display at Toronto, where it was officially purchased, together with the original sketch and the studies for it. Mr. Crisp some years ago executed several mural decorations for the Belasco Theatre in New York, and he has done other wall embellishment in connection with the architects of several city and suburban dwellings. He has also done much illustrating for the magazines, and has Len represented in most of the exhibitions throughout the country. Many of his pictures have been of ballet dancers.

The miniature reproduced here is the work of a young Australian artist, Stella Lewis Marks, who, with her husband, a landscapist, has come to this country to stay. Mrs. Marks is a portrait painter, too, which explains the broad treatment accorded

to her ivory. If sitters would only allow it, the miniature might be a really artistic little painting, instead of being, as it so often is, a toy, just a pretty little dolled-up photograph. They intend to hold an exhibition later in the season. Meanwhile Stella Marks is busy at her first American commission, the little daughter of Mr. Ordway Partridge, the well-known sculptor.

Oscar Fehrer, who has recently returned from a long sojourn abroad, has been exhibiting at the Reinhardt Galleries and the MacDowell Club, besides at the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C. A glance at the reproduction of his *Girl in a Garden* will show clearer than words his peculiar and characteristic technique, along with his great decorative sense. His manner of laying on his paint in short, parallel strokes, in beautiful gradations of tone, lends a vibrant character to his pictures, which makes them intensely vital and entertaining. His backgrounds are garden or woodland.

Worch, of Paris, on Fifth Avenue, opposite the Public Library, has at this time of writing arranged for a one-man exhibition of the recent work of Augustus Vincent Tack. The November number of *THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO* discussed this exceptional work in an article by Jessie Lemont, entitled "Old Subjects in New Vestments," giving four full-page illustrations. Besides these four big subjects, some twenty landscapes painted in a similar manner are to be shown.

The Ehrich Galleries have been exhibiting seventeenth- and eighteenth-century French paintings of great interest. Messrs. Ehrich, on their last trip abroad, secured two delightful Rigaud portrait groups, Hyacinthe Rigaud's own family and self, and his brother Jacques' family. These canvases have come direct from the Rigaud family. Some portraits by Vigée Lebrun, some Van Loos and an unusual Fragonard, the head of an Apostle, made the display particularly attractive.

In the Print Room above, Ehrich Brothers exhibited the work of Rozel Oertle Butler, paintings of California and Mexico. Some of the simple landscapes without figures, such as *Phantom*



GIRL IN A GARDEN

BY OSCAR EBBEL

Desert and *Prelude*, are very charming in tone, but when figures are introduced her work is less convincing. *A Hopi Maid* is amateurish in the extreme. The big buffalo canvas where these animals are dashing over the ridge to water has fine

decorative quality, also another painting, perhaps the best, where two men on ponies are crossing the Rio Grande.

The Berlin Photographic Company has had an interesting display of lithographs by Albert

In the Galleries

Sternier. This well-known artist has come to the front again, not to show his work so much as to illustrate the fact that lithography in the hands of an artist is as artistic a medium of self-expression as any of the more recognized media. It is an unfortunate fact that lithography is so allied with commercial activity that people are not inclined to treat it with a proper sense of reverence. A few big men in England, not to forget Shannon, Ricketts and Pennell, have done much to elevate this branch of art, and in America Albert Sternier is doing likewise.

The Macbeth Gallery showed a group of selected paintings during January, including some

first-class paintings by Richard Miller and Hayley Lever, which side by side make up a splendid wall. Sophie Brannan showed fine Californian motifs.

A war charity loan exhibition at the Knoedler Galleries attracted crowds during January. Paintings by El Greco and Goya filled the large gallery, transcendental and realistic art shoulder to shoulder. Goya's *Forge*, with three full-length figures at the anvil, is a marvellous performance.

Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, ever active in a good cause, is lending her studio for an exhibition of graphic art loaned from the collection of Mr. Albert E. Gallatin, proceeds of admission to be devoted to help distressed artists abroad.



L'ENCORE

BY ARTHUR CRISP

CXXXVI

THE STUDIO

THE GROSVENOR HOUSE EXHIBITION OF FRENCH ART.
BY T. MARTIN WOOD.

THIS Exhibition, which was perhaps the most important feature of this year's London art season, was advertised as one of "Modern French Art," and further described as "From Ingres to Manet." Neither title seemed to suit it quite, for no attempt was made to bring the collection right up to date or to represent some of the most outstanding events of the period from Ingres to Manet.

But if the description of the collection seemed at fault, it is of the description alone that we complain. The exhibition itself was organised entirely on the right principle. It aimed solely at making the strongest possible æsthetic appeal, concentrating chiefly on the salient moment of Impressionism.

The Comtesse Greffulhe, to whose genius we owe the organisation of the exhibition, is certainly the type of patron which the world is seeking at the present time. Pictures amassed in private collections do not exist for the general public. Up to the present in England the most educated and eager person has not been able to see representative canvases of the phase of art exhibited at Grosvenor House, so unconscious apparently of its significance have been those who are elected to watch over our interests in these things.

At present it is only through loan exhibitions—though they are attended by the evil that they tempt those who take our treasures from the country—that the omissions of our public galleries can be corrected,

and the opportunity for becoming familiar with all the most significant developments of art be something more than the exquisite privilege of the very rich.

At this distance of time it is possible to estimate to some extent the immense importance of Impressionism and the movements contemporary with it in France. In reviewing the work of Manet and Degas, especially, we cannot fail to be impressed by the evidence of the greatness of that period. To view the craft of these artists even upon the surface is to be compelled to admiration of their miraculous skill and subtlety of observation. But when we reflect how much sympathy with life is betrayed in their strife for refinement of truth and how great the enthusiasm that made their close



PORTRAIT OF M. DEVILLERS

BY J. A. D. INGRES

The Grosvenor House Exhibition of French Art



"L'ÉCOLE DE DANSE"

(The property of Mons. Heintzel)

BY H. G. E. DEGAS

analysis worth while, we realise that there is no equivalent for this highly-strung art in anything that has preceded it. It is easy to underrate the genius of this art through confusing it with the nebulous work of followers, practising in the method without the spirit and the vision of its originators. More banal and empty even than any Academy convention is much of the art that passes as Impressionism in England to-day. Things are always opposed by the imitations to which they give rise. No one can pass such an apparently damaging criticism upon a movement as an unworthy follower.

Some day the Impressionist school—using the term with convenient freedom, embracing Manet and Degas—will be acknowledged to rank with the great historic schools. It took up, explored, and interpreted an aspect of nature which had escaped the attention of all former art. It is not merely a question of sensitive response to physical atmosphere and the problems of representing light. Wonderful as were the systems organised in adapting the palette to problems of the kind, its supreme attainment means much more than that. The eagerness of this art, and its desire for immediate contact with everything human, seemed special to France at a moment when for the first time genius became its own patron and the artist realised a kind of freedom which gave him a new conscience.

It is especially for the fine representation of the art of Manet and Degas that the Grosvenor House Exhibition is memorable. Manet's art is essentially aristocratic in character. The painter possessed that sense of "quality" which is, in highly attuned people, a sixth or seventh sense. The slightest sketch

of Manet's shows in every touch not only the artist's enjoyment of the element of paint itself, but of the contact of the very brush with canvas. His "touch" is like that of a fine pianist. And this virtuosity is not something all upon the surface: the profound charm of quality in Manet's painting rests with the fact that in his case execution was so immediately responsive to his will. His art defines his desires, not only in the main, but in every shade. In this sensitive art of Manet, the art of painting is full-blown, a zephyr might carry away the petals and begin the disintegration of the lovely flower. After this we must look for development in painting from another stem.

The blacks in a painting by Manet give us the same kind of pleasure as porcelain of the rarest kind. He could not fail to interpret life in terms of distinction, for his imagination for reality was of the most elevated kind. His mind was so constituted that even if there are commonplace things, he could not perceive them; consciousness can only entertain that which answers to itself. The field from which the subject of a picture is taken has nothing to do, of course, with the plane on which the art that interprets it moves. The world which an artist depicts is not so much one that he chooses, as one that chooses him; one into which he is born by the particular constitution of his mind.

In strong contrast to the politeness of Manet's art is the fervour of Degas. It seems that there is no shape that human life can take which does not excite his sympathy. His art is the best example of realism in the true sense. It is life in the actual—as itself the new and strange ideal—and not "the ideal" that interests him. This realism



*(The property of Messrs.
J. & J. L. B. B. B.)*

"LA LEÇON DE DANSE," BY HILAIRE
GERMAIN EDGARD DEGAS

The Grosvenor House Exhibition of French Art

will not even choose the moment which it will represent, every moment is of such importance. It is not the spectacle of the ballet, for instance, that interests him; his art is dedicated to the element of reality in what is artificial. The practising school fascinates him even more than the stage. He cares there for the personality of each dancer even while she surrenders it to the impersonality of her art.

With Cézanne's art we turn sharp off into another world. It is curious that a school should since have arisen attempting to base upon the art of Cézanne its theory that art can be disconnected from human association. The art of Cézanne reflects the humanity of a local world as acutely as the art of Degas. A singular appearance of incompetence characterises Cézanne: with this, however, is coupled a great feeling for architectural plan as the basis of design in painting. And he applied himself to the values perceived in colour relations, trying to disengage them from the values imposed by the influences of light and shade. It is always an artist of severe limitations who isolates some feature of art to the extent of providing a motive for an entirely new departure in

the next generation, and it fell to Cézanne to show the way to a new order of beauty in painting.

Every master's work shows three periods: the first, in which a hill is ascended; the second, in which the summit is attained—when for the first time execution reflects mental vision without compromise; the third, in which the artist has made his home among the very difficulties that once appalled him. In the first the artist frequently surprises himself as well as others, and to this period belong those experiments which in the study of the works of old masters confound the makers of attributions. The work of each of these periods has its special value. It is only in the first that we meet all the intensity of which the artist is capable. But it is in the middle period that he seems to surpass himself; everywhere the touch is vital, everything is at a pitch which cannot be sustained. It is in the third—generally the longest period—that the work is most personal; by that time painting has become nearly as natural as breathing, and it is this easiness which often gives work of this stage a charm even where it has become shallow.

Renoir was another master whose work con-



"LA JASSE DE THÉ"

(The property of Mons. Kilkian)

BY MARY CASSATT



"LES MENDIANTS," BY
HONORÉ DAUMIER

*(In Property of John
Bourneville, Angers.)*

The Grosvenor House Exhibition of French Art

tributed to the exceptional importance of the exhibition at Grosvenor House. He loves to take for his subject *L'Ingénue*. But it is not the dream of romance that burns in her bright eyes, her expression is always old and introspective. The significance of personality defines itself in her expression, but everything else in the picture is rather indefinite, though Renoir has an amazing power of suggesting form through nebulous contour. His colour is beautiful in the white and the blue of his middle period; later it has the power to distress us by a strange unpleasantness of combination.

Apparently as a foil to the nervous art which we have been discussing, the committee hung two works by Ingres, in which the coldness and the definiteness of the painter were supremely exemplified. It was this master's peculiar gift, by a slight insistence upon the pattern embroidering a uniform or a dress, to preserve, even in the case of a single figure, the effect that the picture was elaborately composed. His painting is so phlegmatic, and wears so much the appearance of a glaze, that one wonders how the vitality of the drawing survives so impressively. Ingres's colour lacks individuality. In his paintings he achieves most in portraiture. Like his contemporary, the writer Stendhal, he was first and foremost a "reader of the human heart." Mr. Collins Baker has recently pointed out how inevitably in art grasp of character accompanies mastery of form rather than genius for colour.

Hanging above the characteristic portrait of *Madame Gonse*, by Ingres, was a portrait of a lady by Monticelli. In the two names, Ingres and Monticelli, we have the classical and the romantic opposed. Monticelli reads character, not analytically but only sympathetically and from exterior evidence of gesture and costume. He is

sympathetic towards the note of the bizarre in an un-selfconscious old lady, and by his style alone his sitter for ever plays a part in French romance, and becomes to us not like a personage from real life but one from fiction. Monticelli was also represented by *Le Bal*, a carnival piece of the type with which his name is generally associated.

On the landscape side the strength of the exhibition was in the work of Monet and Sisley. In the pictures by Monet we saw his art developing as he discovered truths, the knowledge of which has since so profoundly influenced not only landscape but every other kind of painting. We saw him in one picture carrying the greens from the bright trees out into the grey sky, as our eyes carry colour from one object to another: we saw him, in fact, in this exhibition at his best, before



"LA BICHE" RENOIR

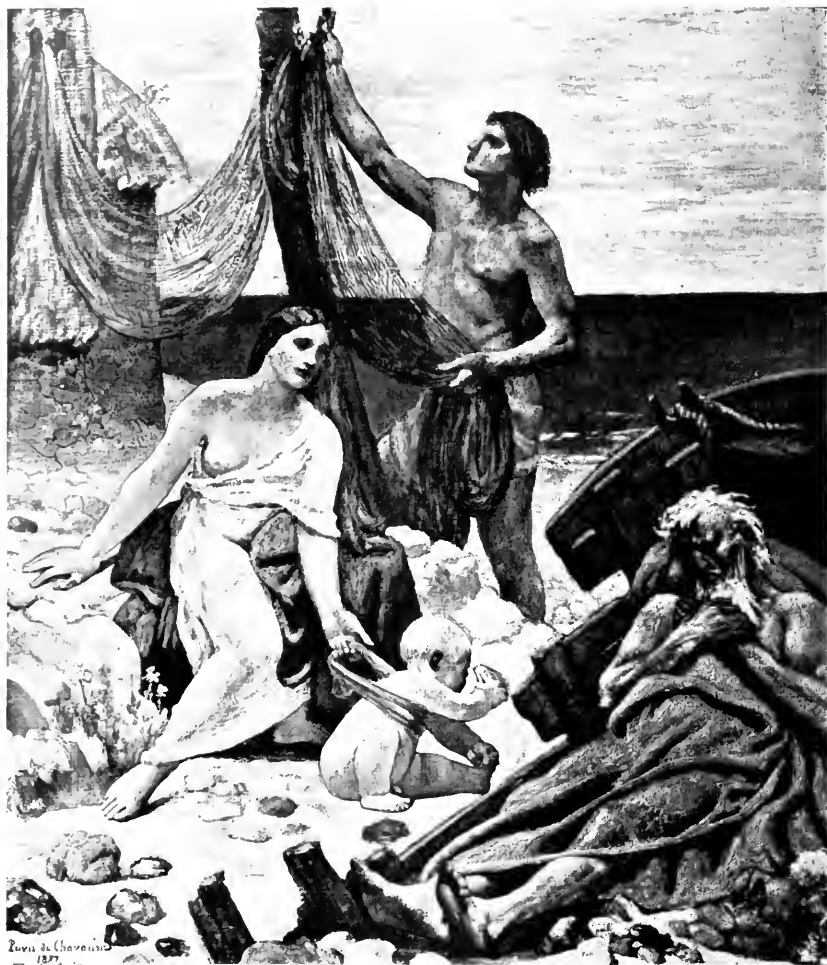
BY FIRMIN AUGUSTE RENOIR

(The property of M.M. Bernheim-Jeune)



*(The property of the
Princesse de Polignac)*

PORTRAIT OF MADAME MANET
BY EDOUARD MANET



"FAMILLE DU PÊCHEUR." BY
PIERRE PUVIS DE CHAVANNES

(From the Ryerson Collection)

The Grosvenor House Exhibition of French Art

he attempted a "system" by which to effect the statement of his subtle observations. There was a row of Sisley's canvases, not a whit below those of Monet in their successful capture of the spirit of the elements which is the great contribution of his school to the history of landscape painting. We were glad to see Sisley honoured in England. He was the son of English parents. His friendship with Renoir and Manet determined his style. He often worked in this country, painting on the upper reaches of the Thames, and his wonderful style condemned him here to neglect.

Five landscapes of some importance spoke for the art of Pissarro. It is doubtful whether this painter was ever instinctively an impressionist, as was Manet, who converted him to the movement. For Pissarro impressionism appears to have remained a method; and he sometimes seems to have cared for results for the sake of the method, rather than for the method for the sake of a result.

The influences of the time were charmingly reflected in the art of two women: Berthe Morisot and Mary Cassatt. The exhibition contained two works by the former and one by the latter. Four works expressed the neurotic talents of Toulouse-Lautrec, a painter whose art suggests that he only cared for the hours of artificial light and the world of the *café chantant*, but whose execution was vital with a real if feverish inspiration. The single work by Puvis de Chavannes, *Famille du Pêcheur*, revealed the daintiness of style which we expect in his smaller pieces—and which, while it pleased the æsthetes, sometimes seemed to thin the thought the painter wanted to express, compromising the austerity of the message he intended.

Gauguin was represented in the exhibition by three works, and Van Gogh by two, but the pictures were not of sufficient importance to make the occasion an exceptional one for studying this final phase of Impressionism.

Other features of the exhibition were some early Corots, a Courbet, three works by Delacroix, and an important Daumier: while the large room contained such a fine collection of sculpture by Rodin that it would require a separate article to deal with it fairly.

We embrace this opportunity of expressing the gratitude of lovers of French art to the Comtesse Greffulhe, president and organiser, to whose personal choice we understand the happy selection of works was due. The kindness of the Duke of Westminster in lending his London house was greatly appreciated; and the committee were fortunate in persuading Monsieur Jacques E. Blanche, the distinguished French painter, to contribute a preface to the catalogue of this very interesting exhibition.

T. M. W.



"JEUNE FILLE"

BY BERTHE MORISOT

(Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art)



"LES JOUEURS DE CARTES"
BY PAUL CÉZANNE

SOME ETCHINGS BY ERNEST D. ROTH.

THE recent revival of the art of etching in America is reflected in the prominence given to the work of painter-etchers in New York art exhibitions; and "one man" shows of etchings in the print-shops and museums have also encouraged a significant group of artists to take up the art. Prominent in the younger set is Ernest David Roth, six of whose etchings are here reproduced.

Although born in Europe, Mr. Roth accounts himself an American, his parents having emigrated to New York when he was very young. His early life was one of arduous study and toil such as falls to the lot of the emigrant's son. As a youth he worked in a New York art establishment by day and in the evening attended classes at the Academy of Design, having as teacher in etching the late James David Smillie, N.A. For seven years Mr. Roth exhibited as a painter in oils at this Academy's exhibitions and in those of the Pennsylvania Academy. One of his pictures now hangs in the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington.

Returning later to Europe, he made his headquarters in Florence, and began his career as an etcher. In all weathers, for the last few years, he has haunted the Lung' Arno and the bridges, working assiduously. Now and then he has disappeared, going to Venice, Constantinople, or Germany, and returning with an interesting series of plates.

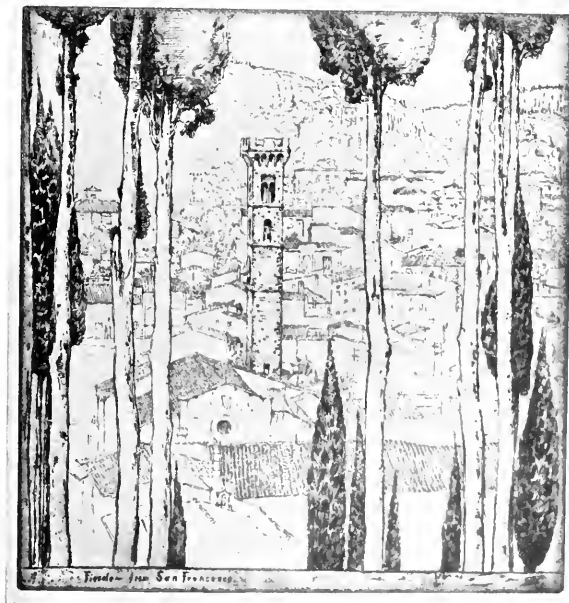
No artist, certainly no etcher, has better caught the spirit of Old Florence than Mr. Roth in the etchings of his Florence set, a fact recognised by the director of the Uffizi Gallery, who recently made a choice of twelve of them for the Uffizi Print Room. Some of the subjects of these etchings, such as the Ponte Vecchio, the Arno and its bridges, the palaces, the views from the Franciscan church at

Fiesole, have become classic, not to say hackneyed. It is no sentimentalist, however, who calls his fine etching of the palaces washed by the Arno, *Grim Florence*, but an artist, whose psychological insight can bring home to us the fundamental austerity, the almost sinister sternness which underlie all things characteristically Florentine.

In developing his plates Mr. Roth does not make use of the three baths in customary use among etchers. His method is to apply the acid, touch by touch, with a feather, blotting paper at hand. By this method, involving almost infinite labour, he is sometimes able to secure as many as twelve values.

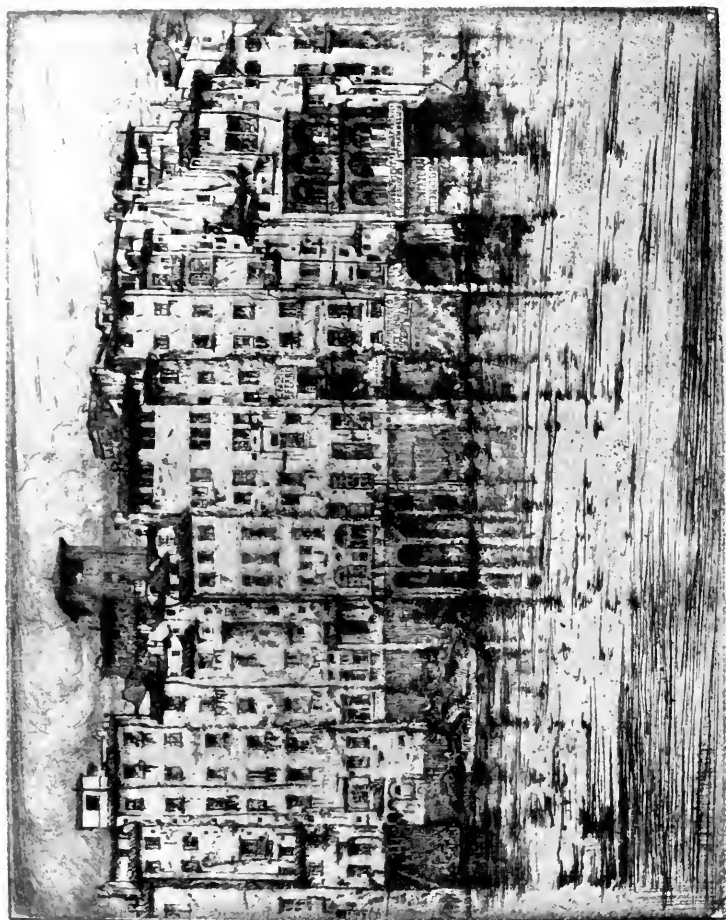
Mr. Roth's work has been welcomed in America as promising well for the future of the art. His conscientious method of treating his plates, his elevation of truthfulness to reality over mere dexterity of needle, his marked individuality and absolute sincerity, are emphasised as being a check to the tendency, so alluring to young etchers, towards those impressionistic and sketchy effects which too often are but a showy disguise for ignorance.

E. MADDEN.

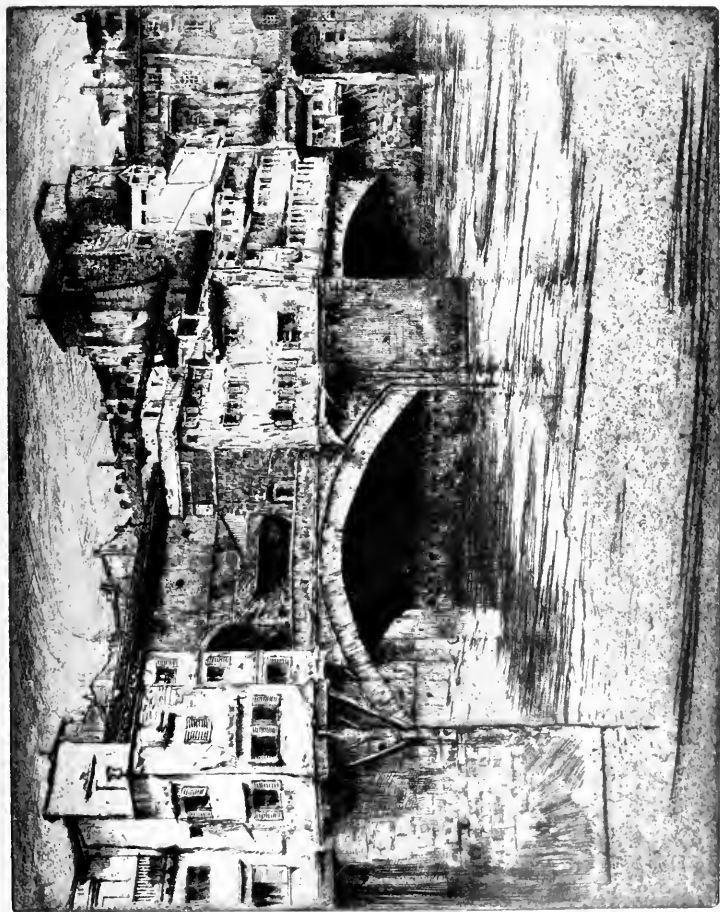


"FIESOLE FROM SAN FRANCESCO"

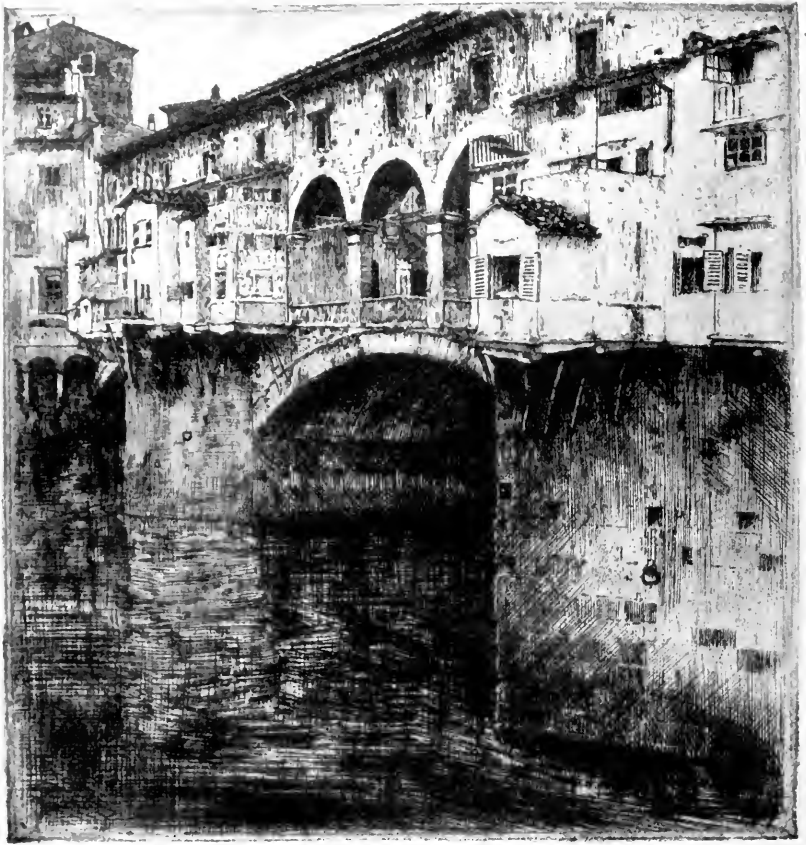
BY ERNEST D. ROTH



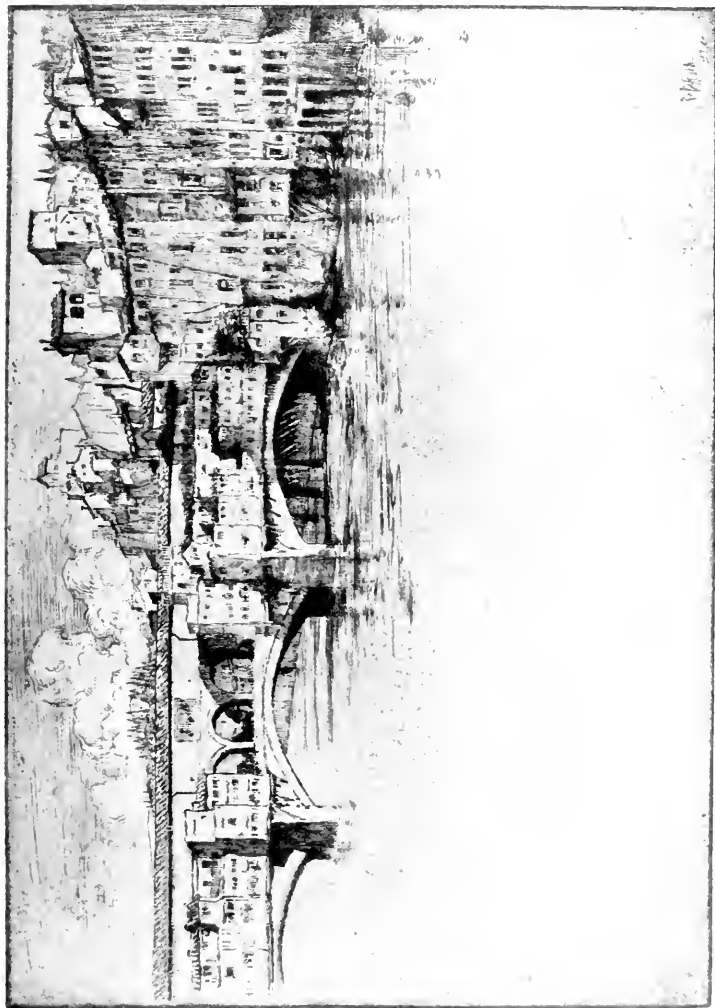
"GRIM FLORENCE." BY
ERNEST D. ROTH



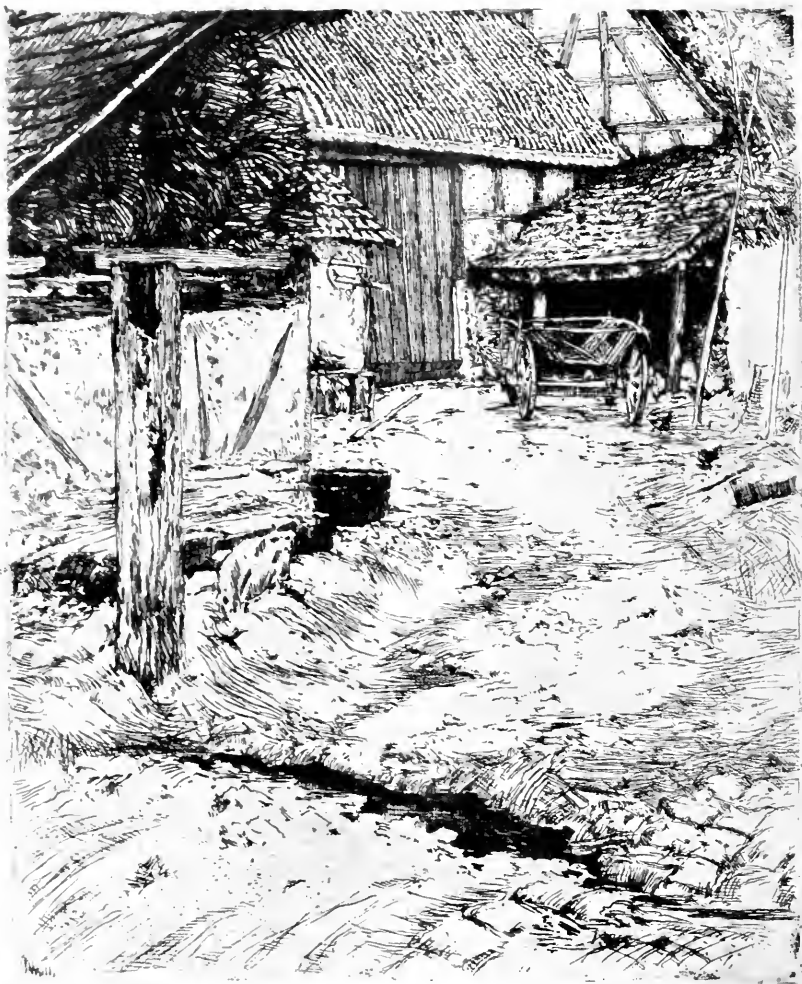
"FLORENCE." BY ERNEST D. ROTH



"PONTE VECCHIO—EVENING"
BY ERNEST D. ROTH



"PONTE VECCHIO AFTERNOON"
BY ERNEST D. ROTH



"A BARNYARD IN WURTEMBERG"
BY ERNEST D. ROTH

THE WOODCUTS OF MR.
SYDNEY LEE, A.R.E. BY
MALCOLM C. SALAMAN.

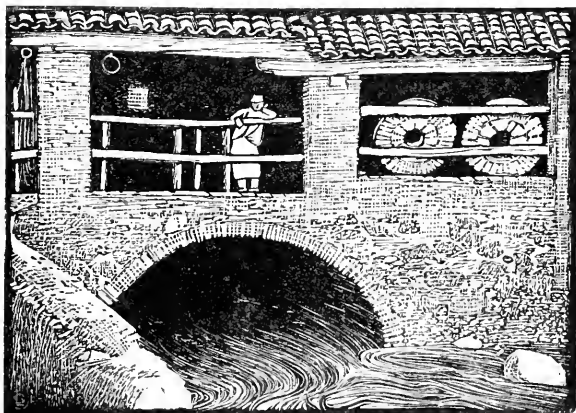
READERS OF *THE STUDIO* will scarcely need to be told that Mr. Sydney Lee is a versatile artist, with a variety of mediums ready to his hand. A painter first and foremost, he skilfully handles the etching needle and the mezzotint-scraper, while he has been one of the most prominent and effective members of the Society of Graver-Printers in Colour. Of his admirable colour-prints from a series of wood-blocks in the Japanese manner I had occasion to speak in these pages last year, when some of them were reproduced (*THE STUDIO*, May 1913); but Mr. Lee is not content to handle the wood only for the purposes of colour-impressions, he is an original wood-engraver in the fine tradition of Bewick, and the black-and-white woodcuts he has already produced may be regarded as notable factors in the interest awakened in the revival of wood-engraving as a vehicle for original expression.

Among the varied activities of the graphic arts in England to-day this revival has attracted a certain amount of attention, mainly through the beautiful, original and poetic work of Mr. Charles Ricketts, Mr. Charles Shannon, and Mr. Sturge Moore, most of which has been done with the view to book-decoration. The movement grew out of the gradual decline of reproductive wood-engraving, which, —leaving behind it the splendid triumphs of the eighteen-sixties, when great illustrative artists were content to draw upon the block for such excellent engravers as Swain, the Dalziels, Hooper and Linton to treat with artistically sympathetic craftsmanship—was gradually ousted, through the exigencies of the periodical press, by the photographic process plate. But with artists of originality eager for vehicles of expression, it was not likely that the venerable craft of wood-engraving should be allowed to fall into disuse in this country, especially with the noble example of Auguste Lepère in France; so the material that served immortally the genius of Dürer, Lucas Van Leyden

and Holbein, and was responsive to the graphic imagination of Blake and Calvert, and the fertile fancy of Bewick, came once more to the service of original pictorial expression. It is not too much to say that the lovely woodcuts of Charles Ricketts and Sturge Moore are likely to make a new tradition in this expressive art.

Altogether different in manner and conception is Mr. Sydney Lee's handling of the art; yet I contend that his fine print, *The Limestone Rock*, reproduced here, is distinguished among the best original wood-engraving of our time by not only its pictorial qualities, its design, its well-balanced masses of tone, but by the expressive manner in which the material has been used, the absolute eloquence of the wood itself in terms of black-and-white. Mr. Lee realises that when the artist does his own cutting, as of course he should do, the capabilities of the box-wood block, cut on end of the grain, are for original expression very great. If these be properly understood a result may be produced which is absolutely peculiar to the material—a result that could not be imitated or achieved in the same way by any other process whatever.

In *The Limestone Rock* this claim for the wood-block is admirably exemplified. It could not be a drawing, or a mere reproduction of a drawing. It could, in fact, have been produced only from wood-blocks cut by the artist himself, with full understanding of his material and what can be got out of it. The actual workmanship and method of work are so intimately bound up with the design itself that they could not have been



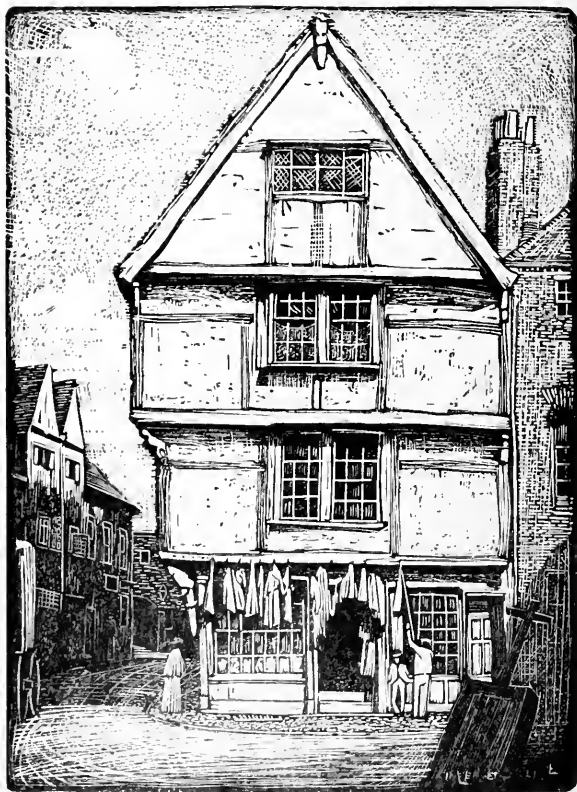
“SPANISH MILL.” FROM AN ORIGINAL WOOD-ENGRAVING BY SYDNEY LEE, A.R.E.

separated. Mr. Lee's practice is to settle carefully the main lines of his design as to masses and placing, and then to develop his picture in detail as he works on the wood, inventing as he goes, tool in hand, and adopting suggestions from the material itself. Thus the result is in every sense an original wood-engraving. The process, moreover, is one of absolute black-and-white, with little or no variation possible in the printing, as in an etched plate.

In *The Limestone Rock* Mr. Lee has made very ample use of the white line usually associated with the name of Thomas Bewick, but like Bewick himself, in the famous *Chillingham Bull* for instance, he has used also the traditional black line, the combination being brilliant in effect. The differentiation of the texture of the rocks, the trees, the grassy slopes, and the water is particularly happy. In *The Barbican Gate*—now, I believe, but a memory in Sandwich—Mr. Lee has, I think, rather overdone the white line, producing an effect of hardness; but in this, as in *The Gabled House*—a characteristic bit of old Canterbury—and *Spanish Mill*, design appears to be the dominant feature, with loyalty to the material evident in his treatment of it.

Mr. Lee, in all his artistic work, conscientiously allows his subject to dictate its own medium of expression, and one never finds him etching a subject that by its essential character calls for mezzotint. Nor in his colour-prints does he attempt the effects of the painter. Being thus always true to his medium, while never allowing it to hamper his individuality, it is good to hear that Mr. Lee is engaged on some new woodcuts, that he has taken up his graver again with enthusiasm. He is always an interesting artist. Even when he has essayed a method so unfamiliar to

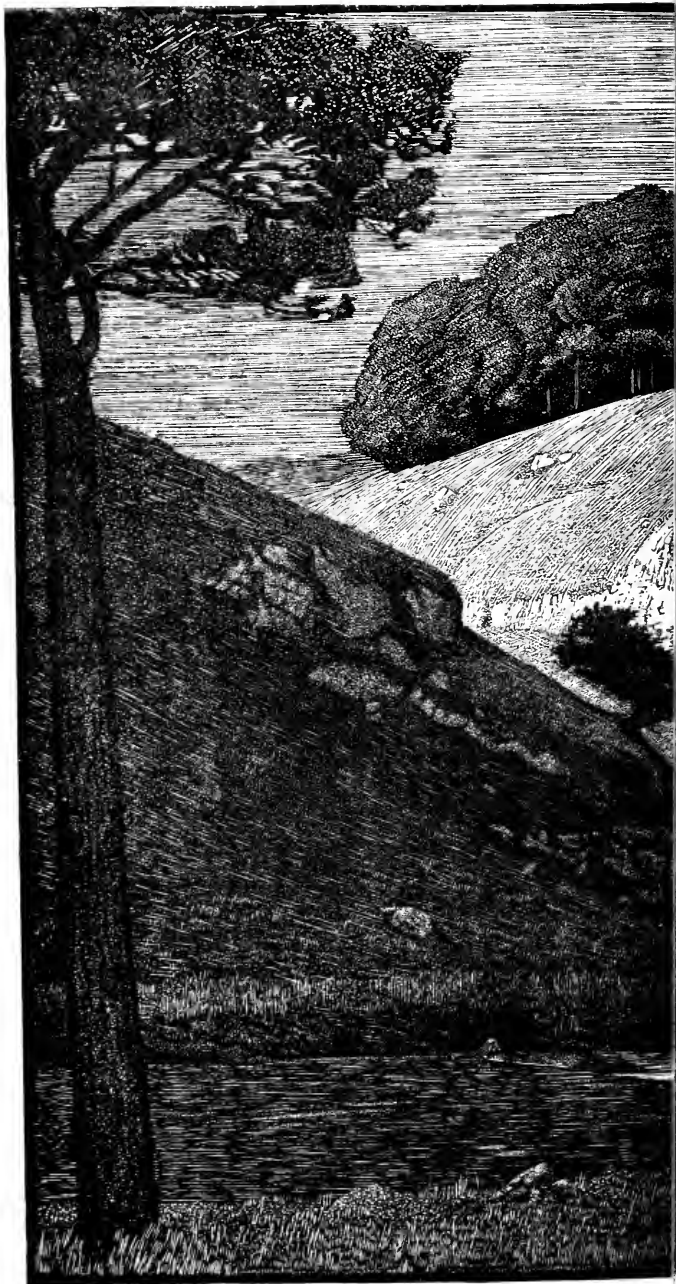
him as colour-lithography he has managed to produce from four separate stones an impressive effect of light—to wit, *The Two Brewers*, a very old country inn at night, seen with the lamps burning inside. But in lithography his work is experimental; in wood-engraving it shows a mastery of craft at the service of his pictorial vision, with a sympathetic understanding of the capacities and limitations of his medium. We may, therefore, look for more woodcuts from his hand of the quality and importance of *The Limestone Rock*. And I would venture to suggest to Mr. Lee that London offers rich pictorial material to the original wood-engraver, and it might well be that he could do for London on the wood-blocks what Auguste Lepère, in his incomparable way, has done for Paris.

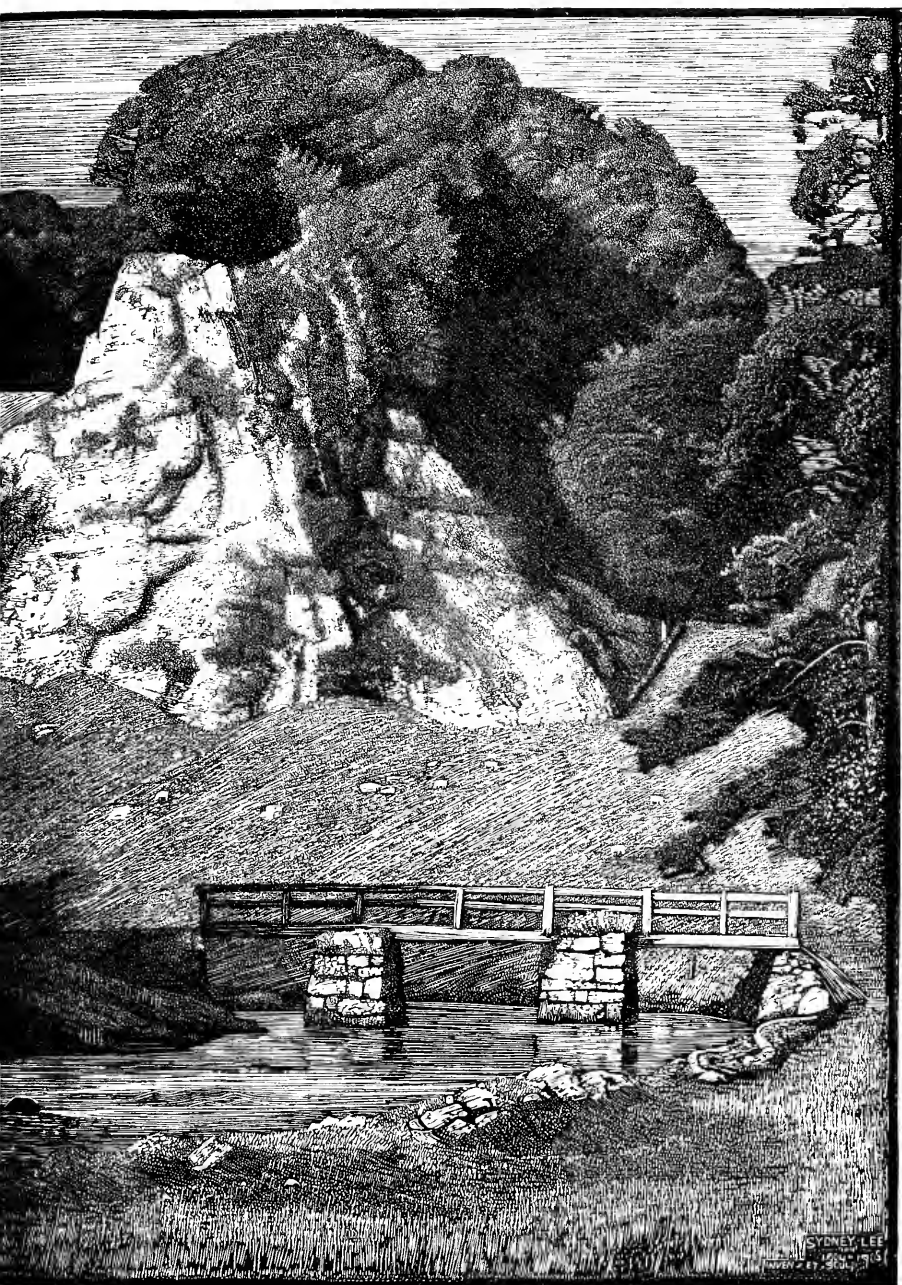


"THE GABLED HOUSE"

FROM AN ORIGINAL WOOD-ENGRAVING BY SYDNEY LEE, A.R.E.

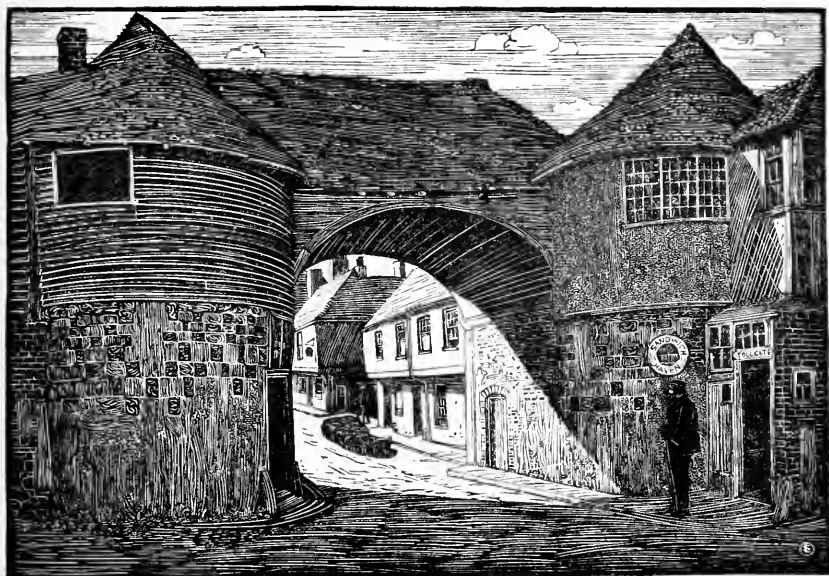
"THE LIME-
STONE ROCK"
FROM AN
ORIGINAL
WOOD EN-
GRAVING
BY SYDNEY
LEE, A.R.E.





SYDNEY LEE

1851



"THE BARBICAN GATE"
FROM AN ORIGINAL
WOOD ENGRAVING BY
SYDNEY LEE, A.R.E.

The Paintings of Hilda Fearon

THE PAINTINGS OF MISS HILDA FEARON. BY CHARLES MARRIOTT.

LOOKING at the work of Miss Hilda Fearon, and ignoring for the moment its obvious merits of truth, sincerity and freshness, one is conscious of a detachment other than artistic and a coolness, if not coldness, distinct from that resulting from the preference for cool schemes of colour. Her pictures are, so to speak, a little frosty in their manner. Their characteristic subject—an interior with figures—makes this more apparent. A person of ordinary sensibility coming into a room is aware, almost before he takes in the identity of individuals, of the moral or emotional atmosphere between them. It is hardly necessary to say that emotional, here, does not mean sentimental. There is a common feeling of some sort; something that distinguishes a roomful of people from persons in a room. In a picture by Miss Fearon this common feeling is comparatively lacking; the identity of individuals is more apparent than the emotional atmosphere between them. Even when some family relationship is indicated by the choice of types, her people are "strangers yet." The reason might be lack of sensibility or unusual reserve or coldness of temperament in the painter, but it is probably nothing more than the fact that she is a woman.

This sounds like a paradox, because women are generally warmer and more intimate than men in their reactions to life. But between reactions to life and their expression in art lie all the difficulties and accidents of technique. The saying that there is no sex in art is true, if at all, only of craftsmanship. Art is the expression of human personality, and, allowing that the means of expression are the same for both sexes, it remains broadly true that men are men and women

women. If the means of expression in painting were a natural gift this broad distinction would be as immediately apparent as is the distinction between the physical characteristics—the voices, for example—of men and women. It is the enormous difficulty of the technique of painting that obscures the distinction. In learning their craft both men and women tend to lose, at any rate for a time, their distinguishing characteristics; but, owing to their smaller physical capacity, the temporary concealment of personality is greater for women than for men. Everybody who has come in close contact with male and female art students has observed that the latter are generally more completely absorbed in their work than the former. At a glance one would say that the women are more industrious, but that is only part of the truth. Owing to their greater physical strength the men are able to carry on their work and still keep in touch with their personalities as men and individuals with human interests outside the studio; but, in becoming serious students of art, the women, for the moment, cease to be women.



"GREEN AND SILVER"

BY HILDA FEARON

The Paintings of Hilda Fearon

The difference, of course, is comparative rather than absolute. In art, as in life, both men and women have to lose themselves to find themselves, but for men the recovery is earlier, fuller and more general. Few women, indeed, survive the ordeal in painting. The reason why there are fewer good woman painters than writers is not that women are mentally and emotionally less fitted to be painters than writers, but that the technique of painting makes a greater demand upon their physical powers with a consequent relegation, if not destruction, of personality. At rare intervals, however, a woman painter comes through the stress of training with her personality undamaged.

Such a woman painter is Miss Hilda Fearon, and it is her rarity and importance that justify what seems like a digression into the subject of sex in art. The remarkable detachment of her pictures is due, I think, not to lack of sensibility or coldness or poverty of temperament, but to the self-sacrificing enthusiasm with which she has embraced the technical side of painting. Her full personality has been held up while she perfected its means of expression. Every serious artist goes through three definite phases: that of the amateur, in which there is often a direct, though spasmodic and uncontrolled, expression of temperament; an unstanchéd effusion of personality, so to speak; that of the student, in which the man or the woman is temporarily laid on the shelf; and that of maturity, in which the artist and the man or woman are reconciled. Before the artist can be born, the amateur, with his or her easy effusiveness, must die; and in Miss Fearon the amateur died very young. But not without leaving interesting and significant records. One picture I have in mind is a water-colour of a Cornish farm. In some ways it is almost laughably

bad, but in feeling, in emotional atmosphere, it is obviously the work of a singularly rich and sensitive temperament. As an interpretation of the spirit of place it could hardly be bettered. With other works of the same period it removes any doubt about the fulness of Miss Fearon's personality.

Quite early in life, then, Miss Fearon rose up and strangled the amateur and, at all cost of personality deferred, set herself to master the craft of painting. To her technical progress the pictures reproduced in these pages bear witness better than words. There are no hollow places in her career; no flukes into popularity by the appeal of subject at the expense of workmanship. But what I would insist upon is that the progress has not been purely technical. From picture to picture Miss Fearon has broadened and deepened her channel of expression, adjusted its levels and made firm its banks; and presently the full tide of personality will come flooding in. Exactly when



"ALICE"

BY HILDA FEARON

(The property of Will Ashton, Esq., of Adelaide)



"THE BALLET MASTER"
BY HILDA FEARON

The Paintings of Hilda Fearon

and how that will happen nobody can say: the final reconciliation of the artist and the man or woman being one of the profoundest mysteries of human life—comparable only to the phenomenon of religious conversion. My sole concern is to point out that in these expressions of Miss Fearon as a woman painter we have not yet had the full meaning of Miss Fearon as a woman artist.

"Woman" is insisted on because, though there is no sex in craft, all creative art is a reflection of the creator. Masculine or rather, sexless, in execution, the work of Miss Fearon is authentically feminine in conception and outlook. Though, for reasons which I have tried to show, it does not yet give us her full reaction to life as a woman, its emotional indications are very far from being merely negative. Freedom from sentimentality and false romanticism is in itself a positive indication of temperament, and in the pictures of Miss Fearon there are other hints of what she feels about life and nature. A strong, though controlled, sympathy with childhood and young girlhood is obvious. In many of her pictures one finds a keen appreciation of immaturity as a positive condition—the condition so beautifully expressed in Mr. Clausen's *Primavera* in this year's Academy. A picture like *Vivien* owes part of its charm to the effect of un-ripeness in the sitter; a quality sought or preserved by the painter and not accidental. A sharp flavour and a slight awkwardness of attitude and gesture are characteristic of all Miss Fearon's pictures of women and girls. I cannot think of a picture of hers—either figure or landscape—that can be called autumnal in feeling. Again in *Alice* and *The Ballet Master* there is expressed, unconsciously no doubt, a comradeship or freemasonry with the human subjects; something peculiarly feminine

and entirely different from the attitude of such a painter as Degas—though equally unsentimental. One feels that the painter understands the type and its problems. In the choice and treatment of interiors and in landscape there is evident a preference for coolness and clearness; for silvery moods, and colour as a sharp note rather than as a diffused glow. The silver, china, glass, fruit and flowers in such pictures as *Vivien*, *Green and Silver* and *Afternoon in the Garden* are more than technical excuses: they all help to confirm the feeling that, at the banquet of life, Miss Fearon prefers the cold collation. Indeed, *Green and Silver*, with its elaborate apparatus of coolness, is almost amusingly apt as a summary of what the painter cares about in material surroundings. Even *Under the Cliffs*, with its reflected sunlight, is cool and bracing in total effect; one is conscious of champagne air, the effervescent "hiss" of water, the feel—almost the smell—of newly laundered linen frocks.



"VIVIEN"

BY HILDA FEARON



PORTRAIT OF ALGERNON TALMAGE
FROM AN OIL PAINTING BY HILDA FEARN



AFTERNOON IN THE GARDEN"
BY HILDA FEARON

The Paintings of Hilda Fearon



"UNDER THE CITHIS"

(In the collection of J. G. Iyen, Esq.)

BY HILDA FEARON

The facts of Miss Fearon's career are soon told. She received her first training at the Slade School, but learnt her real business as a painter in face of the problems of Nature in the class conducted by Mr. Algernon Talmage at St. Ives, Cornwall. Miss Fearon is a member of the Royal Institute of Oil Painters, where she exhibits regularly, as also in the International. The recognition that her work has received from the Royal Academy is to the credit of that institution. Last year she had no fewer than three pictures "on the line." One of them, *Green and Silver*, was awarded an Honourable Mention at the International exhibition at Pittsburgh this year, and is now touring round other towns in the United States. *The Ballet Master*, exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1912, received an Honourable Mention in the Paris Salon of 1913. Her single contribution to this year's Academy, *Enchantment*, supports in the most interesting manner the idea suggested in this article: that Miss Fearon is only now coming into

the full enjoyment of her emotional powers. To the charm of workmanship is added a charm of sentiment as real as it is free from sentimentality. The picture is in the key of silver, and between the girl reader and the listening children there are silver threads of attention, so that the meaning of the title is perfectly expressed.

AN important gift of pictures has been made to the National Gallery of British Art, Millbank, by the Committee of the National Loan Exhibition held at the Grosvenor Gallery in the early weeks of this year. The works presented were purchased out of the proceeds of the exhibition and include the following: *Anna Pavlova: La Mort du Cygne*, by John Lavery, A.R.A.; *The Angler*, by William Orpen, A.R.A.; *Avignon*, by Oliver Hall; *Donkeys and Kites*, by W. W. Russel; *Ma Fi Gyaw, a Dancer*, by Gerald Festus Kelly; *Portrait of a Man*, by A. McEvoy; *Keaw Bridge*, by H. Muhrman; and Design for a Fan by Mrs. Mary Davis.

SKETCHING IN MOROCCO: A LETTER FROM MISS HILDA RIX.

[MISS HILDA RIX is a young Australian artist who like many other artists reared under the Southern Cross has come to Europe to perfect her art. Some examples of her work have already appeared in the pages of this magazine, and our readers will be interested to see the more recent examples we now give and to read the account of her experiences during a visit to Morocco, of which she has brought back many interesting impressions in coloured chalks. Miss Rix had arranged to hold an exhibition of her work at the Ryder Gallery in St. James's Street, London, this October, and the exhibition was to have included the drawings executed by her in Morocco as well as a series done more recently in France, but just before going to press we learned that there was some doubt about the exhibition being held at the appointed time.]

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I've come right up on to the roof of the hotel to write to you. It seems like a strange dream to be in Morocco again. I am high up near the sky and looking down and around at all this crowded town and peaceful country, now bathed in the orange glow of the setting sun.

To-morrow is big market-day and the "Soko" down there below is a seething mass of people. The country people have come in with their loads, carried for long miles on their backs, or the backs of their weary little donkeys. And to-night there will be huddled groups camped around the faint lights of their lanterns, to be ready to start market early to-morrow morning.

There! The big glowing half-orange of the sun has just dipped behind the mountain's edge to my left, leaving the sky a pinky gold—and the dips

between the mountains are hung in rosy veils. The sky on the horizon's edge melts upwards into a lemon blue—then on to warmer blue in the hollow of the "inverted bowl," and down again in a powder-blue mist to the sea. Above the sea in the sky opposite the sunset is a great band of pink clouds stretching forth and reflecting the happy glow.

Below me, beyond the big garden of this hotel, with its huge palms, bamboos, roses and mimosa all abloom, there is a ceaseless passing up and down of my beloved fairy-tale people. To-day there has been a European fête, and a mad rollicking car full of carnival revellers has hurried up the hill below me, laughing and scattering before it to all sides donkeys, Arab men and women.

A party of Arab women have just mounted the hill bearing enormous loads of faggots on their backs; they look like huge snails bent forward to their toil, but nearly all are cheerful and many pretty, beneath dirt and charcoal-dust. Their tired donkeys, also heavily laden, trail slowly behind them. Beyond and below in the twilight of the Moorish cemetery quiet forms are hovering over the graves, tending them noiselessly.



"AN ARAB BOY." FROM A DRAWING IN COLOURED CHALKS BY E. HILDA RIX

Sketching in Morocco

Oh! such a buzz of strange tongues is coming up on the breeze from the crowded Soko, and people of the hotel are entering the big gates in ones, twos, and threes, for the day is done. I must follow the sun's example and go below, for I am keen to make an early start at my work to-morrow.

Enthusiasm is a fine thing, but I wonder if the general public realise what miseries an artist has often to undergo. To-day I congratulated myself on occupying a fine strategic position—it was on an elevation that raised me above the throng and there was a row of little shops behind that prevented me being ringed in by a curious crowd. But no sooner had I become deeply engrossed in my subject than a man came and dumped down beside me a revolting heap of animal offal. It would have been unheroic to give up my position because my subject was enthralling, but oh, the horror of it! My sister very kindly rushed back to the hotel for eau-de-Cologne and smelling-salts to help me to endure the situation.

One has to risk horrible diseases quite often in the East, for in the closely pressing crowds there are often visions of smallpox and leprosy—people who have lost noses and eyes from some frightful malady. Then there is always the risk of sun-stroke, or getting a chill through staying in the shade. It takes a lot of moral and physical courage and a vivid enthusiasm to carry one through, but, thank Heaven, the beauty overpowers the discomfort or nothing would be produced.

At last the blazing sun beating on the offal made the odour insufferable, so, turning to the butcher who had placed it there, I implored him with signs to

take away the offending mass, at the same time making great play with my bottles of smelling-salts and eau-de-Cologne. He shrugged his shoulders to show that such a thing meant nothing to him; but a kind inspiration dawned on him and he not only removed the offensive heap but sent post-haste for an incense burner, who, swinging his censer, filled the tormented air with a delicious perfume.

Having heard so much of the difficulties of working amongst the Arabs because of their religious principles, I am delighted to find that they do not look upon me as an enemy, and I am happily overcoming their prejudices and continually finding them doing little graceful acts.



"AN AFRICAN SLAVE WOMAN." FROM A DRAWING IN COLOURED CHALKS BY E. HILDA RIX



IN THE HEART OF THE SOKO.
FROM A CHALK DRAWING BY E. HILDA RIX.

Sketching in Morocco

Naturally the idle crowds on the market-place surround me, but so engrossing is the task of catching the ever-moving people that one becomes unconscious of the crowds behind, for they never get between one and one's subject. Of course many subterfuges have to be employed to keep the victim unsuspecting, but unhappily some one in my audience invariably recognises my prey and calls to Mohammed or Absolam that he is being captured on paper. Sometimes the said Absolam only looks sheepish, wriggling, alas! out of position, or sometimes completely disappearing. If one feels that there is a resentful spirit growing one gracefully melts away.

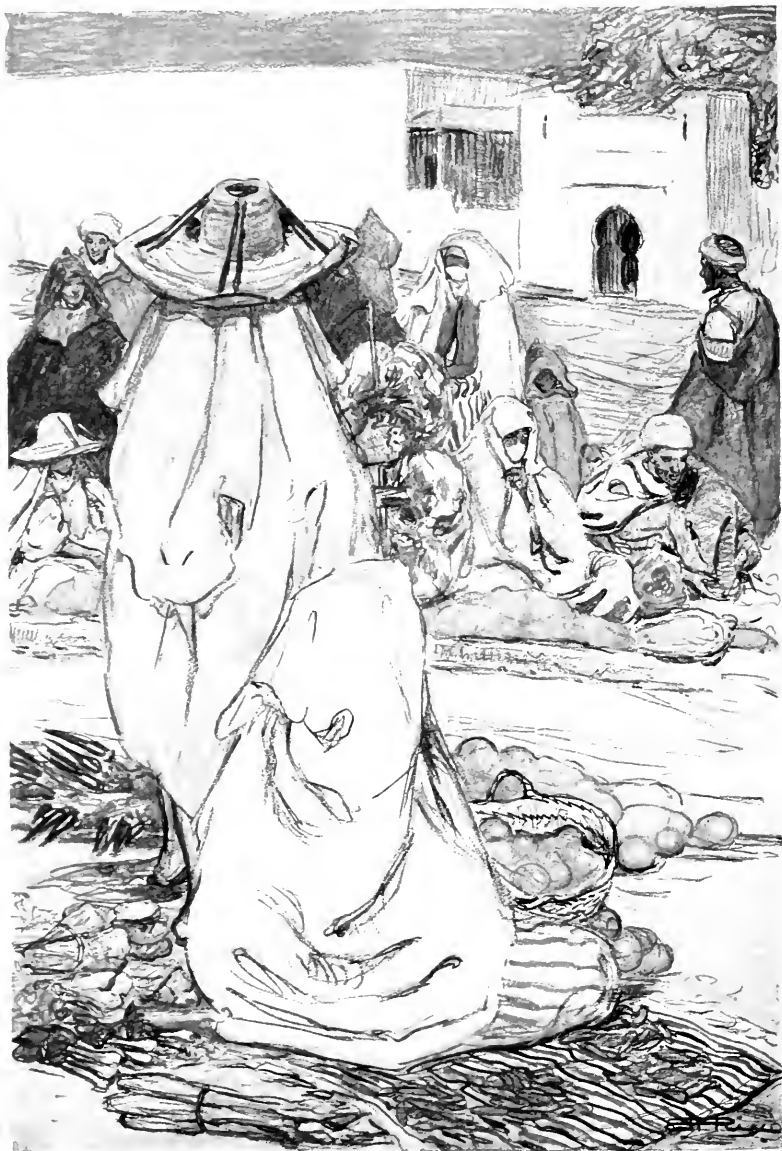
Often in the heat of work I am not conscious of the ring of people until with a snap a pencil breaks, and I hear a chorus of gentle groans of sympathy—and when I dropped a pencil the other day, an Arab picking it up and seeing the point was broken whipped out his large knife and sharpened it and presented it to me with a beaming smile. Would that all were as complacent! The other day, coming up from the Soko, I saw two camels stalking superciliously down the hill into the market with huge cases and baskets of dates and oranges. I was delighted to see them because since the war they have not been able to enter Tangiers as the Spaniards hold the roads. So with my bag of ammunition and my big drawing board I followed them. They descended the hill to the foot of the Soko where their master made them kneel to be unloaded. I began my work, and immediately a merry crowd formed around me; but the owner of the camel, a man from the interior, unused to my naughty ways, at once

became agitated—fearing harm to his camel through my “evil eye.” So he planted himself in front of the beast, and a friend, looking equally fierce, joined him; the two of them holding out their wide jelabas succeeded in blocking out my entire view.

Well, I looked pathetic for an instant, saying “La, la!” (No, no!). But finding them adamant, I went away amid much heated comment and laughter. Instead of going quite away, however, I made a little detour and returned to that corner of the Soko, but on the other side of the camel, and stood on a two-foot-high wall from where I got a splendid view of my game. I proceeded to draw



“A NEGRO WOMAN, MOROCCO.” FROM A DRAWING IN COLOURED CHALKS BY E. HILDA RIX



"FRUIT AND FLOWER SELLERS"
DRAWN BY E. HILDA RIX

feverishly. Presently the crowd spotted me, and caught on, laughing; this caused the two angry men to look up, and seeing me at it again unbaffled, one of them again placed himself in front of the camel's head. In spite of this and the excitement around me, I managed to get the whole squatting body of the beast. But the owner's rage was at fever heat when my merry audience called to him that I had potted his camel. He jumped up, hoisted the loads on to its hump, untied its folded knees, and prodded it to get up and run.

They ran—but so did I, drawing all the way while running, with a torrent of laughing, cheering Arabs beside and behind me. Oh such fun! I chased them right up the hill, my pencil flying at work, head bobbing up and down—dodging squatting people, and laughing with the joy of the sport as I ran, until my game vanished round the corner up the hill. But I had won my point and got my camel's head, midst cheers and roars of laughter from the crowd of onlookers who had been intently watching my exploits.

The owner's friend who had been so furious before, came behind me and said—"Mizziaan! mizziaan!" which means "splendid."

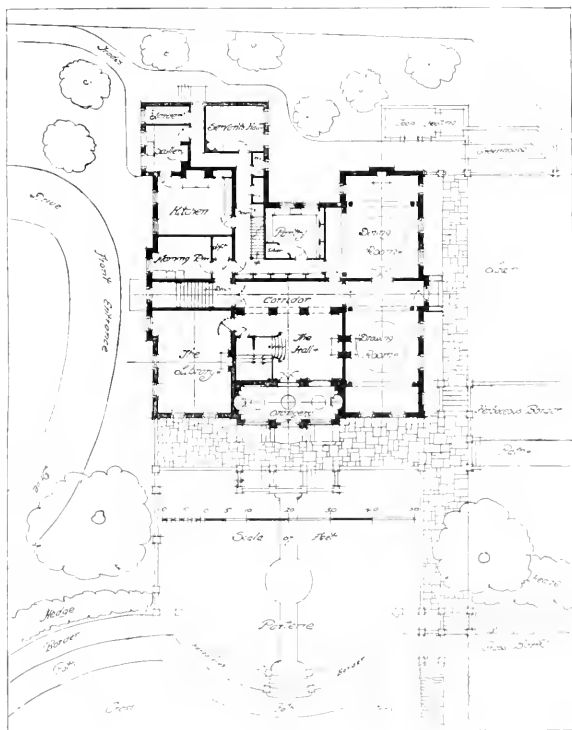
Oh it is an unending feast of form, colour and light. If only one had months here and a big studio to attack big canvases, and gradually entice models to pose for one, as well as doing the moving people on the market-place! I have already succeeded in persuading several splendid types to give short sittings.

I had the opportunity the other day to draw an escaped slave in the tribunal of the French Embassy. If only one could succeed in banishing their fears—what an unending field of work there is amongst these beautiful, dignified people!

E. HILDA RIX.

RECENT DESIGNS IN DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.

TEMPLE Hill House, of which views and a plan are here given, has been recently built on a fine site adjoining the West Heath, Hampstead, from the plans of Mr. C. H. B. Quennell, F.R.I.B.A., for A. M. Mirrielees, Esq. The site, notwithstanding its great charm, presented considerable difficulties. First, a very appreciable difference of level had to be overcome, the fall being diagonally from the dining-room across to the library. The best view was to the north-west across Hampstead Heath and so away from the sun, but by placing the drawing-room on the south-western angle a sunny room was ensured and at the same time it was possible to enjoy the view. The library on



PLAN OF TEMPLEHILL HOUSE, HAMPTSTEAD

C. H. B. QUENNELL, F.R.I.B.A., ARCHITECT

(For perspective views of this house see next two pages)

Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture

the north west corner has a splendid outlook and gets the afternoon sun. The entrance on the north side is on a mezzanine about two-thirds of the way down to a billiard-room under the library. The cloak rooms and lavatories come again under the morning-room. The disposition of the remaining rooms is shown on the plan. Externally the walls are faced with a pleasantly variegated red brick and the roofs covered with red tiles; the elevations are simple in character and carry on the eighteenth-century traditions of Hampstead. On the west side steps lead down to a terrace, which again leads to a formal parterre with balustraded walling around it. The gardens, which have been designed by the architect, are hardly forward enough to show well in a photograph here; but all the fine trees on the site have been saved, and it is difficult to realise when in the garden that Charing Cross with its bustle is only just a little over four miles away.

The house of which an illustration is given on p. 44 has been erected from the designs of Mr. Sydney R. Jones, of Leek Wootton, Warwick, and Mr. Holland W. Hobbiss, on a site at Burnt Post on the Stoneleigh Estate, within two miles of Coventry. This house is one of a number that have been built, or are in the course of erection, wherein an attempt has been made to foster and advance the building tradition native to the locality. The large estate upon which operations are progressing has for its centre that well-known example of mediæval and renaissance architecture, Stoneleigh Abbey, the home of Lord Leigh, while round about this Midland country-side are to be seen many examples of old houses and cottages that bear witness to a time when local needs and ideals were expressed through the medium of the building crafts. But in more recent days new ways have prevailed, and this district, in common with other countless acres of woodland and vale,

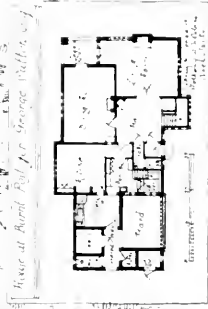
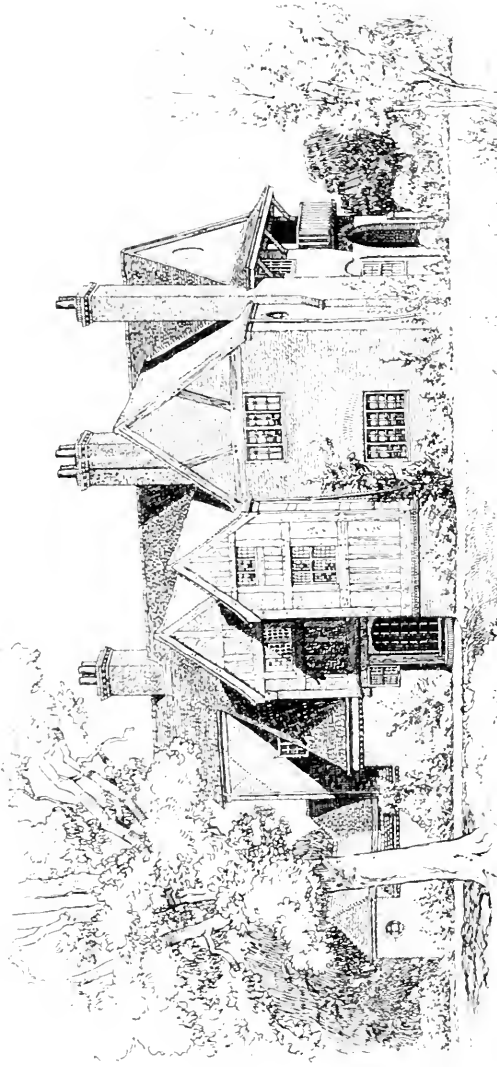


TEMPLEHILL HOUSE, HAMPSTEAD

C. H. B. QUENNELL, F.R.I.B.A., ARCHITECT



TEMPLEHILL HOUSE, LAMPSTEAD
C. H. B. QUENNEL, ARCHITECT



HOUSE AT BURNT POST, NEAR COVENTRY
S. R. JONES AND H. W. HOBBISS, ARCHITECTS

Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture

has been threatened with the relentless advance of the speculative builder and the insincerities and conventionalities of villadom. So those who have the æsthetic welfare of this fair district most at heart are intent on preserving its natural amenities, and at the same time are endeavouring to bring into being an architecture in harmony with the natural environment, hoping to advance the truth that the art of building has a higher mission to serve than that of ministering only to material needs. The house illustrated has been planned to provide simply and conveniently the required accommodation, consisting of an entrance hall of comfortable size that gives access to the living and dining rooms, with the usual offices facing towards the north and east. The joists and beams of the hall are exposed to view, and the walls are panelled; folding-doors divide the hall from the living-room, and may, on occasion, be opened back to combine the hall and living-room in one. At the south-east corner of the building is a loggia which can be entered from the dining-room or living-room. On the upper floor are five bedrooms, a sleeping balcony over the loggia, a bathroom, and other conveniences. The walls are built of bricks of good and varied colour, obtained near the site, with half-inch mortar joints. The main roof runs from end to end of the building, and from it

spring the gables, some of which are framed in oak, pegged together, and the spaces between the timbers filled with brickwork arranged herring-bone fashion. In this a debt to local tradition is owed, as also in the diaper brickwork, and the inspiration for the brick string-courses.

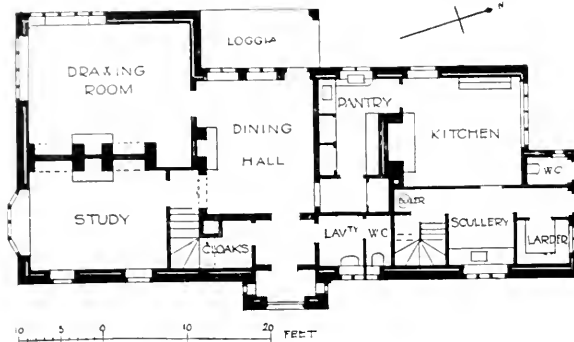
The same architects are also responsible for the design and erection of the pair of cottages at Leek Wootton (below). Here the problem was to erect cottages of reasonable appearance and ample accommodation for an economical outlay. The number of rooms required in each cottage, as revealed by the plan, will be seen to amount to a large living room, comfortable parlour, wash-house, larder, coals, covered yard, with three bedrooms over. The cost of the pair was to come within £500, and this was accomplished. Here again local materials were used, bricks from a yard two miles away and stone quarried and worked within sight of the building.

The house at Liphook is a typical example of the work of Messrs. Unsworth and Triggs of Petersfield. It occupies the site of a group of derelict cottages on the high road to Portsmouth. These cottages were demolished and the stone masonry and tiles re-used in the construction of the new house. A stone-flagged walk flanked by herbaceous borders leads to the open porch on the



PAIR OF COTTAGES AT LEEK WOOTTON, WARWICK, FOR SIR FRANCIS WALLER, BART.

SYDNEY R. JONES AND HOLLAND W. HOBBS, ARCHITECTS



GROUND PLAN OF HOUSE AT LIPHOOK, HANTS
G. UNSWORTH AND INIGO TRIGGS, ARCHITECTS

east side of the house. In a small country house of this character it is an economy in planning to arrange the dining-room in a central position, and thus the house has no passages whatever on the ground floor. The staircase has been devised around a central cupboard for the display of china. There are five bedrooms and a dressing-room with bathroom and housemaid's cupboard on the first floor. The gardens have been laid out in conjunction with the house, their principal features being a sunk water garden on the south side of the house with pools fed by rain water. Messrs. Unsworth and Triggs were responsible for the planning of the gardens as well as the house.

STUDIO-TALK.

(From Our Own
Correspondents.)

LONDON.—One of the dire results of the great war which has descended upon Europe like some vast and overwhelming volcanic eruption is its paralyzing effect on the

pursuit of artistic activities. Such a result was of course inevitable, for when the grim spectre of war makes its appearance the arts and crafts of peace recede for a time into the background; and so stupendous is the conflict in which the great nations of the old world are engaged that its effects are being severely felt in neutral countries, even those remote from the war area. Great, however, as is the evil which has befallen the profession of art in common with many other pursuits, it is slight compared with the

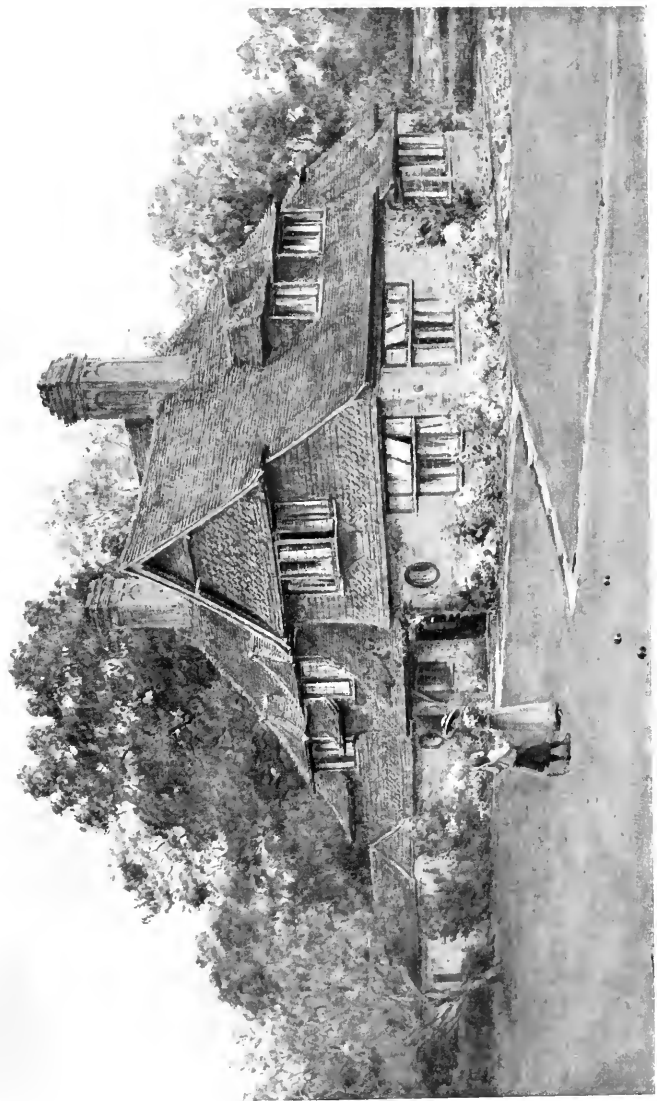
horrors which have attended the movements of our enemy in the north-west of Europe. We in Britain have reason to be thankful for the effective protection of our shores by our maritime forces,



"PORTRAIT OF MISS C."

BY W. M. CHASE

(Anglo-American Exposition, Shepherd's Bush)



HOUSE AT LIPHOOK, HANTS. GERALD
UNSWORTH AND INIGO TRIGGS, ARCHITECTS

without which we should most certainly have known what it is to have a hostile army in our midst, and worse even than that, might have quickly found ourselves on the verge of starvation through the cutting off of supplies.

A suggestion made by the art critic of "The Globe" that the methods which Germany and Austria have used to widen the market for their artistic productions and to secure a public for their manufactures is well worth our study and well worth adapting to our particular needs will, it is hoped, not pass unheeded. He refers, of course, more particularly to the applied or industrial arts in which those countries have made very great progress during the past dozen years or so. Thoroughness has always been the keynote of German organisation, and the campaign on behalf of its "Kunstgewerbe" has been very carefully planned, no expense being spared to ensure its efficiency. But this organising capacity of our enemy has not been confined to industrial art; for many years past there has been in existence an influential organisation—the Allgemeine Deutsche Künstlergenossenschaft—which has branches in all the principal art centres and keeps a sharp eye on the interests of German artists; and since 1907 another society—the Gesellschaft für Deutsche Kunst im Ausland—has been taking active steps to further by various means the exploitation of German art of all denominations in foreign countries. With this organisation, which has its headquarters in Berlin, most of the important art societies of the Fatherland are affiliated, and during the past three or four years it has directed its attention more especially to the western hemisphere. The Imperial Arts League, with

a membership comprising artists of all ranks, would do well to pay heed to German propagandist methods, and if only an energetic campaign is prosecuted there should be a good time for British art in the future.

Mr. Wm. Chase's *Portrait of Miss C.*, reproduced on page 40, and *In the Dressing Room*, by Mr. L. Kronberg, reproduced below, should have been included with the illustrations to the article on "American Art at the Anglo-American Exposition" which appeared in our last issue, but had to be omitted owing to a delay in hearing from the artists. We are now glad to make good the omission, these two works being among the items of note in the interesting assemblage of pictures at the Exposition.



"IN THE DRESSING-ROOM"

BY L. KRONBERG
(*Anglo-American Exposition, Shepherd's Bush*)



"THE RELENTLESS SEA"

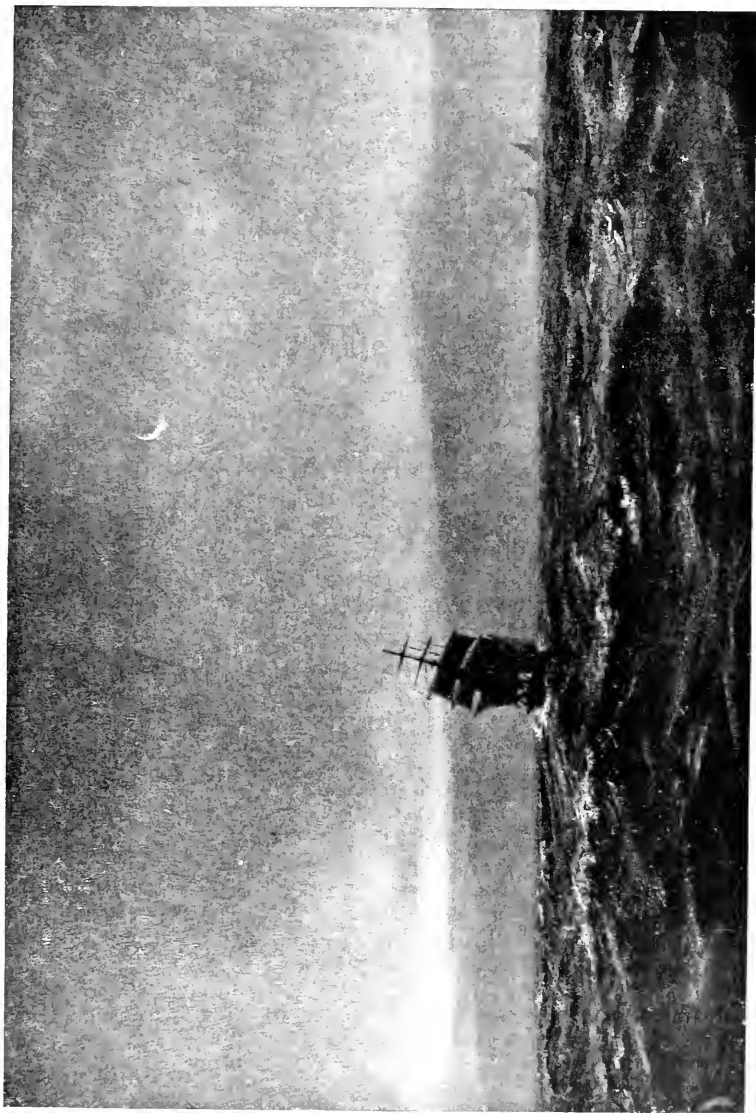
BY CHARLES D. TRACY

Mr. Charles D. Tracy, who has recently held an exhibition of sea paintings in London, has devoted himself to the study of the movement of the billows in the deep seas which have for obvious reasons always remained neglected by artists. He thus makes a distinctly individual contribution to marine painting. He is aided in this analytical attention to the character of heavy wave formation by a profound sympathy with nature in its lowlier aspects. Throughout his life, in many voyages, in every kind of craft, he has been in the closest contact with his subject. It is only recently that his prolonged study is resulting in large pictures for exhibition. These have not failed to make the appeal which finely observed truth makes to the lover of nature. Mr. Tracy's art has met with much success in America as well as on this side of the Atlantic.

There are abundant proofs that the artists of this country are by no means indifferent to the urgent needs of the nation arising out of the great war. We hear of many having joined either the Regular forces or the Territorial arm of the Service. At the Chelsea Arts Club especially, there is no lack of military ardour. Several of its members have joined the regulars for service in the field,

while a considerable number have, with members of other professions, formed themselves into a corps for the purpose of acquiring such training as will fit them for service in the defence of the country. Many artists, moreover, have been enrolled as special constables, and among them a distinguished Royal Academician may be seen doing his daily round as a sub-inspector in the West of London.

After what we had heard about the ruthless destruction of Louvain by the German forces, the report that the British, French and Russian pavilions at the great Book Exhibition at Leipzig had been destroyed by fire did not occasion very great surprise, but it was comforting to learn that part at all events of the British section had been saved by the forethought of Mr. Wildbore Smith, the Commissioner representing the Board of Trade, who on the eve of the war took prompt measures for the removal and safe keeping of certain of the exhibits, including some priceless documents which had been sent over on loan. Some week or more after the report of the fire appeared in the daily papers, a letter was quoted from an Englishman who had in the meantime come through Leipzig and seen the British pavilion intact, so that there is at least a hope that the first report was unfounded. This hope was



"OUT OF THE NIGHT"
BY CHARLES D. TRACY

strengthened later by a statement quoted from a German journal, the "*Kölnische Zeitung*" denying that any of the pavilions had been destroyed, but up to a late date of last month the Board of Trade had had no intelligence one way or the other.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. J. D. Innes at an age considerably under thirty. This young artist, whose name is associated with the New English Art Club, and who had come in under the influence of Mr. Augustus John, had already in his turn become a leader among his immediate contemporaries in landscape painting. His exceptional sense of colour and the refinement of his design were acknowledged on every hand.

Particulars have reached us concerning an interesting competition in connection with the mural decorations of the new Commonwealth of Australia building, "Australia House," in London. In all twelve paintings are required. The sketches are to depict incidents in Australian history, or features of Australian scenery or of Australian productive activity. The competition is open to all artists born in Australia, or who have lived in Australia five years and upwards, or who are now resident in Australia. The sketch designs must be forwarded to the High Commissioner's office, London, not later than January 15, 1915, and will be judged by a committee appointed in London. Prize winners will receive commissions to paint pictures at the following prices: Group I, two pictures at £1100 each; Group II, two pictures at £1200 each; Group III, one picture at £600, two at £400 and two at £250 each. Further details may be obtained from the High Commissioner for Australia, 72 Victoria Street, S.W.*

We have pleasure in introducing to our readers two young devotees of the graphic arts whose work, as will be seen from the examples we reproduce, is worthy of close attention. First there is Miss Katharine Richardson, one of the increasing band of artists whose efforts are directed to the exaltation of lithography as a means of expression. Miss Richardson, whose work has been seen of late at the exhibitions of the Senefelder Club as well as those of the Arts and Crafts Society and elsewhere, is a conscientious and painstaking worker, and it is interesting to note that her prints

* We have since heard that this competition has been postponed indefinitely, and that the terms may be revised before it is re-announced.

are wholly the product of her own mind and hand, the assistance of a professional printer being dispensed with. She studied lithography under that accomplished exponent of the medium, Mr. F. E. Jackson, at the South Western Polytechnic, Chelsea.

Mr. Cyril Spackman's career as an etcher has only just begun, but the print we reproduce augurs well for his future. He is practically self-taught, the only guidance he has received being that which he has derived from a close study of the work of great masters. He acknowledges his indebtedness more especially to the etched work of two notable modern exponents, the late Sir Alfred East and Mr. Frank Brangwyn, but as he says, and as is quite clearly shown by his work, his aim has been from the



"THE KASHMIR SHAWL." FROM AN ORIGINAL LITHOGRAPH BY KATHARINE RICHARDSON



"LAMPLIGHT." FROM AN ORIGINAL LITHO-
GRAPH BY KATHARINE RICHARDSON

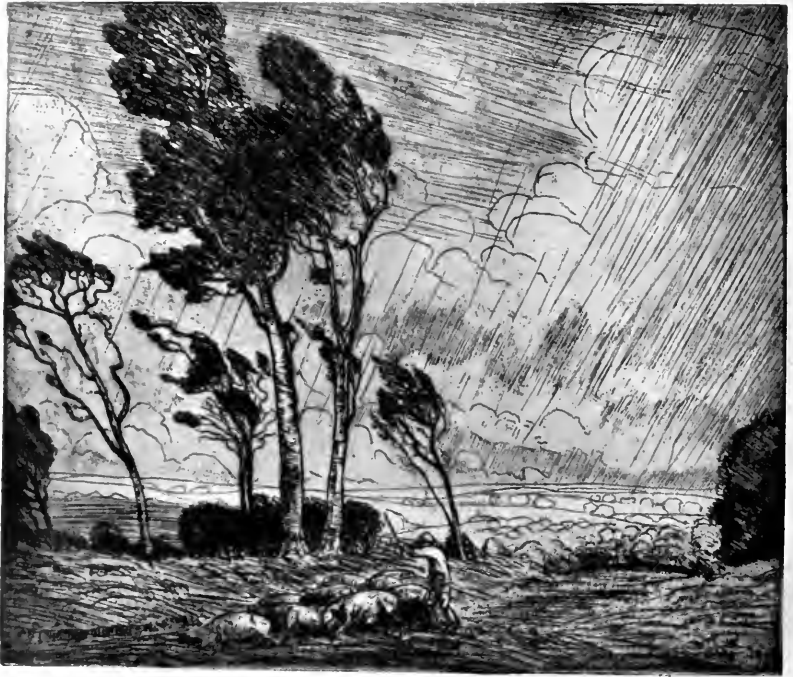
Studio-Talk

beginning only to learn and not to steal from them. Mr. Spackman was an architect prior to 1910, when he took up painting, and it was not till two years later that he started etching. He has exhibited at the Royal Academy in London, the Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg, and in other exhibitions here and in America. He was born at Cleveland, Ohio, of English parents, but for some time past has settled in London.

We reproduce among our supplements this month a wood-engraving by Mr. Brangwyn entitled *Tms houses, Dixmude*. This place, spelt in Flemish *Dixmuyden*, lies in the province of West Flanders, some thirteen miles or so southeast of Ostend, and it must therefore have been if not actually at any rate very near to being the scene of the fighting in Belgium, that heroic country to which our hearts go out in deepest sympathy and admiration. This wood-cut, entirely characteris-

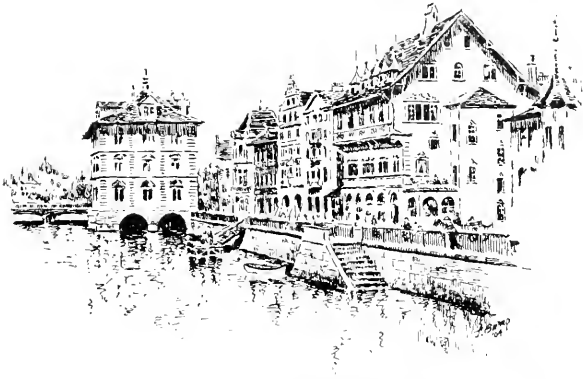
of the distinguished personality of the artist, shows also an important and very striking feature of Mr. Brangwyn's talent—the power he possesses, with all his versatility, of adapting himself completely to the medium of expression, or, to put it another way, of subjugating the medium legitimately and entirely to his will. So that in all the multifarious branches of art and in all the varied technical processes in which he practises we find him working always as to the manner born, and in this particular engraving using to the full all the resources of the wood-cutter's craft and turning it to the expression of a subject nobly and powerfully conceived.

Mr. Johnstone Baird, though now a denizen of London, hails from Ayrshire and has lived most of his life in Glasgow. Before entering on his career as an artist he practised for some time as a naval architect, relinquishing that profession about ten





ALMS-HOUSES, DINMUEDE, BELGIUM.
AN ORIGINAL WOOD ENGRAVING BY
FRANK BRANGWYN, PRBA. A.R.A.

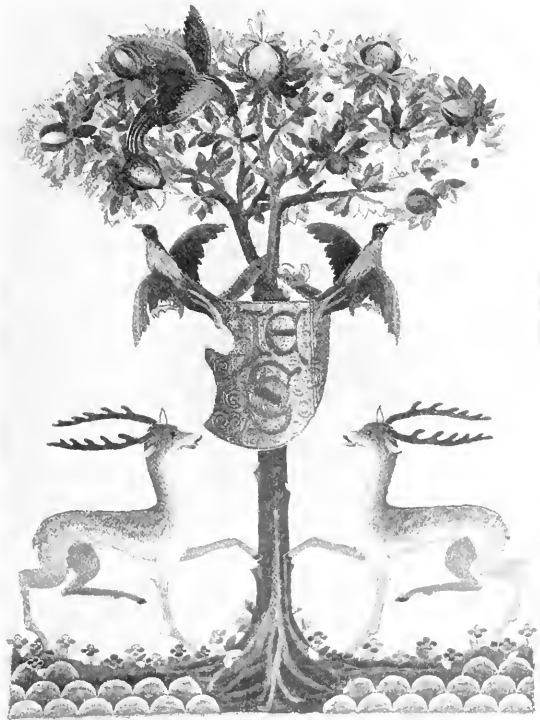


"THE RATHAUS QUAY, ZURICH." FROM A PEN-DRAWING BY JOHNSTONE BAIRD

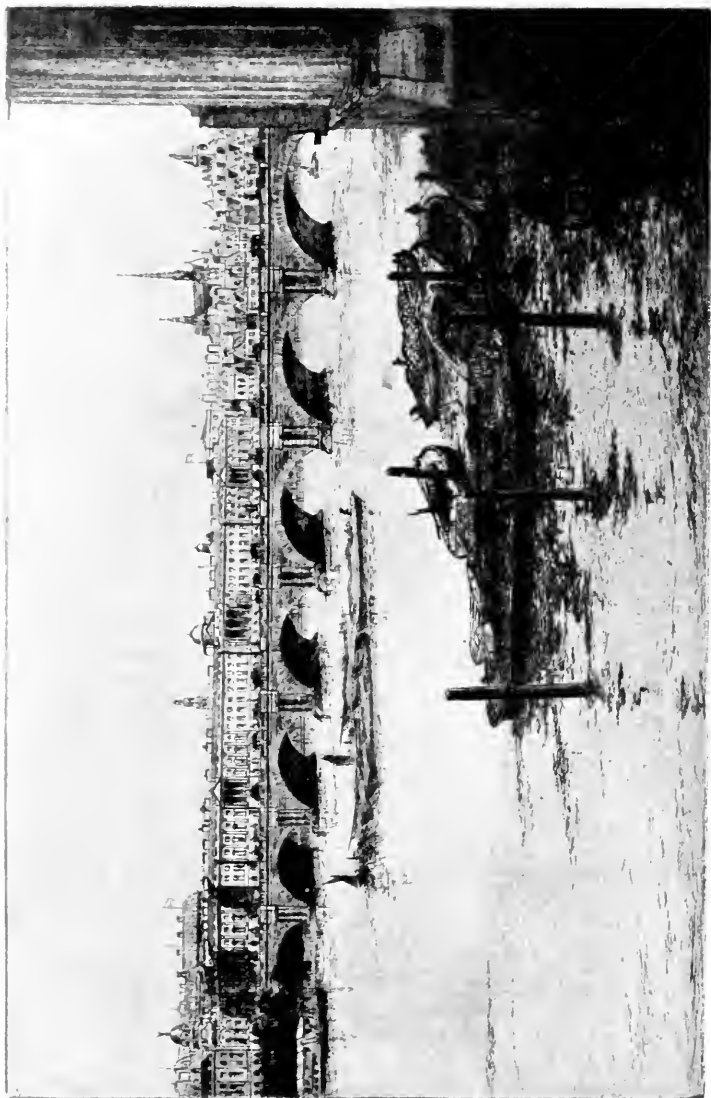
years ago on account of illness. Mr. Baird received his training as an artist at the Glasgow School of Art under Mr. Fra H. Newbury, the able director of that renowned institution, and he also studied under Prof. Jean Delville at Brussels. He has travelled much in all parts of Europe, and many Continental cities have furnished him with motives for his compositions in the various mediums he employs — pen-and-ink, etching, drypoint and water-colour. Of late London has claimed the chief share of his attention, and his plate of *Waterloo Bridge* has been selected as showing how admirably he has employed the medium of etching to render a view which has attracted innumerable artists.

The embroidered panel reproduced on this page was executed by Miss B. M. E. Kay of Minehead, from a design by Mr. J. E. Dixon-Spain, architect. Miss Kay is not only an expert embroideress but has a remarkable gift for colour. The

general scheme of this panel was planned by Miss Kay as "dull golds to browns, greens from gold to emerald merging into touches of peacock-blue, and through amethyst-blue to touches of rich purples, merging again into browns with perhaps a thought of dull madder or pomegranate." Miss Kay has realised her scheme in luscious, liquid colouring, full of romantic feeling. The tree, with its fruit and birds, is suggestive of Arthurian scenery. The



EMBROIDERED PANEL. DESIGNED BY J. E. DIXON-SPAIN, EXECUTED BY MISS B. M. E. KAY



"WATERLOO BRIDGE." FROM AN
ETCHING BY JOHNSTONE BAIRD

(By permission of Messrs.
Cornell and Sons)



PORTRAIT BUST OF H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT
BY FREDERICK LESSORE

stags are worked solidly in browns and golds of the palest hues, the foliage in varying greens, the fruit in subtle reds, purples and madders with trunk and branches in bronze greens, and the little rich flowers in divers hues.

Mr. Frederick Lessore recently returned from Canada, where he spent about nine months holding exhibitions of his sculpture in the principal towns of the Dominion. Two of the busts included in these exhibitions—those of Lord Mount Stephen and Lord Strathcona—have been reproduced in these pages early in the present year with a report from our Montreal correspondent, and we now give an illustration of his bust of the Royal Governor-General, which was modelled by the sculptor at Ottawa. The colossal bronze statue of Lord Mount Stephen which the Board of the Canadian Pacific Railway commissioned Mr. Lessore to execute, has been erected in the new terminus of the railway at Montreal as a memorial to their first President. Mr. Lessore's exhibitions were visited by a very large number of people and called forth many expressions of appreciation.

GLASGOW. —Without venturing to say that there is to-day a younger school of painters at Glasgow likely to startle the art world as forcibly as did the impressionists a generation ago, it may safely be affirmed that there is in this second city of the British Isles a group of young artists vigorous and independent in thought and effort, ready to court public opinion without being unduly depressed if it be adverse. There is encouragement in contemporary success, time is on the side of the group, and the gods have the possibilities in their keeping. If common aim was the only or chief bond that held the impressionists together, even this is not apparent among the later enthusiasts, whose methods are as dissimilar as if their purposes were antagonistic.

Individuality, a characteristic common to Glasgow men, both in the Fine and the Applied Arts, is a quality that leadeth not always to immediate success. In versatility also, there is risk of missing public favour, more readily secured by the artist



"PERSEPHONE" (OH)

BY W. M. PETRIE

with one subject, the specialist of one idea. The young individualist may lack a following, his pictures may overcrowd his studio, may be rejected by Committees of Selection, or badly hung at exhibitions, but with supreme unconcern he pursues his art. The history of art teems with examples of men who painted ahead of their time, finding consolation for contemporary neglect in unflinching belief in themselves. Public opinion may be no more discriminating to-day than in the time of Rembrandt and Meryon, nor was earnest pursuit of art limited to the great Dutch and French periods.

The Glasgow School of Art is the Alma Mater of most of the younger Glasgow men. It would be difficult in a sentence exactly to define the system of training pursued at this renowned art institution, or to explain the power of attraction it exercises over the alumni long after the period of training is over, but it is abundantly evident that the curriculum or atmosphere conduces to a measure of individuality in the students instead of suppressing it, as so many academic institutions appear to do. The Director of the School, a man of boundless energy and purpose, has broadened the basis to such an extent that nearly every teacher of art, in the wide district to which it forms a centre, comes now directly within the range of its influence.

An artist who paints in oil, tempera, pastel, and water-colour; models in clay and wood; chisels in stone and marble; fashions in silver; works in landscape, portraiture, and in the realm of imaginative study; plans, builds and decorates house and studio, digs, trenches and cultivates the garden, competes for and executes decorative schemes of importance, the while conducting a class on colour at the School of Art, may surely be claimed as a busy, many-sided artist, which W. M. Petrie assuredly is. He has the double disadvantage in the struggle for success, of a nature unduly shy and retiring, and a mind severely critical of his efforts; thus no work is permitted to leave his studio that falls in any degree short of the high standard set by

the artist. Like Whistler, time and cost do not count with him: he is the very soul of artistic honour, and were he carving the smallest detail on a vane for a lofty steeple, it would be as scrupulously executed as an ornament to be placed on the eye level, for the spirit of the old Greek artists dwells again in Petrie. He may not yet have discovered his right medium, though he works with great facility in many. The movement for a National Theatre or Opera House may be rational and urgent; but should there not be more regard paid to struggling genius in art? It is not enough to purchase the works of successful artists for permanent public collections, a process in which the trick of manoeuvring sometimes outbids the claims and considerations of art.

Amongst portrait painters, William Findlay is rapidly earning a deservedly high position. To culture in draughtsmanship, acquired at the Glasgow School of Art, he adds the Romanticism



PORTRAIT

BY WILLIAM FINDLAY



"JEAN AND JOHN (CHILDREN OF JOHN MARTIN, ESQ.)"

BY WILLIAM FINDLAY

of the French method, a quality that recently placed him in the front amongst the artists who competed for the honour of completing the mural decoration in the Glasgow Civic Banqueting Hall. It was a happy idea to entrust the decoration of the twenty-seven remaining panels to the younger Glasgow men; it may help to discover decorative talent worthy to rank with that already represented by the work of Alexander Roche, E. A. Walton, John Lavery, and George Henry.

If pastel as a medium be not unpopular with artists, there is a widespread belief in its impermanency on the part of the public. While some of the greatest artists have shown but a fleeting fancy for it, demonstration of its particular charm of expression has been made again and again, and an eminent Belgian authority makes bold to say, that with ordinary care, chalk is less liable to affection by light and temperature than oil and water colours. One at least of the large civic portraits at Glasgow, painted in oil on special

canvas, is developing an intricate texture of cracks never contemplated by the artist: while certain water-colour drawings in the permanent collection have lost much of their original colour charm. Exhibition committees practically ban pastel drawings, when insisting on gilded frames as a passport of admission, and then showing but scant courtesy when hanging them.

In view of all this, there is no lack of determination on the part of a young artist selecting pastel as his particular medium and all but confining his attention to it, as G. G. Anderson does. The medium exactly suits the idea and temperament of the artist, and the artist adapts his method to the medium, making the utmost use of its possibilities, and minimising its limitations. He loves the medium as he loves his art, his treatment is extremely natural, yet individualistic, his effects spontaneous and somewhat original. He divides his attention between landscape and portraiture; strong in composition and keen in colour sense, his land-

scapes have the charm of Nature's self; while his portraits, penetrative to a degree, with rare facility and accuracy in drawing, are rapid, unmistakable impressions of the sitters. If he has preference for a sketching time it is the late Spring, and for a subject it is an Arran croft, or a shallow stream flowing lazily over pebbly bed, 'tween thickly wooded banks, fresh with the early foliage of the year. Thus he lingers over and repeats, making use of the clearest and most inspiring chalks in the transcription. In portraiture, the Anderson medium, besides inducing a quick direct impression, constrains to a limit in dimension, oftentimes more pleasing than the licence claimed by oil; while such delicacy of touch is possible that the most fitful expression of the subject may be captured, and the faintest impression of the artist conveyed.

It is not, of course, claimed that all the interest in the younger art of Glasgow centres in the artists mentioned — by no means, for the number might be multiplied many times without exhausting the possibilities of the subject. But enough has been

said to indicate that there is no lack of individuality amongst the younger men, and to suggest that there is ample assurance that the best traditions of the city, as a vigorous, independent centre of art, are likely to be well maintained. J. T.

NOTTINGHAM.—In the reproduction we give of a pen-and-ink drawing by Mr. F. H. Ball, readers of *THE STUDIO* are enabled to renew acquaintance with the work of an artist whose drawings and designs frequently appeared in our pages in years gone by when he participated in the competitions instituted by us. Mr. Ball's progress in the practice of his special line of work has been steady and consistent; he has gained more and more assurance in the use of his medium, which he employs with due regard to its proper functions and limitations, while besides being technically sound his work is made aesthetically attractive by the play of that decorative feeling which invariably asserts itself in the composition of his drawings.



"THE CROFT" (PASTEL)

BY G. G. ANDERSON



"BACCHANTE." FROM A PEN DRAWING BY F. H. BALL.





"AUTUMN ON THE VOLGA"

BY E. N. STAKHEEVA-KASHKADUMOVA

other Russian painters whose works though enjoying great popularity at home are almost wholly unknown abroad. To this band belong, besides the artists whose pictures are reproduced in the accompanying illustrations, Konstantin and Vladimir Makovsky, N. I. Verkhotourov, F. P. Riznichenko, N. I. Kravtchenko, A. Buchkuri, J. Schmidt, N. V. Rozanoff, N. M. Fokin, A. F. Maximoff and numerous others. Most of them ought to be described as out-and-out realists with a penchant for depicting scenes and incidents characteristic of the country, and it is, perhaps, for this reason that

MOSCOW.—From time to time there have appeared in the pages of THE STUDIO accounts of the doings of various Russian painters of the modern school, chiefly in connection with the periodical exhibitions of such societies as the "Soyouz," as the Union of Moscow Artists is called for short, the "Mir Iskousstva" (World of Art), the "Peredvishniki" or Wanderers, and other groups; and not long ago the Italian art critic, Signor Pica, in an article on three of its leading representatives, traced in an interesting manner the development of the forces which have been at work in establishing this modern school. But while the names of such artists as Michael Vroubel, Valentine Seroff, Konstantin Somoff, Ilya Repine, Vasnetsoff, Leo Bakst, Kustodiev, Bilibine, Igor Grabar, and a few others have thus become familiar to art lovers in the west of Europe and elsewhere beyond the boundaries of Russia, there are many



"A FORGOTTEN CEMETERY OF THE OLD BELIEVERS, KRIM," BY CLARA F. ZEIDLER

they are looked upon as "academic" by disciples of the so-called "advanced" schools, who appear to have thrown over all regard for form in their pursuit of colour problems, and look with suspicion on work of a realistic character. But though it is undoubtedly true that much of the interest which the paintings of these realists arouse is due in large measure to their subjects, in the choice of which an ardent devotion to the land of their birth may be discerned, still a careful and conscientious study of these works will show that their authors are by no means deficient in technical accomplishment. Some three or four years ago an opportunity was afforded to Londoners of seeing a representative collection of their paintings in an exhibition at the Doré Galleries which attracted much attention, and it is hoped that in the not distant future the British public will be able to re-new acquaintance with their work. R. N.

Apropos of the competition for a monument to the poet Shevchenko at Kieff we recently received the following communication from a correspondent in Kharkoff:

"In the May number of your honoured magazine a serious inexactitude is to be found concerning the Prof. Sciortino's model for the monument to Shevchenko, the poet of Ukraine. In the correspondence from St. Petersburg in the above mentioned number of *THE STUDIO*, author asserts that Prof. Sciortino has been the winner in the competition for modelling the Shevchenko monument of Kieff. That is not right. In this competition the jury, selected by the Committee for Erection of the monument, could not recommend the project of Mr. Sciortino for the execution. As the best of the submitted models was declared that of Mr. L. Sherwood (Moscow), as the second the project of Mr. S. Volnoukhine (Moscow). In spite of such a resolution, the Committee for erection of the monument began to commune with Mr. Sciortino and resolved to accept his model for the execution with the condition that the artist would make some alterations in his model with reference to the Committee's wishes. Such a resolution of the Committee caused a common surprise, dissatisfaction, and met many protests. It is customary that the projects of monumental



"BLESSING THE WATERS"



"A FORGOTTEN CORNER"

BY E. F. SPOLITZA



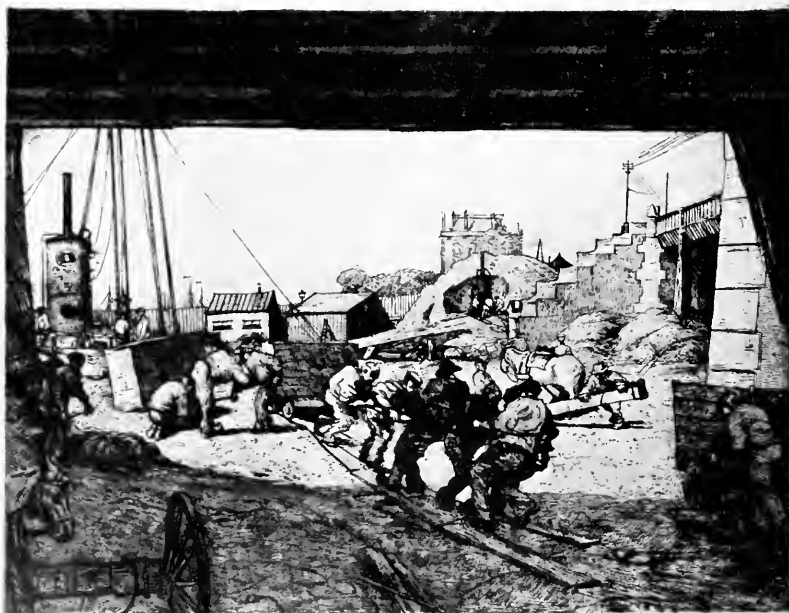
"AUTUMN"

BY K. KRIVOSKY

artistic works are inspected and confirmed by the Academy of Arts in St. Petersburg and it is possible that in this case the Academy will not consent to the choice of the Committee."

AMSTERDAM.—Early in June an exhibition of original etchings by Mr. Jan Poortenaar was held in the galleries of Messrs. Frans Buffa and Sons in the Kalverstratt. Though still a good way off thirty, Mr. Poortenaar has already reached a position of prominence among the rising generation of Dutch painter-etchers, and the fact that so far as this branch of his work is concerned he is entirely self-taught lends additional interest to his achievements. He is an indefatigable worker and his plates now number something like a hundred, showing a wide range of motives and a considerable diversity of technique. The exhibition in question comprised more than fifty, including all his recent essays, and not a few of these bore titles denoting a sojourn of some duration in England. Mr. Poortenaar has in fact spent a considerable time in London, where

his etchings have been on view in more than one exhibition recently, and some of the most attractive of his proofs have been inspired by such famous sights of the great metropolis as Westminster Abbey, Waterloo and Westminster Bridges, Trafalgar Square, and Westminster Cathedral. Cornwall too, with its rocky coast scenery, has lured the artist, and the plates on which he has recorded his impressions of this remote corner of England show that his eye is susceptible to nature's beauties under the most varied aspects. Nocturnal effects seem to have had a special fascination for him, and the etchings in which he has essayed to render such themes are among his most successful efforts. The majority of his etchings, however, have been done in Amsterdam and its vicinity, and in some of these—such as *Western Viaduct* and *Under the Viaduct*—one discerns a certain affinity—as regards subject at all events—with the etched work of Brangwyn. But though Mr. Poortenaar has learnt much from the masters—Rembrandt and Seghers more especially—the personal note is, even at this early stage of what promises to be a fruitful career,

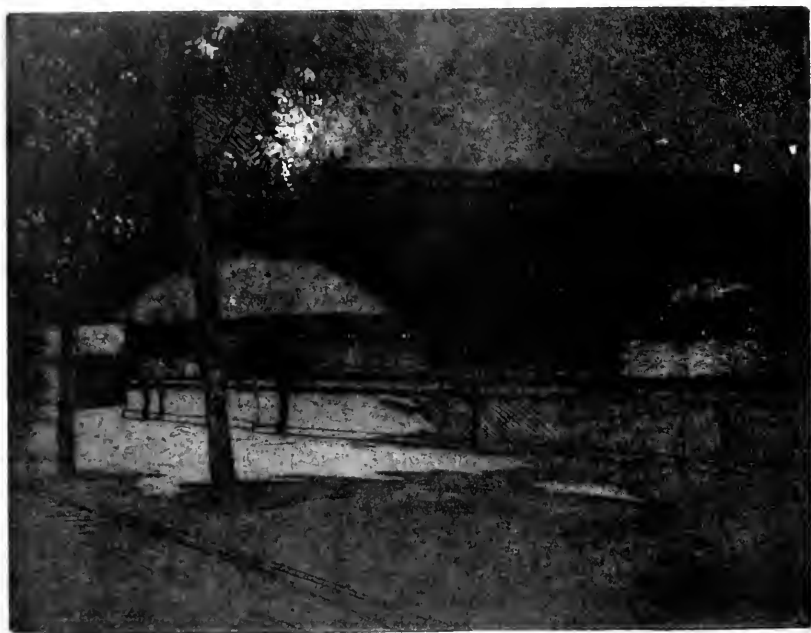


"BUILDING A VIADUCT, AMSTERDAM"

FROM AN ETCHING BY JAN POORTENAAR



"UNLOADING SAND" FROM AN
ETCHING BY JAN POORTENAAK



Jan Poortenaar

"WATERLOO BRIDGE, LONDON."

FROM AN ETCHING BY JAN POORTENAAR

an ever present attribute of his work, and it is this which in conjunction with his varied methods of treatment has gained for him the appreciation of connoisseurs and critics. It should be added that as a painter also Mr. Poortenaar has given proof of his artistic capacity.

BRUSSELS. - The photographs of Victor Rousseau's busts of the King and Queen of the Belgians from which our reproductions of these fine pieces of sculpture have been made, were addressed to us from the Belgian capital by our esteemed correspondent, Mons. Fernand Khnopff, only a few hours before the city was invaded and occupied by the German Kaiser's armed hosts and since then up to the time of going to press we have been without any intelligence of Mons. Khnopff. The tragic events of the past two or three months invest these works of art with a quite peculiar interest. The heroism with which the Belgians, under the leadership of their valiant King and encouraged by his Royal Consort,

have resisted the onward rush of the invading armies has evoked the admiration of the whole civilised world, while equally universal has been the horror aroused by the brutalities and wanton destruction wrought by the soldiers of a nation which has always so loudly boasted of its "Kultur."

As regards the artist, it is scarcely necessary to say anything here, for he is in the very front rank of Belgian sculptors of the present day, and his work is by this time almost as well known outside Belgium as within. Numerous examples of it have appeared in this magazine, and Mons. Khnopff has, in an article he contributed to our pages in 1907, given the chief facts of his career. A more comprehensive study of his life and work has been written by Mons. Maurice des Ombiaux (G. Van Oest et Cie, Brussels), who quotes in the artist's own words the motives which have guided him in the pursuit of his art: "Une chose m'importe, c'est le spectacle de la vie, de toute la vie, physiologique,



BUST OF H.M. THE QUEEN OF THE
BELGIANS. BY VICTOR ROUSSEAU.



BUST OF H.M. THE KING OF THE
BELGIANS. BY VICTOR ROUSSEAU.



psychologique, universelle, qui conduit aux idées générales par l'étude sincère de la nature. Je suis convaincu que l'art participe de l'évolution des idées. . . . La vie est en perpétuel devenir, notre esprit de même ; les années le transforment, acceptons tout ce qui vient, c'est le seul moyen de ne pas se figer dans une formule. Ce que je voudrais, de toute la force de la joie que je ressens à vivre, c'est réaliser quelques œuvres imprégnées d'un amour tout humain, par des formes de pure nature et en cela, je sens que j'aurai tout à faire."

TOKYO.—The exhibition of the treasures of the Imperial School of Art, Tokyo, which was recently held in its newly completed buildings, was a treat to the students. It contained some eight hundred pieces, consisting of paintings in both the Japanese and the western style, sculpture, *netsuke*, masks used in the "No" plays, fabrics, lacquer ware, metal work, ceramics, and the diploma works of those who have graduated from the art school, showing various changes in the methods and styles in painting as well as in other branches of art since the beginning of the art school some twenty-five years ago. A detailed description of all the exhibits will be out of place here, but mention should be made of some of the more prominent works of renowned masters.

Of special interest, among other exhibits, was the illuminated sutra of the "Cause and Effect of Past and Present," a work of great historical value as an example of the earliest pictorial efforts of our people. The words of the sutra seem to have been written in the seventh year of Tempyo (735), but the picture is considered to be older. This sutra

is one of three rolls existing in Japan, the other two being included in the "national treasures," and kept in temples, one at the Ho-onin and the other at the Rendaiji. Another interesting work was the painting on the door panels of a *zushi* (a small portable shrine) some three and a half feet high, in which was originally found the wooden image of Kisshoten (which is also placed in the category of "national treasures") of the Jorori Temple in the Province of Yamashiro. Judging from the wooden carving of the deity, which apparently is of the same period, the pictures on the doors must have been painted in the Eisho era (1046-1052), and they show strong traces of the style of the Nara epoch. There were several interesting Buddhistic paintings of the Fujiwara régime, and also a few excellent examples by Chinese masters of about the same period. The already well-known *Herd of Horses* by Sesshyu, in which the artist shows his powerful and masterful brush strokes, and two works by his *monjin*, a *Daruma* by Shugetsu, and *Shoki* by Shuko, revealed the characteristic vigour and strength of these masters. The *Tiger in a Bamboo Thicket* by Sesson attracted considerable attention, mainly for the extremely clever way in which the artist has portrayed the wily nature of the beast. The Kano school was well represented by such works as *Landscape* by Motonobu, *Dragons and Tigers* by Eitoku, a screen painted by Tannyu, *Phoenix* by Tsunenobu ; the Tosa school by *Quails* by Ittoku, *Shells* by Mitsuoki ; the Korin school by *Autumnal Grass* by Korin, and *Takaozan* as well as *Kuramayama* by Hanabusa Itcho. A pair of screens of *Hermits* by Soga Shohaku brought out well the pleasing qualities of that artist. The exhibition was not lacking in *ukiyo-e*. Paintings of beautiful women



"HERD OF HORSES"

(Imperial School of Art, Tokyo)

BY SESHYU



"CHICKENS AND CHERRY-TREE"
BY KAWABATA GYOKUSHO
(Imperial School of Art, Tokyo)

in various poses and groups by Katsukawa Shunsho and by Utagawa Toyoharu were among them.

So far I have referred only to the works of our ancient masters. But the paintings by the five masters, Kano Hōgai, Taki Watei, Kawasaki Senko, Hashimoto Gaho, and Kawabata Gyokushō, all of whom were very closely connected with the art school, and who have died during the last quarter of a century, stood no less prominent in the collection. It must be acknowledged that to the genius and untiring efforts of these artists we owe in a great degree the development of painting in the Meiji era (1868-1912). Especially interesting were the *Kwannon* and *Eagle* by Kano Hōgai and *Moonlight Landscape* by Hashimoto Gaho. The *Kwannon* has become famous throughout Japan greatly by reason of its being Hōgai's

zeppitsu, that is, the last work by the artist, whose genius was discovered by Ernest Fenollosa and became widely appreciated after his death. It has also deservedly won its place by the excellent effect the artist attained in the picture through his untiring efforts and also by the wonderful reproduction of it a few years ago by Sugawara Naonosuke in embroidery. We are told that when Hōgai once climbed Myōgizan with art students on a sketching tour and standing on the top of a towering precipice saw the clouds pass below him, he was deeply struck with the awe-inspiring grandeur of the commanding position where he stood and he remarked casually that it would be a splendid spot to place an image of Kwannon. The feeling of sublimity that such a position gave to a mind so susceptible to the power of Nature as Hōgai's haunted his mind until it finally impelled him to express that inspiration on silk in the painting in question as the crowning labour of his life. How much he had struggled with it can be seen by scores of drawings he left behind, which show the numerous



BENZAITEN (FAINTING ON THE DOOR PANEL OF A
ZUSHI OR PORTABLE SHRINE)
(Imperial School of Art, Tokyo)



"MOONLIGHT LANDSCAPE"

(Imperial School of Art, Tokyo)

BY HASHIMOTO GABŌ



"A TIGER IN A BAMBOO THICKET"

(Imperial School of Art, Tokyo)

BY SASSON



"HERMITS" (SOREN) (Imperial School of Art, Toba) BY SOGA SHOGAKU

alterations he made in the composition of the picture and in the pose and form of the Kwannon. He was nearly three years at the picture. The work shows his originality in attempting to express the light of mercy in the upper world in contrast with the shadowy darkness of the lower world.

Hogai's *Eagle* in monochrome, a monstrous bird perched on a rugged branch of a pine-tree, its fierce eyes fixed and its wings half-spread as in the attitude of darting after its prey, attracted much attention. Those fierce eyes—yet with some mysterious vagueness about them—are fixed, though not on any tangible object. The look, attitude and all gave almost an uncanny feeling to those who looked upon the picture. This was drawn by Hogai for Prince Ito when the latter became the first Premier of Japan. It was presented to him mainly for the purpose of enlisting the Premier's sympathy for the establishment of the art school, for which Hogai laboured so hard, though he did not live to see it actually started, having died only a few months previous to its opening.

In *Moonlight Landscape* by Hashimoto Gaho, the artist seems to have risen far above the ordinary realm of Japanese painting. It is indeed one of the masterpieces of that great artist. The *Chickens and Cherry Tree* by Kawabata Gyokusho has a

charm of its own. As mentioned in my notes on the school published in a recent number, these two last mentioned artists have done so much for the school and for the art world in general that their *monjin* recently presented to the school the bronze busts of both of them, which now stand in the garden where they loved to teach and guide the young students of art.

The section of *yoga* (western styles of painting) was no less interesting. It enabled one to trace the general growth of oil painting in Japan. There was a picture of a harbour and of the Oigawa by Shiba Kokan, who is popularly

looked upon as the first Japanese oil painter. Two oil landscapes by Nagata Zenkichi, several pictures by Charles Wirgman, a correspondent of "The Illustrated London News," who lived in Japan for the last thirty years of his life and gave lessons in oil painting in Yokohama, and by Antonio Fontanesi, who was employed by the Government to give instruction in oil painting, looked very interesting beside those of their pupils Kunizawa Shinkuro, Goseda Horyu, Takahashi Yuichi, and others. It was interesting to find a water-colour painting by Prince Tokugawa Keiki, the last of the Shoguns. The section also included works by Nakamura Seijuro, Harada Naojiro, Yamamoto Hosui, Asai Chu, Ando Churare, Honda Kinkichiro, Goseda Yoshimatsu, Watanabe Yuko, Matsuoka Hisashi, and Kawamura Kiyo-o.

The exhibition lasted only for three days, and most of the treasures were again stored away in the dark godown, to be kept there until some special occasion should present itself. The comprehensive character of this exhibition intensified the long-felt want of proper facilities for placing these art objects within the easy reach of the public. How beneficial they would be if only they could be always accessible. The need of additional public and private art museums is more keenly felt in Japan now than ever.

HARADA JIRO.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Les Soieries d'Art. By RAYMOND COX. (Paris : Hachette et Cie.)—This bulky volume, illustrated by a frontispiece in colour and one hundred plates in half-tone, forms a comprehensive survey of the history of artistic silk fabrics from the earliest times up to the present day. M. Raymond Cox, Directeur du Musée Historique des tissus de la Chambre de Commerce de Lyon, writes with authority on the subject, and he has based his study upon and drawn his illustrations from the very fine collection of silks in the Musée of which he is the Director, a collection started by the late M. Edouard Aynard, of the Institut, to whose memory the author dedicates this work, and founded with a view especially to the educative value that might be therefrom derived.

The Sport of Collecting. By SIR MARTIN CONWAY. (London : T. Fisher Unwin.) 5s. net.—In this book Sir Martin Conway gives an account of the way in which one imbued with the true spirit of collecting stalks and marks down his quarry and with care and patience brings it finally to earth. As one who has travelled far and wide, and whose knowledge would seem to be as extensive as have been his travels, Sir Martin has tales to tell of rare treasures acquired in many lands—from the Foppa discovered in the lumbered attic of an old painter-restorer in Brescia to the gilt bronze cat purchased from a little Arab boy when the huge cats' burying-ground with hundreds of thousands of mummies of these sacred animals was laid bare at Beni-Hasan. Lastly, after accounts of treasures unearthed and purchased in Italy, in Egypt, India, and Peru, of the Carpaccios discovered at St. Jean-de-Luz, of old furniture picked up in Switzerland, the author concludes with a chapter about the beautiful old ruined castle near Maidstone which he found, and having repaired and preserved has now made his home, and the repository of all those artistic treasures he has gathered together as the result of his devotion to the sport of collecting.

Art in Flanders. By MAX ROOSES. (London : William Heinemann.) 6s. net.—This handy little historical survey of the progress of art in Flanders—the latest of the series issued under the motto "Ars una, species mille"—is a reminder, if any be needed, of the brilliant part which that art has played in the history of civilisation. Its ancient cities, of which so much has been heard of late, are rich in priceless monuments of architecture, in famous paintings, and many other manifestations

of artistic activity, but alas! a considerable deduction will have now to be made from its treasures as a result of the devastating methods employed by the German army. The author of this handbook is director of the famous Plantin-Moretus Museum at Antwerp, and an acknowledged authority on the subject with which he deals. He pays special attention to the art of illumination and miniature painting in which the early artists of Flanders excelled, and in the final chapter, devoted to Belgian art in the nineteenth century, he testifies to the vigour and independence of the contemporary school which is worthily maintaining the traditions of the past. The six hundred odd illustrations accompanying his exposition, though small, are wonderfully clear and constitute an excellent panorama of the art history of the country.

A second and revised edition of Lewis F. Day's *Lettering in Ornament* has just been published by Mr. Batsford. The text of this handbook, which is a companion volume to *Alphabets Old and New*, is practically unchanged but the illustrations have been increased and otherwise revised. Mr. Batsford has also issued a fourth and revised edition of the excellent handbook of embroidery written by the late Mr. Day jointly with Mary Buckle, entitled *Art in Needlework*, in which, too, the illustrations have been amplified. Both volumes are published at 5s. net.

MODERN BOOK ILLUSTRATORS
AND THEIR WORK

THE Special Autumn Number of THE STUDIO, now nearly ready for publication, will have for its subject the art of the illustrator as exemplified in the drawings of the leading artists who have devoted special attention to this important branch of book production, and it will thus form a fitting sequel to the recent Special Number, "The Art of the Book," in which typography and the purely decorative features of the book were more especially dealt with. The new volume will be lavishly illustrated by reproductions of representative drawings in various mediums, and among them will be many which have so far not been published elsewhere. Having regard to the high standard attained by British artists in this field of work, the volume will be of exceptional interest alike to lovers of art in general and to students who contemplate following book-illustration as a profession.

Those of our readers in foreign countries who desire to order copies of this Special Number and experience any difficulty in placing their orders are requested to communicate direct with our London Offices, 44 Leicester Square.

The Lay Figure

THE LAY FIGURE: ON ART AND WAR.

"What a country is at war what becomes of its art?" asked the Man with the Red Tie. "In what way is it affected?"

"In a very definite way, I should think," replied the Plain Man. "War is a destructive process, and among the things which it destroys first are what I should call the subtleties of civilisation. Art is one of these subtleties, and, like all the rest of them, it can only flourish in times of peace."

"That is true to only a limited extent," broke in the Art Critic, "for there are plenty of instances in history of warlike nations which have been distinguished by their artistic achievement, and which have done great things in art even while they have been at war."

"But surely art can only flourish when a nation is quiet and prosperous," cried the Plain Man. "Who would have time to think about art when men are fighting: who would have the money to spend upon it when all the resources of the people at large are being called upon to meet the cost of war?"

"That is your one idea," objected the Man with the Red Tie. "You look upon art as a mere luxury, as a thing which can only exist when a nation is at ease. That is, it is true, a very common notion, but does it never occur to you that art can be the expression of a national sentiment and therefore that it can be as much alive and active in times of stress and danger as in periods of peace and security?"

"Of course art is a luxury," scoffed the Plain Man; "and like other luxuries it has to be sacrificed when the resources of a nation are strained by war."

"I do not agree with you," returned the Critic. "The turmoil of battle no doubt diverts temporarily the mind of the nation from artistic questions and the artist suffers for the moment: but as art is certainly the expression of a national sentiment it is stimulated by war in just the same degree as are all the other national aspirations."

"Do you really believe that war benefits art in the long run?" questioned the Plain Man. "I should have said that war wiped out art so completely that the artist had as a matter of fact to begin again and to build up art once more from its very foundation."

"It would take too long to discuss the ethics of war and to explain the effect it has upon the

national spirit," said the Critic; "but there is, I am certain, no permanent harm done to art by the spread of warlike sentiment. Indeed, I am sure it is helped to shed the parasitic trivialities which have grown about it in times of peace and that it is strengthened and purified for the work it has to do."

"And when its opportunity comes again it is, you mean, in a better condition than it was before to make the most of it," suggested the Man with the Red Tie.

"Precisely: that is just what I do mean," agreed the Critic. "In times of peace, art, like all the other national ideas, becomes stereotyped and somnolent: it loses its initiative, it is thrown back upon itself, and it wastes its energies in petty squabbles. The rude shock of war makes it suffer, but out of the suffering there presently emerges a higher and more manly ideal, and the striving to realise this ideal leads to finer and more vital accomplishment."

"That seems to me to be nothing more than pretty sentiment," sneered the Plain Man. "What I should like to know is where the practical result comes in."

"Where, perhaps, you would least expect it," replied the Critic; "in the competition among nations. The industrial arts of a country are the most likely of all to lose their vitality when that country has been living for a long period in peace and prosperity: and when the industrial arts of a nation weaken it is almost certain to be driven out of the commercial field by other nations which are more energetic and more progressive. The sudden transition from peace to war rouses the fighting spirit of the people and renews in it the idea that it must make great efforts if it is to be successful in maintaining its place."

"It is reminded, in fact, that commercial competition is, or should be, a perpetual state of war, and that 'eternal vigilance' must be the watchword if it is to be effective," commented the Man with the Red Tie.

"That is exactly what I mean," said the Critic; "and it is particularly in the industrial arts that the greatest victories of one nation over another can be won. The stimulus of nations at war rouses the leaders of art to fight their own battles, to organise their own forces, to seize the opportunities that are offered to them, and by sound strategy to recover the positions from which they have been driven. That is the way in which war helps art and the history of all great nations furnishes confirmatory evidence." THE LAY FIGURE.

SOME FAMOUS MINIATURES IN
THE PIERPONT MORGAN
COLLECTION.—THE WHITE
COSWAY.

[As the frontispiece to this month's issue, we present to our readers the first of a series of reproductions of some of the famous miniatures from the collection of the late Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan. The sumptuously illustrated catalogue of this collection in four folio volumes, compiled for Mr. Morgan by Dr. G. C. Williamson, was to have been supplemented by a fifth volume, but owing to Mr. Morgan's decease this intention was not carried out, and Dr. Williamson has placed at our disposal the illustrations which were prepared for Mr. Morgan of his latest acquisitions, and which have not been used in any catalogue whatever. They represent portraits of various periods and by various artists, but are all works of unusually high merit and importance, and Dr. Williamson will contribute some notes concerning them.]

Some twenty years ago, when gathering up information for my book on Richard Cosway, the famous miniature painter, I heard from various sources of the existence of one of his finest portraits in Ireland, and was told that this particular miniature differed in almost every respect from Cosway's ordinary work, and had been pronounced by capable judges to be one of the best things he ever painted. I made a great many inquiries concerning this missing portrait, which was said to be the portrait of Lady Eleanor Butler, Lord Ormonde's daughter, and eventually, through the assistance of the Hon. Mrs. Burrell, the miniature was traced, being found in the possession of Miss Grace Butler. It was brought over for me to look at, and I was then told the story respecting it, which was to the effect that when the young damsel came over to London to be presented at the Prince Regent's court she created a great sensation by her remarkable beauty. At the request of her family she sat for her miniature to Cosway, and, according to the family statement, he is said to have made more than twenty sketches for the portrait without being able to satisfy himself that he was going to produce a really pleasing likeness. He then decided one morning, when the girl came for a sitting, to put aside all his sketches, and to use none of his ordinary colours, but to paint the portrait direct upon plain white ivory, stating that only in that way could he do justice to the peculiar characteristics of her beauty.

The story of the vicissitudes of the titles belonging to the Ormonde family is of some interest. The family have possessed from time to time very many titles, including a Dukedom, but those held by James, second Duke of Ormonde, who was Lord High Constable of England at the time of William and Mary, were considered as forfeited under the Act of Attainder, by which his honours were extinguished for high treason, and the titles remained dormant until in 1791 they were claimed by his successors, on the ground that the Irish Act of Attainder affected the estates only, and not the titles, in which the Irish House of Lords concurred. In consequence of this decision, John, the brother of the girl who is represented in the White Cosway, became *de facto* 17th Earl of Ormonde, but he was not able at that time to furnish any evidence of his rights to the dormant Baronies of Butler and Arklow. It was his son, Walter, created Marquess of Ormonde in 1816, who became Baron Butler, and these two titles are now used by the family, with subsequent additions. When John Butler became 17th Earl of Ormonde in 1791, his father, who had always claimed to be *de jure* 16th Earl of Ormonde but had never used the title, was dead, but his children were living, and Eleanor and her two sisters were given the rank and precedence of Earl's daughters, so that, although the girl who is depicted in the miniature was born simply Eleanor Butler, she became in 1791 Lady Eleanor Butler.

She had a strange history. Several years before her brother obtained his rightful position she had become very close friends with Miss Sarah Ponsonby, the daughter of a cousin of the Earl of Bessborough, and the two ladies had determined that they would retire from the gay world and live together in absolute isolation from Society. It has been said that they were both of exactly the same age, born on the same day of the same year, in the same place, and that they lost their parents at the very same time, but it does not seem to be likely that this was the case, and the obituary notice of Miss Ponsonby in the "Gentleman's Magazine" implied that she was some ten years younger than Lady Eleanor. The two young ladies were both of them of determined, not to say of eccentric, ideas. They were strongly dissuaded from their plan by their relatives, and on one, if not on two occasions, they were brought back again to their homes after they had left, but they were determined to carry out their intention, and, accompanied by a faithful maidservant named Mary Caryll, they took a cottage in the Vale of Llangollen, and settled down there, practically

Charles Sargeant Jagger, Sculptor

relinquishing their names, and being just known as "the Ladies of the Vale." There they lived for fifty years, and never left the cottage for a single night until they died. They were strange and curious in their habits. Their costume was of a semi-masculine character. They were devoted to one another, and created a sensation in their immediate neighbourhood. They were visited by all sorts of literary people, poems and rhymes were written about them, visitors to that part of Wales sought an introduction to them, they were flattered by foreigners of distinction, and were regarded as persons of literary importance and extraordinary genius. Their genius was more or less of the nature of an eccentricity, although they kept up a clever correspondence with literary people in Europe, and proved themselves to be adepts at letter-writing, and not without some ingenuity and skill.

They died within a short interval of one another, Lady Eleanor passing away on June 2, 1829, and her companion, Miss Ponsonby, on December 8, 1831. The servant died shortly before Lady Eleanor, and all three of the strange recluses were buried in one tomb, and a triangular monument is still to be seen in Plasnewydd churchyard, inscribed with their names and with information concerning them. Their portraits were frequently painted, and many drawings were made of their cottage.

Lady Eleanor appears to have taken a strong antipathy to Cosway's portrait, and refused to have anything to do with it, because it recalled what she was pleased to term the frivolous time of her life. She gave it to her brother. He had married the only surviving child and sole heir of John, Earl of Wandesford, and from this lady it passed into the possession of Miss Grace Butler and eventually to Lord James Wandesford Butler, to whom Miss Butler left it because of the fact that her kinsman held the name of Wandesford, and she felt that as the portrait had belonged to Lady Ormonde it should come into the possession of some one who held Lady Ormonde's maiden name. At the death of Lord James Wandesford Butler the miniature was sold in Ireland, and with it was sold another exceedingly beautiful miniature by Cosway, representing Anne, Countess of Ormonde, which was set in a remarkable frame, having an Earl's coronet at the top of it. This miniature had been shown to me with the White Cosway, and was illustrated in my book on Cosway, but it disappeared at the time of the death of Lord James, and has never been heard of since. It would be a great treasure for some one to find. The possessions of Lord

James were sold by his housekeeper in a very hurried fashion. The White Cosway was bought by Mr. Bemrose, and was in his possession for some little time, although he did not know anything about it until I saw it and told him its history. He illustrated it in his privately printed catalogue, and at his decease it came into the possession of Mr. Morgan. Mr. Morgan so greatly admired it that he had a very special frame made for it, of black and white pearls, set in a beautiful design, and also a velvet-lined case, so that the miniature might stand on his own writing-table, in front of him, and there it was at the time of his decease. It has been pronounced to be one of the most wonderful miniatures Cosway ever painted, and its extreme delicacy and beauty almost defy reproduction.

GEORGE C. WILLIAMSON.

A RISING BRITISH SCULPTOR; CHARLES SARGEANT JAGGER BY I. G. McALLISTER.

THE Royal College of Art is noted for the high achievements of its pupils, and this year it has again added to the triumph of Englishmen in Rome by producing the winner of the Grand Prix in the person of Mr. Charles Sargeant Jagger.

My first impression of his work was received three years ago, during his student days under Prof. Lanteri. He was then busily engaged on a sculptural relief, illustrating Rossetti's Blessed Damosel, which struck me as possessing certain qualities quite apart from the ordinary, and when



DESIGN FOR MEDAL OF THE WELSH NATIONAL MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION. BY C. S. JAGGER



"RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL."
DESIGN FOR A RELIEF BY
CHARLES SARGEANT JAGGER.

Charles Sargeant Jagger, Sculptor

writing at the time on modern sculpture I expressed the conviction that Jagger was destined to occupy a high place amongst sculptors at no very distant date. This prediction is now being verified in a series of poetical themes, showing an individual and vigorous personality.

Mr. Jagger is modest in the hour of his success, and though he can discourse eloquently on the Greek sculptures, art in the abstract, and such eminent masters as Rodin and Gilbert, for whom he has an unbounded admiration, he is very averse to talking of his own achievements, for he never experiences any glow of satisfaction from his own efforts. But the "divine discontent" is the heritage of the true striver after perfection, the reason doubtless being that the artist's vision grows larger as he advances in power, consequently it leaves him always the same distance from his great ideals as on the first day that he started to tread the thorny path of art.

It has been said that all art is the outcome of its own environment, and in a sense this applies to individuals as well as nations. It is always interesting to trace the early influences which shape the career of the artist. A native of Yorkshire, Mr. Jagger spent his earliest years in the busy

industrial centre, Sheffield, and though such an environment would seem to be at variance with the artistic temperament, yet the revivifying effect of a city's ever-changing influences has the same value to the sculptor as to the dramatist in kindling the vital spark.

His first introduction to plastic art was an incident of his childhood which stands out in his memory very clearly. Wandering with his father on Whitby Sands one day they came across a man modelling a sphinx in the clay indigenous to the locality, and as they watched the process the idea arose in the boy's mind that he must be a sculptor, and he distinctly remembers the thrill of happiness which accompanied a decision from which he never once wavered. Later on he must have encountered the toil inseparable from the sculptor's life with its many difficulties and hours of discouragement, for "art is not a pleasure trip: it is a battle and a mill that grinds." Yet he never regretted his early choice of a profession, and as events have turned out he has no reason to do so now.

His school-days were an ordeal to him, and he can sympathise with the poet Keats, who never knew his lessons, and was always at the bottom of



DESIGN FOR A TOMB (ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART DIPLOMA WORK)

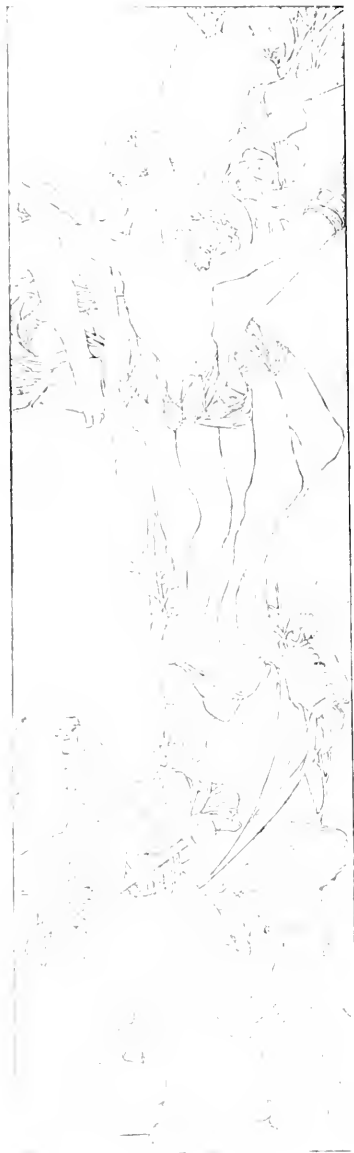
BY CHARLES SARGEANT JAGGER



STUDY FROM LIFE. BY
CHARLES SARGEANT JAGGER



STUDY FROM LIFE. BY
CHARLES SARGEANT JAGGER



"CHRISTIAN VANDALISM." DESIGN FOR
RELIEF BY C. SARGEANT JAGGER



DESIGN FOR RELIEF. BY
CHARLES SARGEANT JAGGER

Charles Sargeant Jagger, Sculptor



WORKING DESIGN FOR RELIEF

BY CHARLES SARGEANT JAGGER

his class. It is surely an indictment of school systems that so few of the men who have risen above their fellow men, should have found little or no pleasure in recalling their school-days.

But when Jagger was placed at the Sheffield Art School he made rapid progress at once. He first of all learnt drawing, and became a metal engraver, then he turned to modelling in the claytime, and taught drawing at evening-classes. He was leading a very strenuous life at this period, for he was also learning to express what was in his mind, and he soon produced some remarkable work such as *Man and the Maelstrom* and *Prometheus Bound*, both of which were created before he was eighteen.

About this time he was greatly influenced by Rodin and Alfred Gilbert. Though finding the Greeks wonderful, Mr. Jagger looked for something they lacked, and is to-day more in sympathy with the aims of the modern schools. He was soon, however, to pass beyond any other's influence and create himself. "Be your own star" is Gilbert's oft-repeated admonition to young artists, and Jagger realised that vital sculpture depends upon absolute sincerity, and that it must spring from the deepest emotions of the artist.

It was almost inevitable that Mr. Jagger should come under the notice of Prof. Lanteri, since nearly all the best talent from the provinces finds its way to the Royal College of Art, South Kensington, in time. Having gained the School Scholarship, Jagger came to London, and this was the most fortunate thing that could have happened to him.

He speaks very gratefully of the seven valuable years that followed. Prof. Lanteri has a rare genius for teaching. He never tries to bend any budding individuality out of its evident native tendency; he watches it with the greatest sympathy (the student being all unconscious that he is being closely observed), and he endeavours to fortify it by directing the attention of the student to the greatest that has been done in like kind. He sees

to the heart of the work, and the magnitude, or otherwise, of a student's efforts, and no real merit escapes him however inadequately expressed. When Mr. Jagger first entered the Royal College he received no criti-

cisms for some time, but Prof. Lanteri knew what he was capable of doing better than he did himself. It is thus that he diagnoses each pupil's case.

Mr. Jagger gained several prizes, and the Travelling Scholarship for a bronze door design, made for a private art collection. He spent some months in



DESIGN FOR A BRONZE DOOR

BY CHARLES SARGEANT JAGGER



"... HOW SWEET IS MORTAL SOVRANTY! "—THINK SOME
OTHERS— HOW BLESSED THE PARADISE TO COME!
AH, TAKE THE CASH IN HAND AND WAIVE THE REST;
OH, THE BRAVE MUSIC OF A *DISTANT* DRUM!"

OMAR KHAYYAM.

FROM A DRAWING BY CHARLES SARGEANT JAGGER.



“A MAKER OF MODELLING TOOLS.” FROM
A LEAD-PENCIL DRAWING BY C. S. JAGGER

Charles Sargeant Jagger, Sculptor



SILVER PENDANT SET WITH PRECIOUS STONES. BY C. S. JAGGER

Rome and Venice, and one can imagine what a joy this visit must have proved to the young sculptor; he found motives here for some later works. For example, the pencil drawing *Christian Vandalism* was suggested by seeing some of the priceless works of art in Venice which had been destroyed by ruthless and bigoted iconoclasts. Mr. Jagger has shown great skill in the composition and treatment of this subject. He draws in an understanding way, and his wonderful knowledge of form enables him to express his meaning very clearly, but his technical skill is simply a means of expression, and he makes it subordinate to greater things. His drawing in sanguine chalk, of an illustration called *Return of the Prodigal* is full of strength and dramatic feeling; indeed it has the quality that touches the highest human emotions. That of Francis, an old toolmaker, was hastily done in a few minutes, just on the spur of the moment, when the model happened to be reading a paper in the college hall. The pencil drawing of Prof. Lantéri is a subtle living presentment, as all who know the professor will agree.

Bacchanalian subjects have an attraction for Mr. Jagger, as giving plenty of scope for the imaginative faculty with which he is well endowed. One sees it at work in the small drawing in sanguine chalk reproduced among the accompany-

ing illustrations; there is something of Carpeaux's spirit in the joyous quality of life and movement and living flesh, whilst the arrangement and variety of types, and above all the ease with which it is done cannot fail to arrest attention. The same qualities are to be observed in his sculpture. His *Cathal and the Woodfolk* exhibited this year at Burlington House, though classical in treatment, has the unique quality of being very much alive; in fact the whole work is instinct with life and movement to a degree that is particularly noticeable. One is struck by the variety of types, nor will the naturally expressed action of the young girl on the right, with the unconventional treatment of the pose of the arm and hand, be overlooked. Another thing which occurs to one's notice is the perfect modelling of the smallest detail, the sure outcome of a well-disciplined power of observation, and a very sound technical training. Very expressive are the feet and hands of each separate figure in the group. One is irresistibly reminded of youth and *joie de vivre* in this piece of work. The *Study of a Girl*



"TORFRIDA" (STATUETTE)

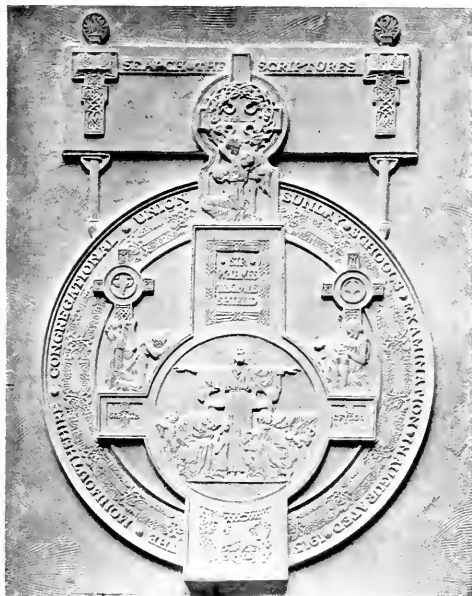
BY CHARLES SARGEANT JAGGER



"PROFESSOR LANTÉRI," FROM A LEAD-
PENCIL DRAWING BY C. S. JAGGER



"CATHAL AND THE WOODFOLK"
BY CHARLES SARGEANT JAGGER



DESIGN FOR A SHIELD

BY C. S. JAGGER

from Life was also exhibited at the Royal Academy, and again the quality of living flesh is apparent, as it is also in the male study from the life. In the statuette called *Torfrida* the arrangement of drapery is unique; the material falls in most unstudied folds without any conventional prearrangement; yet the effect is good. It is a dramatic and convincing work, and the beautiful face of the wife of Hereward the Wake expresses intense sorrow and tragedy. A joyous feeling of youth and life is found in the relief called *Spring*, a composition full of charming figures.

The illustrations show examples of Mr. Jagger's skill in various mediums, for he does not limit himself to any one branch, but expresses his ideas in clay and marble, engraving on metal, drawings in pencil and chalk, in silver, as the *Design for a Shield*, and he delights in making jewellery. An example is shown of a fairy-like pendant in silver set with precious stones, but except as a pastime he is not likely to do much of this class of work, for larger and more serious things claim his attention.

Mr. Jagger has many things in his favour: he has begun well, he is young and consequently has plenty of time before him. Above all, he has had a training in art such as less fortunate students

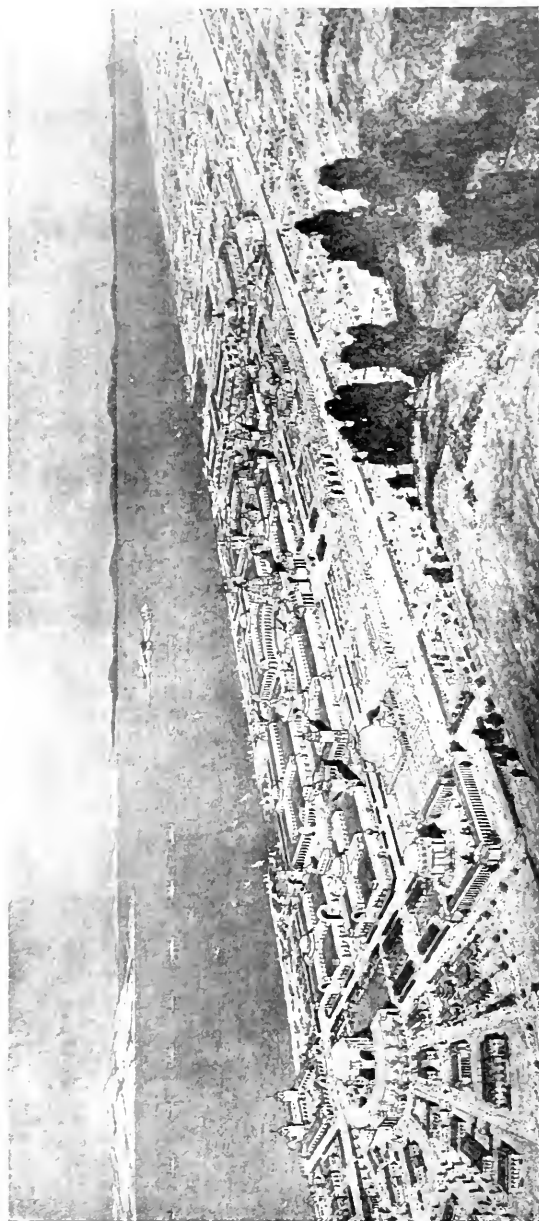
might well envy, and it is an excellent sign that he delights in hard work—he is always learning. He will therefore do greater things yet, for he has not come to his full strength.

THE PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, SAN FRANCISCO, 1915.

THE year that is now drawing to a close will be for ever remarkable for two events without parallel in the world's history and fraught with immense significance for the future. The keynote of one is Destruction; of the other Construction. In the Old World the great nations, with their millions of men in arms, are in the throes of a struggle compared with which all wars in the past pale into insignificance, and the cost in lives and money is almost incalculable. In the New World, on the other hand, the year 1914 has witnessed the effective completion of the greatest constructive undertaking of all time—the Panama Canal—that

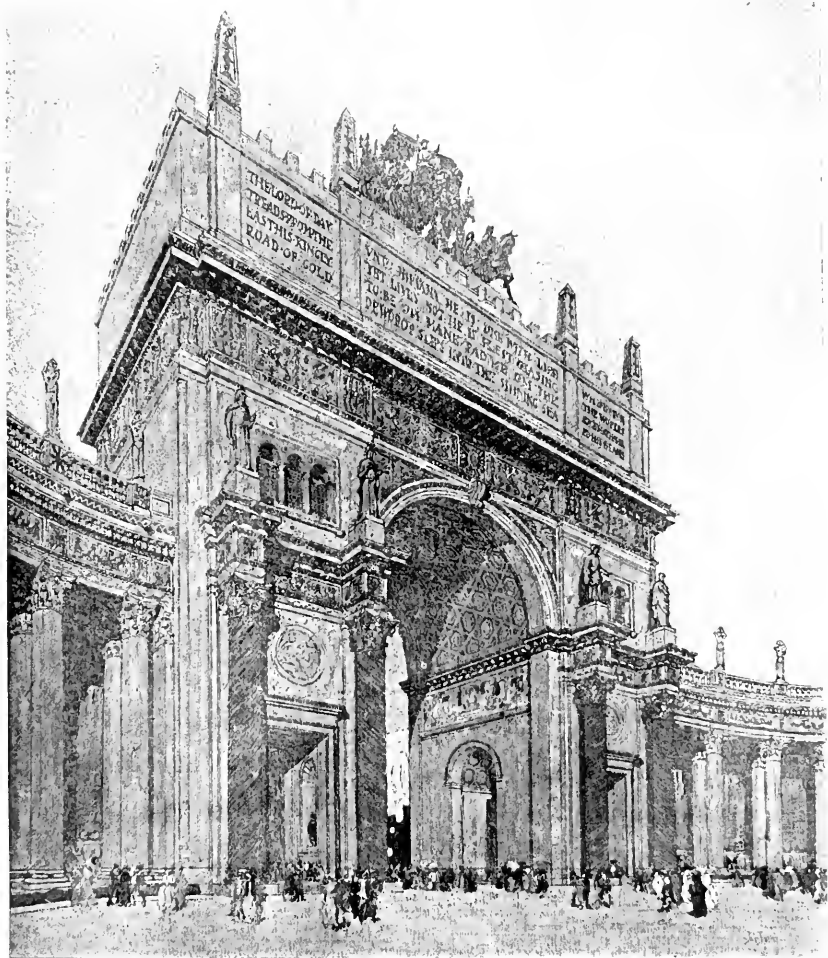
magnificent "wonder of work" which has elicited the admiration of the whole world.

To commemorate this latter event an international exposition on a scale befitting its vast importance will be held during the greater part of next year at San Francisco. Its site has a frontage of two miles on San Francisco Bay and an average depth of half a mile, and upon this site a large number of imposing buildings have been erected from the designs of leading American architects. Some idea of the proportions and appearance of these palatial buildings, as well as of the general plan of the exposition, will be obtained from the accompanying illustrations, which are reproduced by courtesy of the Panama-Pacific Exposition Company from the perspectives executed by the well-known artist Jules Guérin. The Fine Arts will be liberally represented in this exposition, a special palace having been erected for the purpose, and elsewhere there will be a comprehensive display of art as applied to the needs of industry. As a whole the exposition will constitute a great monument of the peaceful activities of mankind as carried on in the twentieth century—for with few exceptions the products exhibited will be not older than the year 1905.



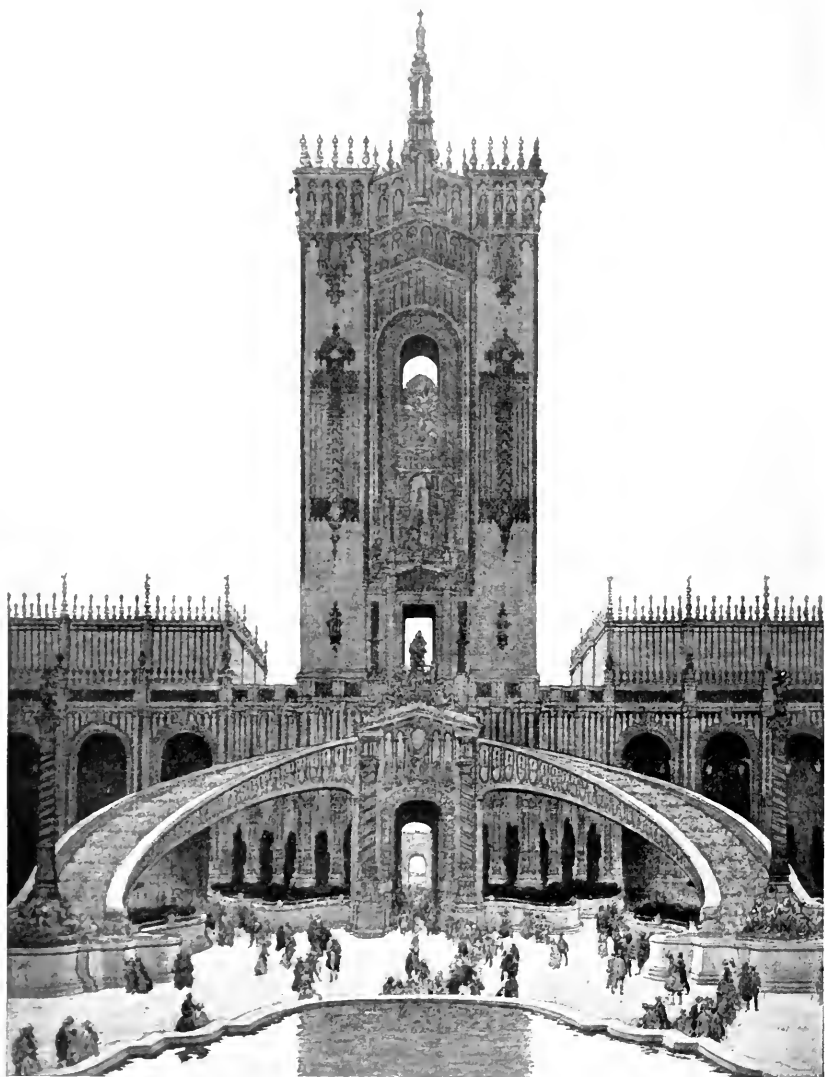
GENERAL VIEW OF THE PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, SAN FRANCISCO. FROM A DRAWING BY JULES GUERIN

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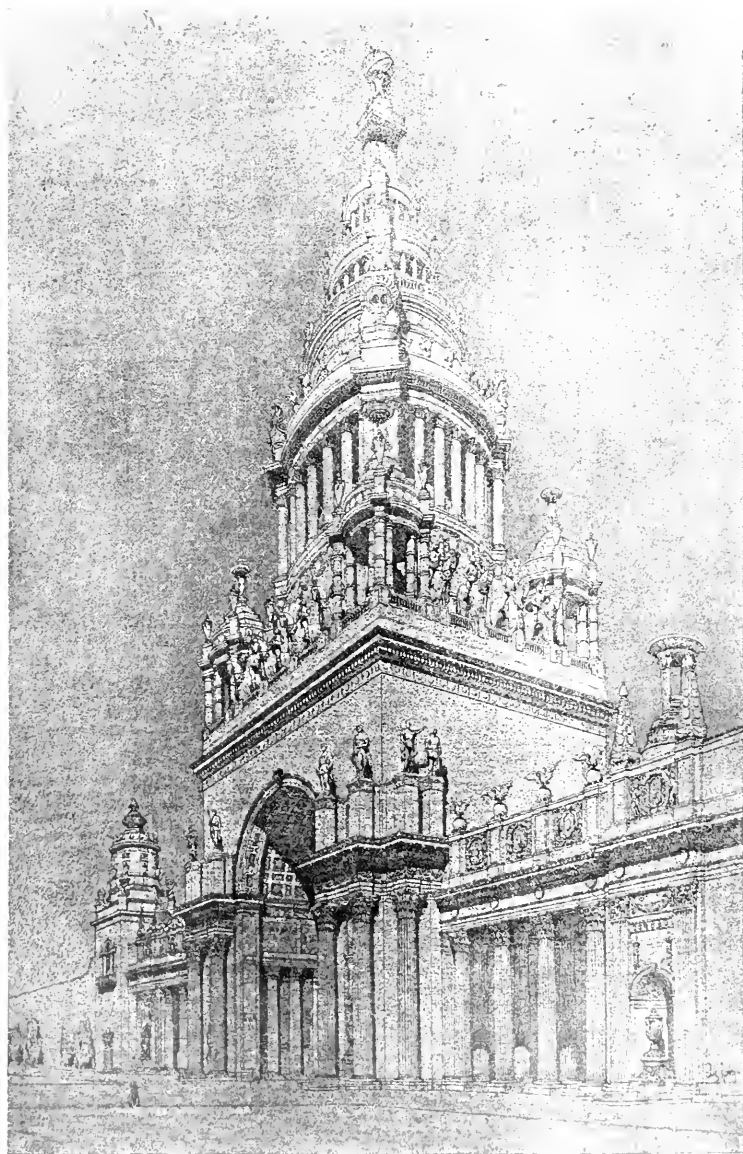
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ARCH DESIGNED BY MESSRS. MCKIM,
MEADE AND WHITE. FROM A
DRAWING BY JULES GUÉRIN



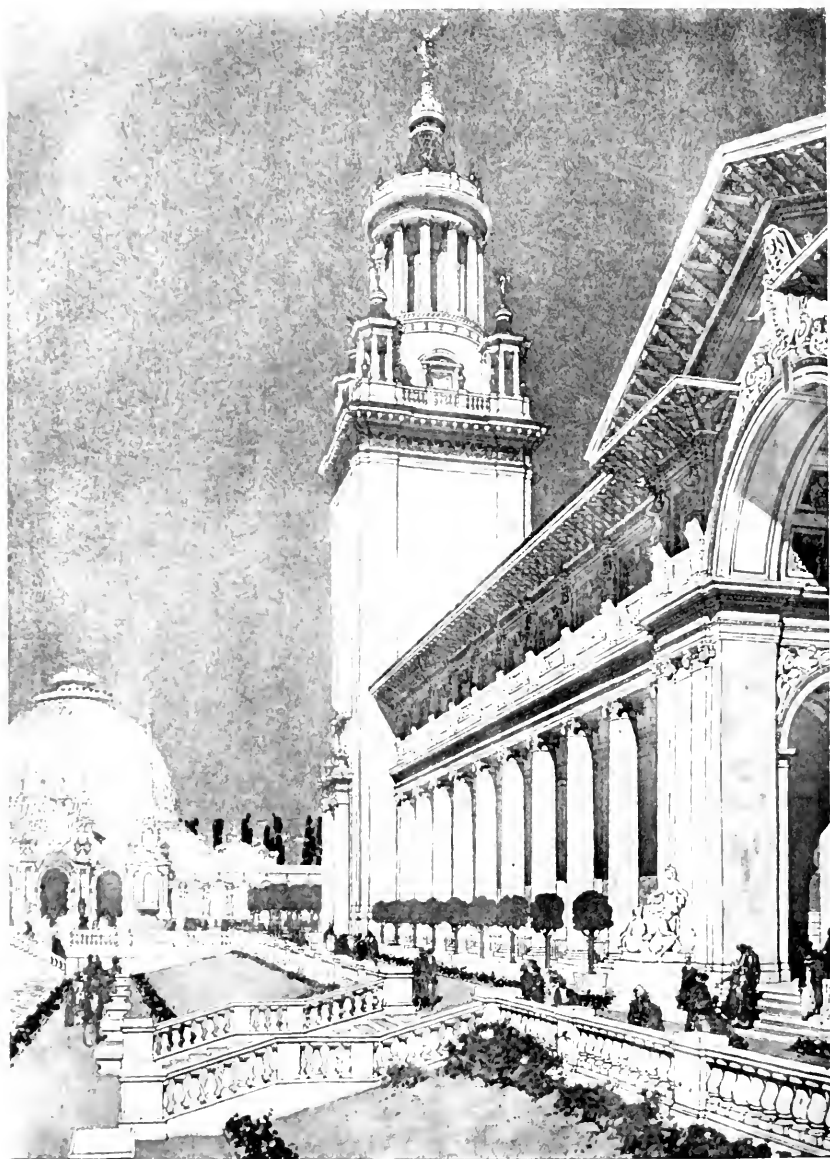
FESTIVAL COURT DESIGNED BY
LEWIS MULLGARDT. FROM
A DRAWING BY JULES GUÉRIN

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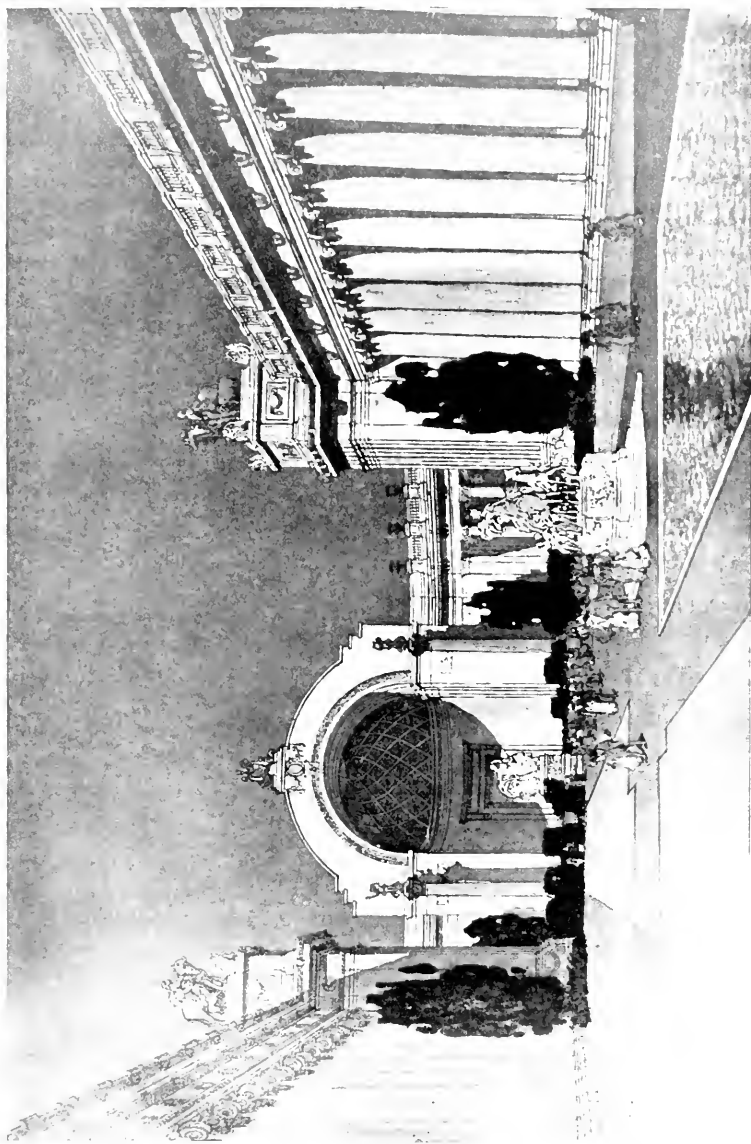
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ENTRANCE TOWER DESIGNED BY
CARRERA AND HASTINGS, ARCHITECTS.
FROM A DRAWING BY JULES GUÉRIN



SOUTHERN COURT, DESIGNED BY
GEORGE KELHAM, ARCHITECT. FROM
A DRAWING BY JULES GUÉRIN

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COURT DESIGNED BY HENRY BACON.
FROM A DRAWING BY JULES GUÉRIN

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R. Gwelo Goodman, Painter

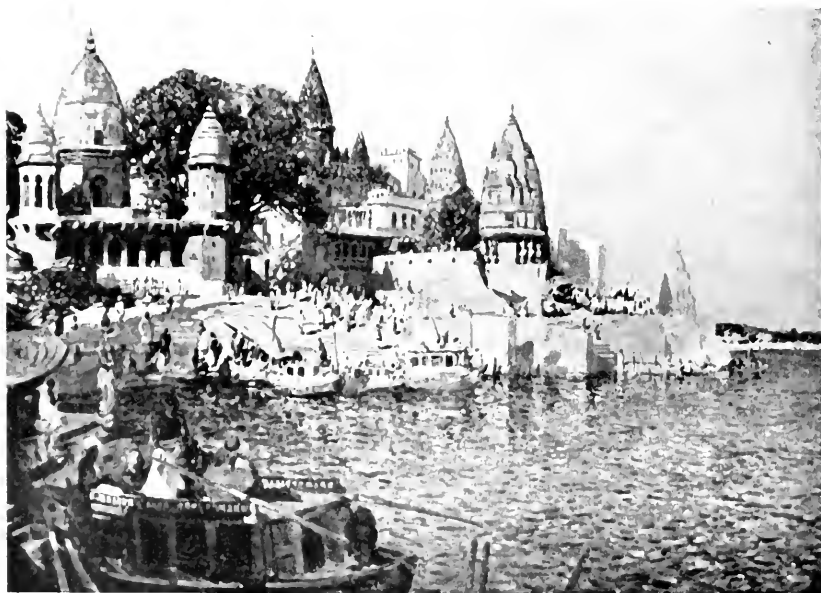
**A SOUTH AFRICAN PAINTER :
R. GWELO GOODMAN.**

To what extent early associations count in the formation of an artist's personality is always an interesting subject for speculation. It seems at first sight so probable that the surroundings in which a youth is brought up and the experiences he goes through in his boyhood will affect the development of his character, that most people are inclined to ascribe the manner in which an artist expresses himself to the influences under which he came during the first few years of his life. That there is any such connection is, however, very open to question, for it would be possible to quote quite as many instances of men achieving greatness in art in spite of the utterly unhelpful conditions of their childhood as of artists who have been encouraged by suitable assistance in their early years.

It can, perhaps, be said that what a man has gone through in his childhood leaves a mark upon his character for the rest of his life and that his first associations determine the direction of his later mental growth. If he has been accustomed to

fight against difficulties he will have a stronger nature and a more virile temperament; and, as a consequence, he will be more likely to succeed in whatever profession he takes up. It is probable, for example, that he will be a better artist—more enterprising and more original than the average of his fellows—if the circumstances of his youth have taught him to be self-reliant and to think for himself, to form his own convictions rather than to borrow them from other people. But neither a good start nor a bad will make a real artist of him unless the artistic faculty is in him from his birth.

Certainly, in the case of Mr. Robert Gwelo Goodman, it is apparent that only a very considerable natural endowment could have made of him an artist so able and so accomplished as he is to-day; only an innate faculty would have responded so soundly to the stimulus of a well-directed training in the details of artistic practice. But it is quite possible that something of his originality and something of the energy with which he follows his profession can be set down to a birth and upbringing in a new country and to close contact at an impressionable period of his life with men who



WARM ON THE BOONIES OF A EWEL—BENAKES

(The property of Mr. Waddingham)

BY R. GWELO GOODMAN



"WESTMORLAND," BY R. GWILO GOODMAN

were striving against difficulties in the ordering and arranging of a new state.

Mr. Goodman was born in Cape Colony, and when his schooldays were over he began what was supposed to be his right career by entering the local Civil Service. But a very brief experience of official work sufficed to prove that he had made a false start: his love of art, strong in him from his earliest years, was not to be denied, and it pointed clearly the direction in which he was to seek his place in the world. So, under the guidance of a teacher of much ability and high ideals, Mr. J. S. Morland, he set very seriously to work and soon showed by his keen response to the tuition he received and by his indefatigable efforts to master the most exacting problems of practice that there was ample justification for his ambitions. Even at that stage of his development he gave no uncertain promise of future eminence in the profession of art.

He achieved, in fact, such satisfying results that

he was offered by a friend the opportunity of completing his training by a three years' course of study at one of the European art centres. Naturally enough this offer was readily accepted, and in 1896 he journeyed to Paris prepared to turn to the fullest account the opportunities which were open to him there. In the French studios he quickly made his mark—he gained a medal during the first year of his residence in Paris—and though after the lapse of eighteen months he was thrown upon his own resources by the failure of the allowance which had been promised him, he was able to carry out with much credit to himself nearly the full term of study which he had originally proposed. That he had many difficulties to contend with during the latter part of the stay in Paris and that he only won through after a stiff fight can well be imagined, but he faced the position with unquestionable courage and overcame with characteristic energy all the obstacles in the way of his progress.



"DOWN THE VALLEY WITH—SOUTH AFRICA"

BY R. GWELO GOODMAN



"THE WALLS OF ENGLAND"
BY R. GWELO GOODMAN

In 1898 he came to London, where he has made his headquarters ever since; and in 1899 he appeared for the first time at the Royal Academy.

He exhibited three pictures in that year—and again in 1900 he showed a large canvas, *The Diver*, in which he handled with marked success the problem of flesh painting in the air. His work attracted immediate attention: unlike most painters, who have to build up a reputation by slow and painful stages, he made good his claim to consideration at once, and as the years have gone on his reputation has steadily advanced. He ranks now among the ablest of our younger painters of landscape and open-air subjects, for though at first he produced several figure pictures and some portraits, he has latterly devoted himself almost entirely to landscape.

That his work is very widely appreciated is made evident enough by the large number of his paintings which have already found their way into public galleries in England and abroad, and by the still larger number which have been acquired by private collectors. He is represented in the Liverpool,

Dudley, Southport, Huddersfield, and Oldham municipal collections as well as in the galleries at Toronto, Ottawa, and Cape Town: he has a host of admirers who seem always ready to back their opinion of his pictures in the most practical manner possible; and that his fellow artists think well of him is shown plainly by the prominent positions given to the things he sends to the more important exhibitions. Altogether, there can be no doubt that he is to be counted as a definitely prominent figure in the art world of to-day.

There is, however, not the least reason for surprise at his success. The position he has earned is honestly due to him as a reward for his exceptional capacity, his amazing energy, and his remarkable originality and independence of outlook. He has a masterly control over details of technical practice, and his skill in handling various mediums is especially satisfying—the decision and freedom of his oil paintings, the breadth and certainty of his water-colours, and the freshness and power of his pastel paintings claim the sincerest approval. He



"THE GREAT BEYOND—DARJEELING."

BY R. GWELO GOODMAN



"FULL OF FLUSHED HEAT—TULBAGH, SOUTH AFRICA"

BY R. GWELO GOODMAN

is, too, a singularly sympathetic and sensitive observer of nature : and he has a temperamental gift of selection which enables him not only to choose the best type of material but also to handle it in the way that will express most significantly its sentiment and meaning. There is never anything commonplace or obvious in his work : it has a consistent atmosphere of dignified style, and it always presents the most impressive aspect of the pictorial motive.

His strong sense of style, indeed, gives distinction to the whole of his production : and it is the more to be welcomed because it is plainly the outcome of a genuine conviction and has no taint of artificiality. Through it he reveals his individuality, his mental attitude towards his art and his appreciation of the responsibility which rests upon him as an interpreter and transcriber of nature's realities. That his style is vigorous, confident, and full of vitality, that it makes no compromises and insists upon being accepted at its full

value, can be taken as a natural consequence of his upbringing and experiences of life. A tentative view of existence would scarcely be possible to a man who has fought his way to the front in the way that he was compelled to by circumstances : and tentativeness in his art would be equally impossible to a worker with such a temperament as he possesses. Certainly, he has the power of translating his material into the form which most clearly expresses his personal preference in pictorial art. He asserts, in fact, his individuality in the strongest possible way : but this assertion never degenerates into a mannerism, and always reflects convincingly the impression which has been made upon him by his subject. It is especially this response of his personality to what nature suggests that makes his art so interesting and gives it so frank an appeal : for only the painter who himself feels deeply can make other people feel what are his objects and his intentions.

W. K. WEST.

Exhibition of the Royal Glasgow Institute

THE FIFTY-THIRD EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL GLASGOW INSTITUTE.

THE Council of the Royal Glasgow Institute of The Fine Arts were well advised in holding the fifty third Exhibition during the war year, thus maintaining unbroken continuity, and at the same time helping to distract public attention from International affairs. The pictures hung are varied and interesting, the loaned section, always important, includes a remarkable Zoffany, the property of R. A. Oswald, Esq., of Auchincruive; two subtly phrased Chardins belonging to the Glasgow University; a James Maris from the National Gallery of Scotland; a Blommers lent by R. H. Brechin, Esq., J.P.; Herkomer's well-known *Last Muster*; and Maurice Greiffenhagen's sumptuously toned *Women at the Lake*, purchased for the nation by the trustees of the Chantrey Bequest Fund.

Amongst examples of the art of recently deceased Glasgow artists, the hanging of which is a customary graceful tribute, are three characteristic works by J. L. Christie, eloquent of his genius when in the plenitude of his powers; and an unfinished Marine Study by R. M. G. Coventry, A.R.S.A., instinct with the spirit and atmosphere of the sea.

In Portraiture, if there be unequal merit, there is abounding interest. Of two contributions by Sir James Guthrie, President of the Royal Scottish Academy, the three-quarter length of Dr. A. Stodart Walker, already reproduced in these pages, is the more arresting; it is subtle, spontaneous, and rich in the qualities in which the president is supreme. Mr. John Lavery, A.R.A., has two characteristic portraits, *Princess Patricia* and *A Lady in Black*; and Mr. George Henry, A.R.A., shows his luminously phrased *Sir Clements Robert Markham, K.C.B.*, remarkable in modelling and tonally interesting, the note of charming red in the ribbon carrying the insignia being a feature.

Portraits locally interesting are Mr. E. A. Walton's *Sir Andrew Pettigrew*; Mr. W. Somerville Shank's *Mrs. John S. Young*; and especially the fine work of Mr. William Findlay and Mr. J. B. Anderson, two younger members of the Glasgow School commissioned to execute portraits of the Lord Provost.

In figure pictures, *Constance*, by Mr. James Paterson, R.S.A., R.W.S., is conspicuous by reason of its sensitive quality and its decorative charm. The subject has made special appeal to the artist, who is here seen in his most sympathetic mood. Most versatile of painters he reaches antithetical extreme in his other contribution, *In the Heart of*



"SNOW IN APRIL."

BY GEORGE HOUSTON, A.R.S.A.



"THE RAINBOW." BY
E. A. WALTON, R.S.A.



LADY BETTY, BY
ANDREW LAW

Exhibition of the Royal Glasgow Institute

the Coolins, the austerity of which, cleverly conveyed, is almost repelling. Most interesting of the works shown by Mr. Fra H. Newbery, A.R.C.A., the Director of the Glasgow School of Art, is *The Oriental*, which, alike in technique, tone, and sartorial fidelity, is convincing. A recently elected member of the Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Water Colour sends a large oil, *The Mirror*, an ambitious and successful study of the reflected nude in a decorative environment, marked by admirable freedom and abandon. Pleasingly decorative also is *Margery*, by Miss Cecile Walton: while the extremely clever interiors by Mrs. A. R. Laing serve to emphasise the prominent position taken by women in the field of art. An agreeable reminder of earlier character and custom is the charmingly toned study, *Lady Betty*, by Mr. Andrew Law, whose versatility is exemplified in the clever architectural sketch hanging in an adjoining room.

D. Forrester Wilson is skilled in the art of mural decoration; his work in the City Banqueting Hall is testimony in this direction. At the Institute

his *Spirit of the Night* is pregnant with genuine decorative feeling; it is in every respect a complete æsthetic success.

Mr. George Pirie, A.R.S.A., adopts subject and treatment peculiarly his own. He studies penetratively the barnyard fowl, the dog, and the pack-horse, and expresses himself with all but monochromatic restraint. Yet without adventitious aid from colour, his compositions convince by reason of absolute sincerity and genuine Realism. His *Drake* is a typical example of his method, inspired as it is by intimate sympathy between painter and subject.

Interesting by reason of a new departure, and from inherent qualities are *Alterations*, an architectural demolition subject by Mr. Tom Hunt, R.S.W., and *A Summer Day*, by Mr. Hamilton Mackenzie, A.R.S.A., a liberally scaled sketch of a well-known woman artist drawing on the rocky beach at Kirkcudbright.

Two seascapes are expressive of the style of two most noted marine painters. *The Approaching Gale* shows all the intimate knowledge and un-



"A CHEERY SALUTE."

By E. A. HORNET.

Exhibition of the Royal Glasgow Institute

questioned vigour which Mr. Julius Olsson, A.R.A. exhibits when dealing with the angry moods of the sea; and *The Elbbing Tide*, by Mr. R.W. Allan, R.W.S., doyen amongst Glasgow painters and a regular contributor to the Institute exhibitions since the year 1878, is such a breath of the ocean as only may come from a painter familiar with our whole coast line, and in love with every mile of it.

Glasgow can have had few such opportunities of studying the art of the late William McTaggart, as that presented by *Consider the Lilies*,* a huge canvas, all but monopolising the space of an end wall, and quite absorbing attention there. Groups of children give themselves over whole-heartedly to "Jing-a-ring." There is rhythmic movement, bewitching harmony, and an enveloping atmosphere palpitating with the radiance of light: it is a veritable triumph of the wizardry of painting. First impressions convey the idea of the artist's complete absorption in the middle distance, to the unintentional forgetfulness of the rest of the canvas. But closer study suggests a set purpose in this. The lilies, the children, and the trees are significant interests enough to concentrate upon. Let us be satisfied with the innocent glee, the dazzling swish of the frocks, the charm of the intimate environment and leave the intermediate earth and distant sky for another time. An unsurpassable capturer of sunlight was William McTaggart, who first caught its enchantment on the bright margin of the Firth of Clyde.

In France, by Mr. W. A. Gibson, would be a feature in any exhibition. In composition and tonality it is distinct from any other picture shown on this occasion, and from all the former work of the artist. Habitually full, rich,

luxurious in his colour, he gives us here a transposition to tints of tenderest, most delicate value; the quality is the same, but interest is intensified. Surely the woodland charm of La Belle France was never more sympathetically expressed on canvas.

Realism reaches its highest interpretation in *Snare in April*, by Mr. George Houston, A.R.S.A. This artist paints in all weathers and seasons, but spring, with its fresh tints and lingering frost bite, makes a special appeal to him. He catches its crispness, and conveys its promise in a way that no other artist succeeds in doing. The tree clumps, the hedgerows, the brown harrowed land, the patchwork of snow on the fresh green life, the cast shadow on the burn, the sunlight stealing across the field, the farm-steading, are all faithfully and inimitably portrayed: the intimate spirit of the country life is here.



"CONSTANCE"

BY JAMES PATERSON, R.S.A., R.W.S.

* Reproduced in THE
S: 10 to July 1909.

Exhibition of the Royal Glasgow Institute



"IN FRANCE"

BY W. A. GIBSON

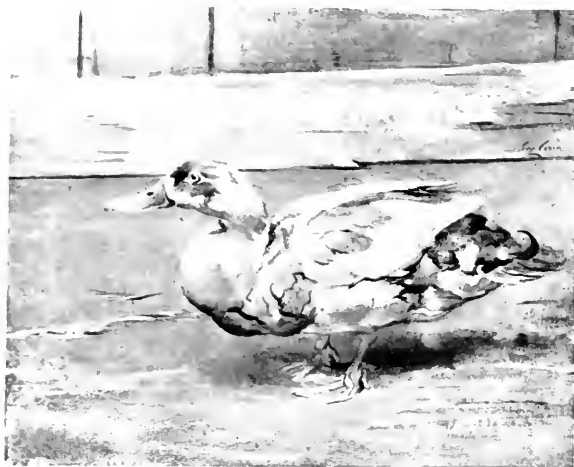
Mr. Hornel, with amazing industry considering his elaborate technique, sends three important pictures, the principal being *A Cherry Salute*. Subject with Hornel is a secondary matter, the prime factor is extraction from a wonderful palette of a magical mosaic. There were never such tints on canvas, such combinations, such harmonies. They are visions of a wonderland, arranged and presented by perhaps the most original-minded of living painters. Original his work may be, and is, but it carries a message of more significance than mere originality, rare though that quality be. It sets the children in a realm of beauty and delight, and dares any man to say such is not their natural, their rightful environment.

Other notable landscapes are contributed by Mr. J. Whitelaw Hamilton, A.R.S.A., whose work is charged with poetic sensibility; by Mr. E. A. Walton, R.S.A., whose *Rainbow* shows fine composition, tender tonal harmony, and clever diffusion of light in cloudland; by Mr. David Gauld, who succeeds in capturing the atmospheric distinction of France in his *Pastoral* and *Montreuil-sur-Mer*;

by Mr. David Murray, R.A., in a sunlit Venetian waterway with shipping; by Mr. J. S. Hill, R.I., in a wonderfully atmospheric transcription of Durham; by Mr. Hugh Munro in *Resting*, subjectively and tonally reticent, and promising as the work of a young artist; and by Mr. A. R. W. Allen, whose *February* is charged with the poetry of the fields.

If there be paucity of interest it is to be found in the water-colour section. Is the delicate medium out of favour locally, when this room is dominated in interest by a German professor, and an English water colourist? There are two choice productions by Mr. A. K. Brown, R.S.A.: a church interior and a seascape of distinguished quality by Mr. James G. Laing; a sympathetic drawing of the old Cinque Port, "Rye," with evening effect, by Miss Katherine Cameron, R.S.W., and characteristic drawings by Mr. Ewan Geddes, Mr. Nisbet Bain and Miss Jessie M. King, but for the most part, aquarelle as a medium seems unhappily neglected.

The Sculpture section is distinguished by examples of the art of Rombaux, Krieger, and Meunier, lent by the Belgian Government, a



"A DRAKE"

BY GEORGE PIRIE, A.R.S.A.

timely reminder that in the brave little Kingdom the arts of peace are cultivated as successfully as the art of war; and by the work of Scottish modellers likewise.

Altogether the exhibition, comprising over six hundred subjects hung and placed in beautiful galleries with consummate care and no little skill at a time of great travail for art, is worthy of interested attention.

J. TAYLOR.

THE ART WORLD AND THE WAR: PROTEST AGAINST GERMAN VANDALISM IN FRANCE AND BELGIUM.

ART LOVERS in the United Kingdom have drawn up the following Protest against the vandalism of German soldiers, and copies have been sent to the Comte de Lalaing, Belgian Minister in London; to the American Ambassador for transmission to the President of the United States; and to Baron Kervyn de Lettenhove, art adviser to the Belgian Government. The signatories include the Trustees, Directors, and other chief officers of the British Museum, the National Gallery, the National Portrait Gallery, the National Gallery of British Art, the National Galleries of Scotland and Ireland, the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the Wallace Collection; the Joint Honorary Secretaries of the National Art Collections Fund, and many collectors, critics and others prominent in the art world of the United Kingdom.

THE PROTEST

"The whole civilised world has witnessed with horror the terrible effects of modern warfare on helpless inhabitants of Belgium and France, and on ancient buildings and other works of art which are the abiding monuments of the piety and culture of their ancestors.

"Some of the acts of the invading German army against buildings may be defensible from the military standpoint; but it seems certain from present information that in some signal instances, notably at Louvain and Rheims, this defence cannot hold good against the mass of

evidence to the contrary.

"The signatories of this protest claim that they are in no sense a partisan body. Their contention in this matter is that the splendid monuments of the arts of the Middle Ages which have been destroyed or damaged are the inheritance of the whole world, and that it is the duty of all civilised communities to endeavour to preserve them for the benefit and instruction of posterity. While France and Belgium are individually the poorer from such wanton destruction, the world at large is no less impoverished.

"On these grounds, therefore, we desire to express our strong indignation and abhorrence at the gratuitous destruction of ancient buildings that has marked the invasion of Belgium and France by the German Army, and we wish to enter a protest in the strongest terms against the continuance of so barbarous and reckless a policy. That it is the result of a policy, and not of an accident, is shown by the similarity of the fate of Louvain, Malines, Termonde, Senlis and finally Rheims.

"Many of us have had the opportunity of showing that our love and respect for art are not bounded by our nationality, but we feel compelled to publish to the world our horror and detestation of the barbarous acts committed by the army that represents a country which has done so much to promote and advance the study of art and its history."

MONUMENTS OF FLEMISH ARCHITECTURE

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY THE LATE

SIR BENJAMIN STONE

(These photographs have been selected from the vast collection left by the late Sir Benjamin Stone, to whose executors we are indebted for permission to reproduce them in THE STUDIO. In view of the tragic events that have recently taken place in Belgium they will, we believe, be of interest to our readers.)



GHENT: "LE RABOT," AN OLD FORT ERECTED IN 1489 TO COMMEMORATE THE SUCCESSFUL RESISTANCE OF AN ASSAULT ON THE CITY BY THE FORCES OF EMPEROR FREDERICK III.

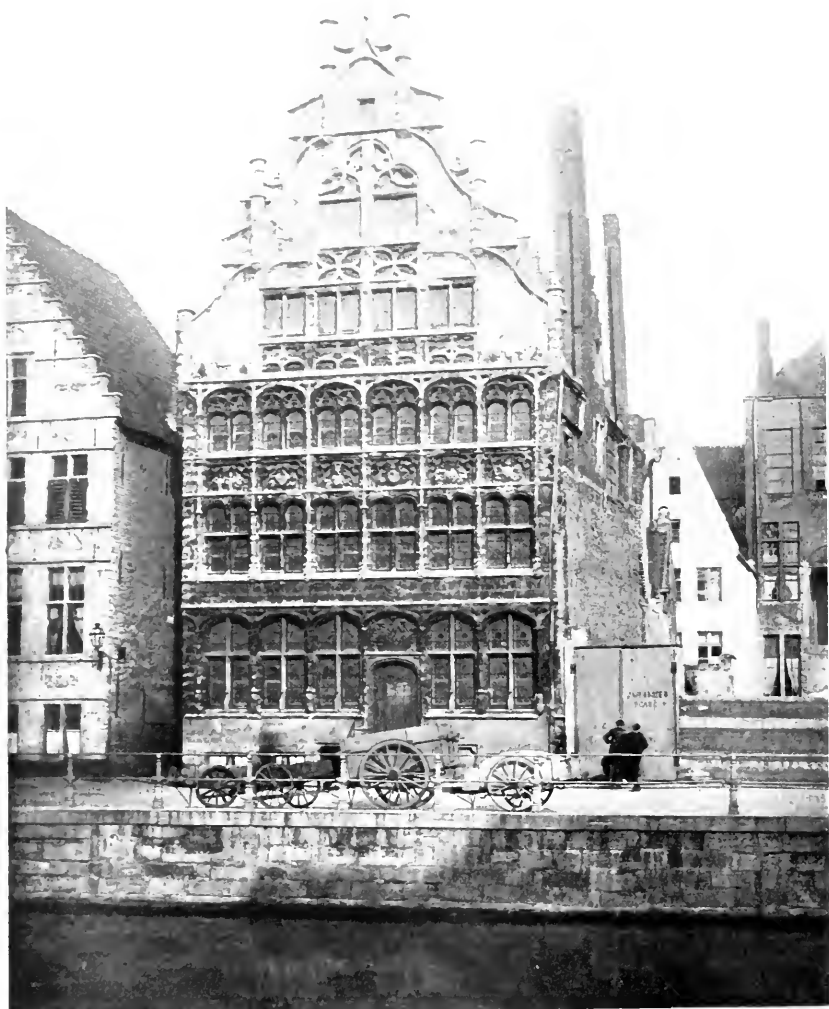


FIG. 1. THE MAISON DES BATELIERS (CORPORATION OF WATERMEN) FACING THE RIVER LYS, A FINE SPECIMEN OF GOTHIC DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE, BUILT EARLY IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY



GHENT: THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. BAVON, WITH THE BELFERY (1300-1330) IN THE DISTANCE. THE NAVE AND TRANSEPT OF THE CATHEDRAL WERE COMPLETED IN 1533-1550, THE TOWER IN 1534, BUT THE CRYPT AND CHOIR WERE CONSTRUCTED TWO OR THREE CENTURIES EARLIER



TOURNAI THE TOWN HALL. BUILT 1448-1493; RESTORED 1842. DURING THE RECENT BOMBARDMENT OF THE CITY BY THE GERMANS THIS WAS THE ONLY IMPORTANT BUILDING THAT WAS SPARED.



MALINES: THE PORTE DE BRUXELLES OR BRUSSELS GATE, THE LAST OF THE ANCIENT CITY GATES, OF WHICH THERE WERE ORIGINALLY TWELVE



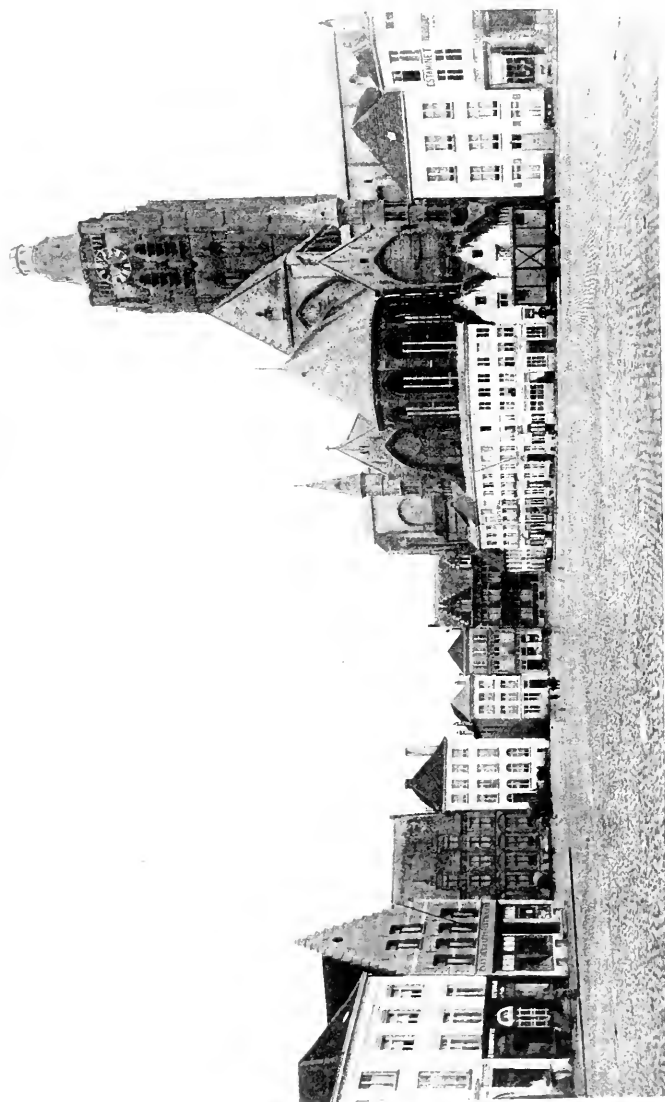
ANTWERP: CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME. THE PRE-SENT STRUCTURE, OCCUPYING THE SITE OF EARLIER CHURCHES, WAS BEGUN IN 1357, BUT NOT COMPLETED UNTIL MORE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS LATER. IT IS THE LARGEST GOTHIC CHURCH IN BELGIUM, AND THE ONLY ONE THAT HAS SEVEN AISLES. THE SPIRE IS OVER 400 FEET HIGH



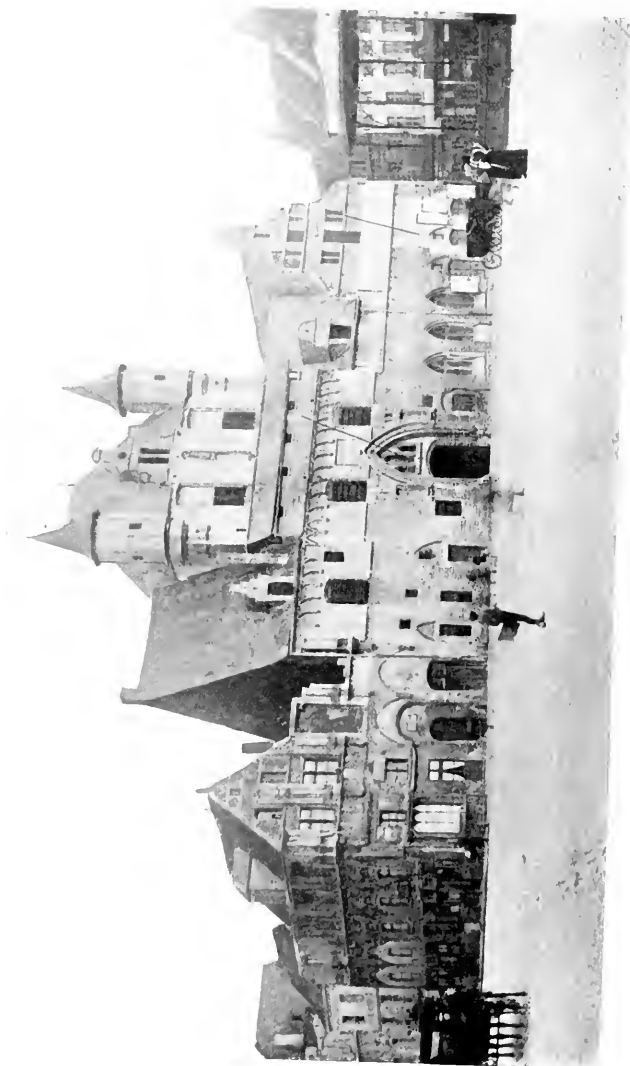
BRUGES: THE GRAND PLACE WITH THE HALLES AND FINE BELLRY TOWER (354 FEET). THE TOWER FORMERLY TERMINATED IN A PYRAMIDAL SPIRE FLANKED BY FOUR TURRETS, BUT THIS WAS DESTROYED BY FIRE. THE STRUCTURE WAS ERECTED AT VARIOUS PERIODS FROM THE THIRTEENTH TO THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY



COUDENARDE : THE HÔTEL DE VILLE, BUILT 1525-1529 BY VAN PEELE, CITY ARCHITECT OF BRUSSELS



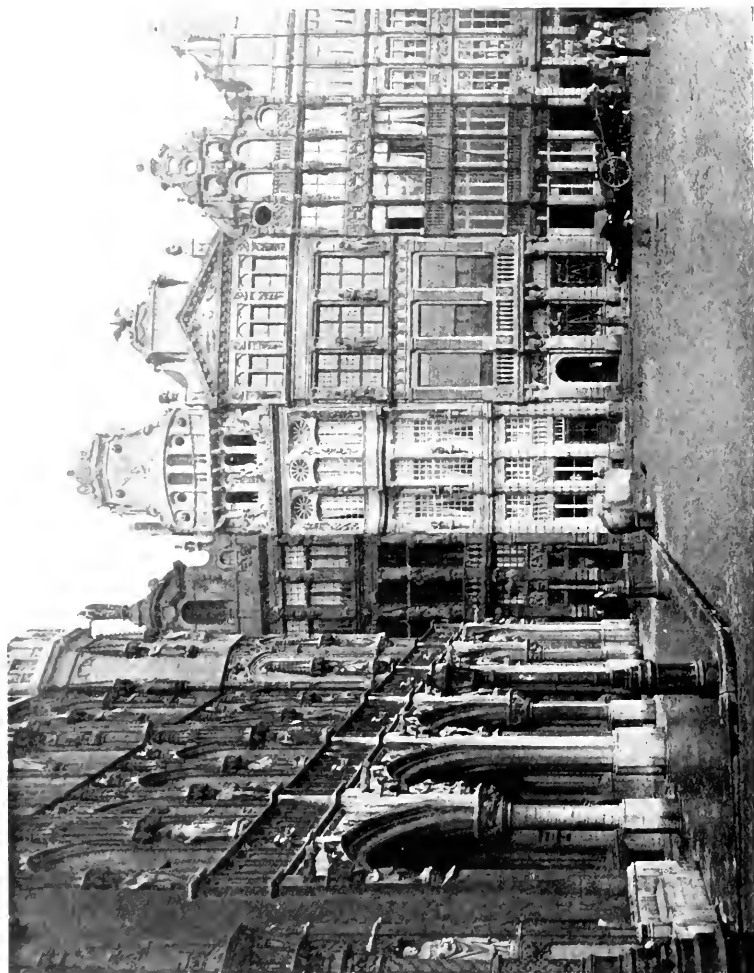
OUDENARDE: THE GRAND PLACE AND CHURCH OF ST. WALBURGA. THE CHURCH OF THIS CHURCH DATES FROM THE TWELFTH CENTURY, THE REMAINDER WAS REBUILT IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY. THE TOWER (321 FEET) IS CONSIDERED ONE OF THE FINEST IN BELGIUM



MALINES: THE GRAND PLACE WITH THE OLD CLOTH HALL DATING FROM THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY



YVES: THE HOTEL DE VILLE AND CLOTH HALL COMMONLY KNOWN AS "LES HALLES." THIS NOVEL STRUCTURE WITH ITS LINE BELLERY TOWER WAS BUILT IN THE THIRTEENTH AND FOURTEENTH CENTURIES AND RESIDED IN 1843-1902



BRUSSELS: A CORNER OF THE GRAND' PLACE, SHOWING THE LOWER PART OF THE HÔTEL DE VILLE.

The National Gallery of New South Wales

SOME NOTES ON THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF NEW SOUTH WALES. BY WILLIAM MOORE.

It is fortunate for the development of culture that the Governments of the States forming the Australian Commonwealth have recognised the importance of fostering a taste for the fine arts. Some Governments have done more than others, but as an example of what has been accomplished in the more populous States the support given to art by the Government of New South Wales is worthy of record.

The National Art Gallery in Sydney, which is the finest building of its kind in Australia, was built by the Government for £120,000, and will eventually be completed at a total cost of £220,000. The annual grants for the purchase of pictures range from £2000 to £5000, the amount voted this year being £3500. The total sum spent on the collection so far is over £130,000. The present Government has now made arrangements for the establishment of a National School of Art. Mr. G. V. F. Mann, the Director of the Sydney Gallery, who has been on a visit to England for the purpose of purchasing works for the Trustees of the Gallery, some of which are here reproduced, has also been making inquiries on behalf of the Government regarding the methods in force in the leading British Art Schools, with

the view of the equipment being thoroughly up to date. Further, the Hon. A. C. Carmichael, the Minister for Education, who deals with all matters relating to art, has set aside the top floor of the Education Department for the use of Australian artists desiring to exhibit their works, and to assist them in disposing of pictures he has started a Union of Art Lovers. So it may be seen that the Government has a genuine desire not only to stimulate a public interest in art but to assist the artists of the country.

But to return to the Gallery. The collection has sufficient variety to appeal to all tastes. Among the modern works there are good examples by Maurice Greiffenhagen, Frank Brangwyn, Melton Fisher, John Lavery, G. H. Mason, Sir Alfred East, David Murray, Stanhope Forbes, J. M. Swan, and others. In *Chaucer at the Court of King Arthur* the Gallery has one of the best known works of Ford Madox Brown, and the figure-painting *Wedded* is a good example of Leighton's art. One of the largest canvases is Sir Edward Poynter's *Visit of the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon*. This work, which was purchased for £2800 was the one the President of the Royal Academy desired to be represented by in the one-picture exhibition of living artists held at the Guildhall, London, in 1900, and at the request of the Lord Mayor the Trustees of the Gallery readily loaned the picture for this purpose. There is an



THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF NEW SOUTH WALES, SYDNEY

The National Gallery of New South Wales

of water colours, and the other of very interesting examples by well-known painters.

The Trustees have given considerable encouragement to local artists, with the result that the collection of works by Australian painters and sculptors is the most representative in the Commonwealth. Being the works of Sydney and Melbourne artists at a time when the Trustees of the Melbourne Gallery were rather indifferent to Australian work, they were the first to purchase a landscape by Stockton, and they had the judgment to secure a painting by Conder when that artist was comparatively unknown. On the other hand they were slow in giving recognition to the work of Norman Lindsay, who is now, however, represented in the Gallery. The Australian collection is particularly interesting, as it contains many of the most typical works painted in the country.

There are some pictures in the Gallery which, while not ranking among the highest as artistic productions, have a certain historic interest: they recall the visits paid to Australia by some enterprising artists in the early days. There are two pictures of Sydney Harbour painted in 1842: the

one is by Conrad Martens and the other by Sir Oswald Brierly. The former came to Sydney with Darwin in H.M.S. *Beagle* in 1836, and after visiting the greater part of Australasia settled in Sydney, where he died in 1878. Brierly paid two visits to Australia, the second time as marine painter in the suite of the Duke of Edinburgh, who came to Australia in H.M.S. *Galatea* in 1867.

Another painter associated with the early history of art in Australia is represented by several works. This is the late Mr. W. C. Piguenit, the first Australian born artist, who died recently at his home in Sydney at the age of seventy-eight. A self-taught artist, he might have achieved greater things had he had an opportunity of receiving a proper training in his youth. As it was, he accomplished a good deal, and he will go down in our history as the painter who sought for his subjects among the mountain tops. When exploring the western highlands of Tasmania he had to carry every ounce of food required for the journey in a knapsack, and to get to the heights had often to force his way through the densest scrub. After returning from one of these trips he gave a lecture in Hobart on the beauties of the highland scenery; in the





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London)

"PIQUET." FROM THE OIL-PAINTING
BY L. CAMPBELL TAYLOR

When Lady Hamilton, wife of Sir Robert Hamilton, the then Governor of Tasmania; and it was at her suggestion that the monochrome paintings illustrating the lecture were purchased by the Government by special vote of Parliament. When he went to Sydney the Trustees of the Gallery commissioned the painter of mountains to paint Mount Kosciusko, the highest peak in Australia. Subsequently he spent a year in England and had three of his English landscapes engraved by Henry Graves, and before returning to Australia had the satisfaction of learning that one of his works had been hung at the Salon.

The new purchases made by Mr. Mann for the gallery include: a bronze reproduction of Rodin's well known work *The Kiss*; a bronze group, *Femina Victrix*, by W. Reid Dick, which was shown at the last Academy; the painting, *Piquet*, by Campbell Taylor; a portrait of H. B. Irving, by R. G. Eves; a portrait of Lady Ulrica Duncombe, by J. J. Shannon, R.A., and original drawings by Phil May. The painting of *The Australian Fleet entering Sydney Harbour, October 4, 1913*, by Arthur J. W. Burgess, was a commission from the Trustees. *The Kiss*, which is well known through reproductions, is the fourth work by Rodin which has been bought for Australia. The other three are: *The Little Lion*, a bronze statuette, a bronze head of Jean Paul Laurens (replica of the original in the Musée du Luxembourg, Paris) and the marble *Minerve sans casque* (a replica), all of which were purchased by the Trustees of the Felton Bequest for the Melbourne Gallery. Mr. Eves's portrait should have a personal, as well as an artistic, interest, as Mr. Irving recently toured through Australia and was invited to lecture on Hamlet at the universities at Sydney and Melbourne.

Hitherto Phil May has

only been represented by a single sketch, so the studies of coster girls should be a welcome addition to the black-and-white section. May spent about three years in Australia and did an enormous amount of work while he was on the staff of the "Bulletin." It was here that he learnt the trick of elimination, which he subsequently adopted with such extraordinary success. "Perhaps I should say that the printing machines of the Sydney Bulletin were my real master," he once confessed to "M. A. P." in relating the days of his youth. "They were utterly unsuitable for the printing of work in which the value of light and shade was pre-eminent, and so I was driven to the resort of expressing what I had to express in the fewest possible lines, but that was only the first year, after that the printing was beyond reproach." May was a prominent figure in Sydney during the flourishing period between 1887 and 1897, when not only leading Australian painters but such interesting



PORTRAIT OF H. B. IRVING, ESQ.

BY R. G. EVES, R.B.A.



Phil May



"Coster Girls." From lead-pencil sketches by Phil May.



The National Gallery of New South Wales



"THE AUSTRALIAN FLEET ENTERING SYDNEY HARBOUR, OCTOBER 4, 1913"

BY ARTHUR BURGESS, R.O.I.

visitors as Conder, George Walton, H. S. Hopwood and G. Nerli were attracted to the Harbour City. This quartette is represented in the gallery. It may be mentioned here that Conder started his career on the staff of the "Illustrated Sydney News," his salary being thirty shillings a week. Through the good offices of Frank Mahony, who pointed out to the editor that he was employing a genius unawares, the pay was raised to two pounds!

It was at this time that Streeton and others did some of their best Australian work. Every one was working hard, and good comradeship gave considerable stimulus in such a pleasant environment as Sydney Harbour. Nor was there any lack of recognition on the part of the State, for practically all the men who composed the group of artists at this flourishing period had examples of their work purchased for the National Gallery.

In addition to the collection of paintings, etchings, drawings and other works of a pictorial character, the Gallery has an interesting section of sculpture, including some select examples by Australian artists, and also a small but growing collection of pottery and porcelain from various sources.



INTERIOR, NATIONAL GALLERY OF NEW SOUTH WALES

STUDIO-TALK.

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—We are compiling a list of professional artists who have joined one or other branch of the British Forces for service during the war, and have already received the names of a number of those who have thus far for the time being relinquished their ordinary vocation to serve their country. To make the list as complete as possible we should be glad if those who have not already done so would send us a postcard with particulars as to the branch of the service they have joined, rank, and so forth. The list will be restricted to painters, sculptors, black-and-white artists, designers, and kindred workers enrolled in any officially constituted corps serving at home or abroad.

The etching of Liège by Mr. Johnstone Baird which we reproduce, is a plate recently executed

by the artist from a pencil drawing made about August 1912, when he was on a visit to Belgium. This view of the town whose gallant defence is one of the most memorable features of the great war, was drawn from near the Citadel. Impressions from this plate are being sold by the artist for two guineas each, and the proceeds will be handed to the Prince of Wales's National Relief Fund.

We are told that the response of the public in visiting the International Society's Autumn Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, has fully justified the opening of the exhibition in accordance with the yearly programme. Though there are few works of spectacular importance on view, a great deal that is sound and well considered has been included. Most of the regular supporters of the Society are adequately represented and there are few things which can be dismissed as unworthy of the places assigned to them in the collection. Perhaps the most attractive canvases are the two brilliant





(Copyright of Mr. Robert
Dunthorne)

"THE FLIGHT FROM BELGIUM" FROM
AN ETCHING BY W. LEE HANKEY



"WASHHOUSES AT BOURGES"

FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY GORDON M. FORSYTH □

fantasies, *L'Intrigue*, and *Le Bassin des Tuileries*, by Gaston La Touche, charming decorations handled with great skill: but of commanding importance also, is the repellent but masterly study, *The Apache*, by Mr. Glyn Philpot, and Mr. Nicholson's contributions—especially the dignified landscape, *The Golden Valley*—have in full measure the admirable qualities by which his work is always distinguished. Other pictures which can be heartily praised are Mr. Lavery's *Winter*, Mr. G. F. Kelly's *Spanish Gipsy*, Mr. Philip Connard's group, *Jane, Evelyn, James and Helen*, the small studies, *The Beach*, and *The Group on the Beach*, by Mr. W. W. Russell, Mr. Oswald Birley's attractive portrait of *Miss Esme Robb*, and the remarkable canvas, *The Son of the Prodigal*, by Mr. A. S. Hartick. Again, much praise is due to *The Dark Red Shovel*, by Mr. G. W. Lambert, the *Cathedral of Montreuil*, by Mr. W. L. Bruckmann, the Venetian notes, *The Salute*, and *The Orange and Red Palace*, by Mr. Ludovici, the powerful pastels by Mr. Gwelo Goodman, the brilliantly able water colour, *Les Arcs de Nîmes*, by Mr. W. B. E. Ranken, and the delicate water-colour landscape, *The Mouth of the River, Elaples*, by Mr. Alfred Hayward; and of notable interest are the etchings by Mr. W. Lee

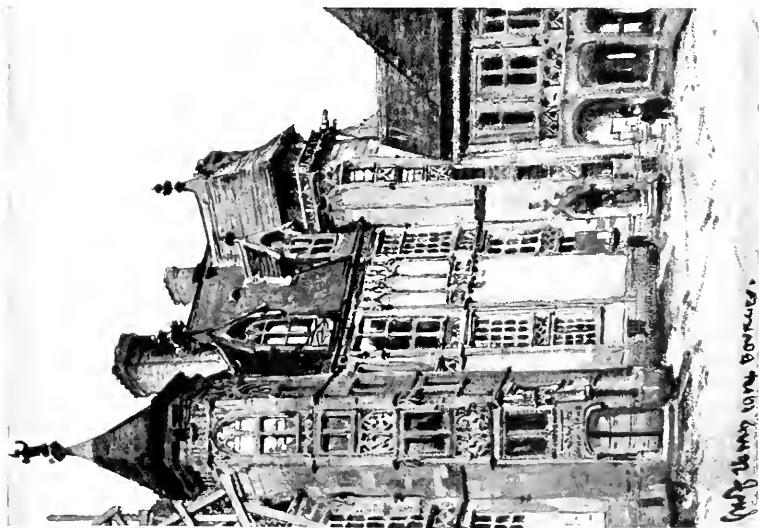
Hankey, particularly *The Flight from Belgium*, the water-colours by Mr. W. Monk, Mr. H. M. Livens, and Mr. W. L. Bruckmann, and the characteristic pastel, *Two Dancers*, by Degas.

Mr. Gordon M. Forsyth, of whose work in the water-colour medium we reproduce four examples, is perhaps better known as a designer than as a painter. For some years he has been associated with the Pilkington Tile and Pottery Company, and some of the most successful examples of the "Lancastrian" lustre ware, which has earned for this firm a high reputation among makers of British pottery, have been designed by him. But as a painter, too, his work is worthy of serious attention, and perhaps its chief significance lies in the feeling for light and colour expressed in it—a trait well exemplified in the sketch we reproduce in colour, *In the Luxembourg Gardens, Paris*, one of numerous impressions culled from a visit to France shortly before the war.

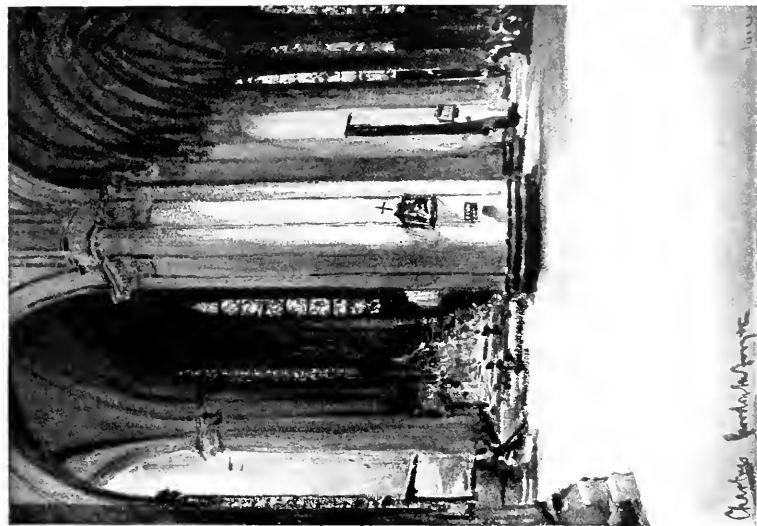
The exhibition of modern Spanish art at the Grafton Galleries which supplements that of ancient Spanish art held last autumn, proves disappointing, bringing us only as far as the pretty school



"IN THE LUXEMBOURG GARDENS, PARIS
FROM A WATER COLOUR BY GORDON M. FORSYTH, R.C.A.



"THE HOUSE OF JACQUES CELEN, BOURGES," BY GORDON M. FORSYTH



"INTERIOR OF CHARTRES CATHEDRAL,"
FROM A WATER-COLOR BY GORDON M. FORSYTH

which was Spain's counterpart of our Victorian academicians. We accept the intimation from the preface to the catalogue that the war is unfortunately responsible for this. The academic art of Spain as here represented has been curiously uniform in character, and it would be surprising if so much effort in one direction failed to result in excellence of a kind. Meissonier's art seems to have been the ideal. The Spanish painters, however, do not show the masculinity that was characteristic of Meissonier, while they rival him in daintiness of execution. The best piece of the kind in the collection, perhaps, is Luis Jiménez's *Un Taller de Sastre* (Tailor's Shop). But though this exhibition, the proceeds of which are being devoted to the Prince of Wales's National Relief Fund, must disappoint those who have long waited for an opportunity to study the work of the more independent Spanish artists of the last decade, the exquisiteness in execution and love of the picturesque shown by the works on view will charm many.

Mr. George Gascoyne is one of the few living etchers who realise the pictorial value of the horse, though it may be said that *Battle Dawn*, the impressive plate reproduced here, has, in its deliberateness of composition and precision of technique, more of the elaborate character of the old line engraving than of the suggestive sketchiness of the modern etching. But Mr. Gascoyne's imaginative vision has conceived the spectacular nobility of a battle-array of mediæval knights, and he has gone for a complete picture upon his copper-plate. His

thorough knowledge of the horse and its movements has enabled him to do this with considerable success. That he is even happier in a more sketchy mood, with greater freedom of touch, we may see in the charming little pastoral landscape which is reproduced on this page—a happy glimpse of the Normandy he knows so well. For it is with the horse that serves the worker in the fields that Mr. Gascoyne is pictorially most intimate, and it is in the vein of this engaging little etching that this accomplished painter, when he lays aside his brushes and takes up the etching-needle, is seen at his best.

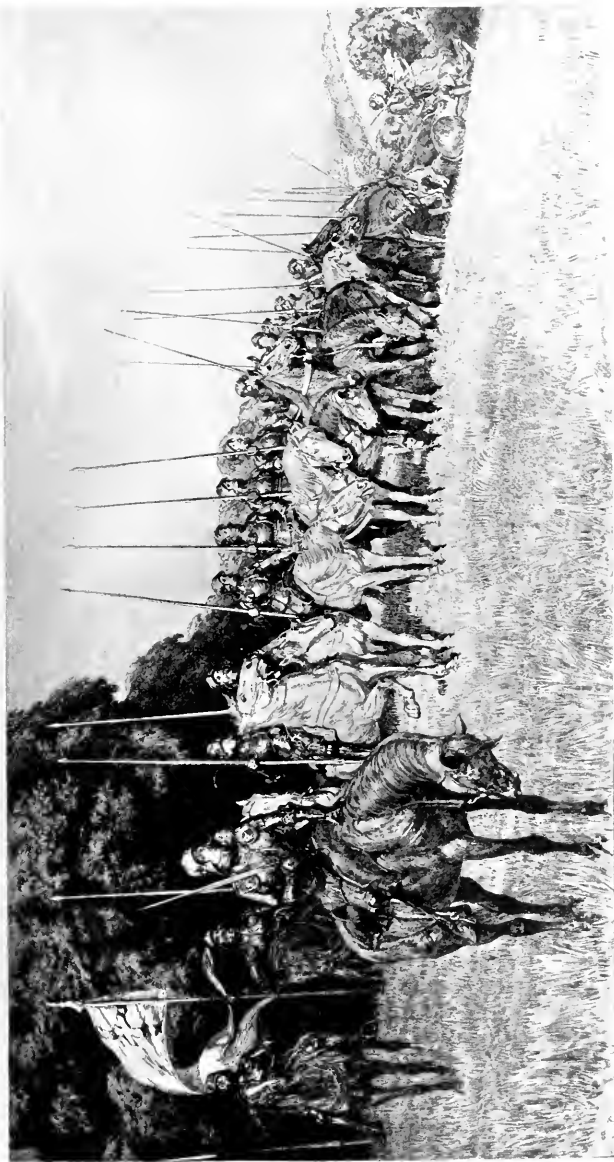


"A NORMANDY LANDSCAPE"

FROM AN ETCHING BY GEORGE GASCOYNE



PORTRAIT OF MISS BETTY CALLISH.
BY THE MARCHESA LOUISE DE ROSALES.



"BATTLE DAWN." FROM AN ETCHING
BY GEORGE GASCOYNE



BOOK-PLATE

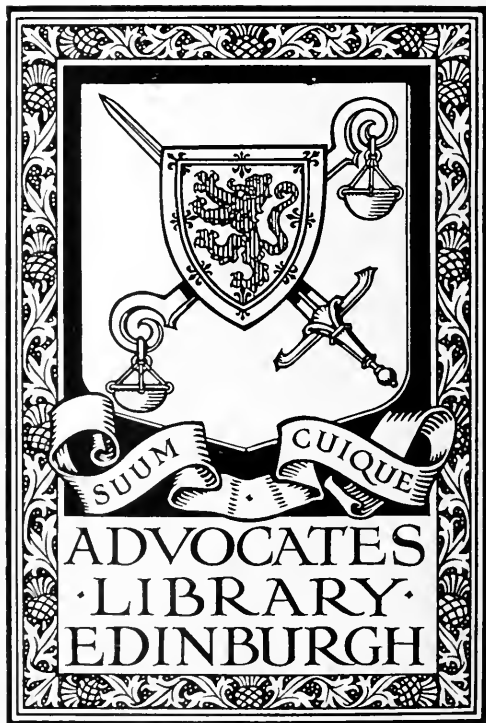
BY HAROLD NELSON

The portrait-drawing, in common with the miniature, is possessed, almost invariably, of a certain intimate charm not present to the same extent in more imposing portraits painted in oils: this is exemplified admirably in the very delicate drawing, executed in chalk on a tinted ground and heightened with the addition of a little colour, which we reproduce in facsimile. At the last exhibition of the National Portrait Society, held in February and March last at the Grosvenor Gallery, the Marchesa Louise de Rosales, wife of the talented sculptor whose statuettes we illustrated in a recent issue, showed two works, one being this portrait-drawing of the actress Miss Betty Callish. Apart from its merits as a portrait, apart from that touch of *espieglerie* which gives such vivacity and character to the face, the drawing satisfies one particularly by its exquisite finish and by the clever rendering of the softness and texture of the skin and the modelling of the flesh.

When some time ago we reproduced a collection of book-plates by various artists we were unable to include

any recent examples by Mr. Harold Nelson, who in this department and in all that pertains to the decoration of books has deservedly won a high reputation, and we are glad now to be able to make good the omission by reproducing two of his designs. Mr. Nelson possesses an unerring sense of what is required in a book-plate; its decorative function is always kept in view and the pictorial element never allowed to obtrude unduly. He is particularly successful in dealing with heraldic motives and kindred devices.

The pen-drawing by Mr. Charles Robinson which we reproduce as a double-page supplement is an admirable example of the work of one of our most talented black-and-white artists, and is of especial interest because it represents a new departure in book illustration. The ordinary function of the illustrator is that of an interpreter of the visions and intentions of another—the author; and though



BOOK-PLATE

BY HAROLD NELSON



the exercise of this function gives considerable scope for the play of the imagination, it must of necessity be circumscribed by the conditions imposed upon the artist at the outset: he has to pay scrupulous attention to the facts and thoughts expressed by the author, and he must not allow his imagination to go beyond the bounds thus prescribed. It is not, however, to this category of book illustration that the drawing by Mr. Robinson which we reproduce belongs, and perhaps it should not be called an illustration at all, although with the others which form with it a series it is destined to appear in a book. In this case the artist has given unfettered expression to his own imaginings, and to the series of themes he has pictured he has given the title "A Dream of St. Nicholas in Heaven." The book is a satire, in the form of a legend, on the modern aspect of maternity woven into the personality of the patron saint of children. St. Nicholas dreamed a dream of a great ship freighted with numbers of baby souls setting out from the Port of Heaven and journeying to different ports on reaching the terrestrial sphere, the ports symbolising different aspects of life. The first port reached is *The Port of Pride*. This, says the artist, is an allegory or satire on the child born into wealthy surroundings. The naked soul from the ship is seen in luxurious surroundings; people are bringing presents; maids have washed him in beautiful basins and clothed him in the finest napery. Plans of his estate lie about him; the lawyer waits to confirm his titles. The grandfather scans the family tree, and everywhere there are the concomitants of luxury and wealth. The only person unconcerned is the mother in her bed in the background; she does not allow the

affair to interfere with her daily round of ease. In a room beyond, the father is toasting his ancestors, and outside church bells are ringing. In the other drawings forming the series the ports of Poverty, Shame, Pleasure, Joy, and Sorrow are allegorised.

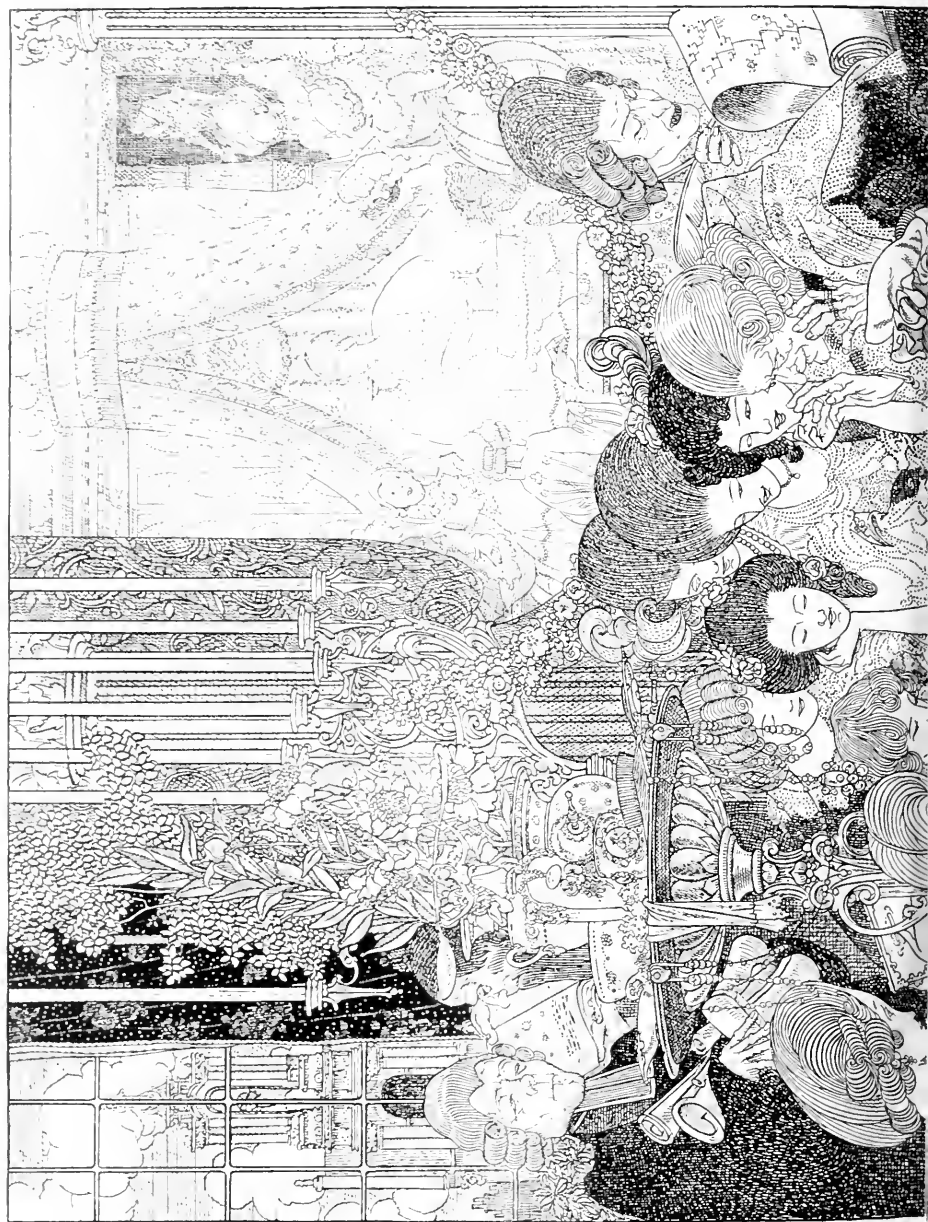


"IN DOUBT." BY CARL MARTIN-HANSEN

COPENHAGEN. —The statuette seems every year to find more friends, among the public no doubt, and certainly amongst the sculptors themselves, for reasons so near at hand that it is altogether unnecessary to enlarge upon them. Also in Denmark this cult is in vogue—witness some recent exhibitions—and Carl Martin-Hansen's pretty statuette *In Doubt* hails from the Danish section of this summer's big Baltic show in Malmö. Mr. Martin-Hansen is a long way removed from all revolutionary modernism in sculpture: he thinks, with many, that within this art, more perhaps than in any, there are traditions which should be upheld, and he fashions his work accordingly, sincere and self-contained in conception, pleasing in contours, and handling his surface with considerable skill. G. B.

KYOTO. — While the whole of Europe is in the throes of war, the magnificent Palace of

Peace, in all its splendour, stands silently at The Hague and calmly smiles at the inconsistencies of human nature. Yet in those inconsistencies one thing at least cannot be overlooked—man's supreme struggle to attain that which is nigh impossible, to overcome that which is most difficult. The Peace Palace is but a symbol of that high aspiration and supreme struggle of man. Furthermore, the walls of one of the rooms of that Palace, a committee-room upstairs, are now covered with *tsuzure nishiki*,





"THE PORT OF PRIDE"
FROM A PEN DRAWING
BY CHARLES ROBINSON.



the exercise of this function gives considerable scope for the play of the imagination, it must of necessity be circumscribed by the conditions imposed upon the artist at the outset: he has to pay scrupulous attention to the facts and thoughts expressed by the author, and he must not allow his imagination to go beyond the bounds thus prescribed. It is not, however, to this category of book illustration that the drawing by Mr. Robinson which we reproduce belongs, and perhaps it should not be called an illustration at all, although with the others which form with it a series it is destined to appear in a book. In this case the artist has given unfettered expression to his own imaginings, and to the series of themes he has pictured he has given the title "A Dream of St. Nicholas in Heaven." The book is a satire, in the form of a legend, on the modern aspect of maternity woven into the personality of the patron saint of children. St. Nicholas dreamed a dream of a great ship freighted with numbers of baby souls setting out from the Port of Heaven and journeying to different ports on reaching the terrestrial sphere, the ports symbolising different aspects of life. The first port reached is *The Port of Pride*. This, says the artist, is an allegory or satire on the child born into wealthy surroundings. The naked soul from the ship is seen in luxurious surroundings; people are bringing presents; maids have washed him in beautiful basins and clothed him in the finest napery. Plans of his estate lie about him; the lawyer waits to confirm his titles. The grandfather scans the family tree, and everywhere there are the concomitants of luxury and wealth. The only person unconcerned is the mother in her bed in the background; she does not allow the

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Studio-Talk

work on *tsuzure nishiki*, which shows a triumph of man's artistic efforts in attaining that which was considered by many, a few years ago, an impossibility.

When the Court of Arbitration at The Hague was to be provided with an appropriate building, the late Emperor of Japan, in hearty approval of the spirit and purpose of the institution, proposed to furnish the wall decoration for one of the rooms of the Palace. Accordingly, in April 1900, an Imperial order was given to the late Kawashima Jimbei, of Nishijin, Kyoto, a court artist, whose family has long been known for artistic weaving, and who in his lifetime, by consistent efforts and almost incredible patience, devised new methods, improved looms and achieved wonders in the art of weaving. It has been a marvel to many how he was able to put harmoniously together colours that were considered inconsistent and contradictory in themselves. He was a master who played with colours, creating rhythm out of colour, discord out of chaos. Some of the best examples of his work adorn foreign courts and palaces, whither they have been sent as Imperial gifts from Japan.

The design was entrusted to Kikuchi Hobun of Kyoto, who to-day occupies a prominent position as an able painter in *kucho* subjects (flowers and birds). He was born in Osaka on September 17, 1862, and when fifteen years of age he took his first lessons in painting from Shino Hoen. Two years later he went to Kyoto and became Kōno Bairai's *monjin*. In 1895 he was appointed to teach painting at the Kyoto Bijutsu Gakko (art school) and also at the Kyoto Industrial Art School when it was established in 1900. Since 1910 he has been teaching Japanese painting at the Kyoto Kaiga Semmon Gakko (Kyoto Special School of Painting). He has been a member of the judging committee on the Annual Exhibition of Art held under the auspices of the Department of Education.

The design in the actual size of the brocade was painted on silk in costly colours, gold, *tanshi*, *gunjo*, and *rokusho*, (*apis lazuli*) being freely used. It

depicts a scene in late spring and early summer on the bank of Lake Biwa. Extreme care is shown in the composition and execution. The design represents a peaceful scene and is so composed as to fit into a single picture when the nine pieces are properly placed. Trees, flowers, and birds characteristic of Japan are introduced into the picture. The whole work was not left merely as a design, but was made into a finished painting of great merit. It has taken Kikuchi Hobun and several of his *monjin* over three years to complete.

The tapestry covers the walls of three sides of the room and consists of nine pieces; two pieces of fifteen feet by sixteen feet, four pieces measuring fifteen feet by nine feet and three pieces to cover



TSUZURE NISHIKI (SILK BROCADE), PRESENTED BY THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN TO THE PEACE PALACE AT THE HAGUE. DESIGNED BY KIKUCHI HOBUN AND WOVEN BY KAWASHIMA JIMBEI OF KYOTO



ISUZU, NISHIKI (SILK BROCADES) PRESENTED BY THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN TO THE PALACE OF PEKING AT THE HAGUE. DESIGNED BY KIKUCHI
HOEIN AND WOVEN BY KAWASHIMA JIMBEI, BOTH OF KYOTO, JAPAN



TSUZURE NISHIKI SILK BROCADE, PRESENTED BY THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN TO THE PEACE PALACE AT THE HAGUE. DESIGNED BY KIKUCHI HOBUN, WOVEN BY KAWASHIMA JIMBEI, OF KYOTO



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to 1845 above the windows, one being nearly three feet wide and over twenty-five feet long, while the other two are of the same width and eleven feet long. The large size of the several pieces made it necessary for Kawashima to construct new looms and an additional building to work in. In weaving, after the warp is set in, a copy of the design in the required size is placed below, and the picture is carefully woven with a woof of coloured silk. The copy of the design shows geometrical lines at certain places to indicate the position of the thread. A mirror is fixed to the loom over the web so that the weaver can see whether his work coincides with the design. Thus by means of the picture placed under the woof and its reflection in the mirror, the weaver with his finger nails and small combs works the thread into the picture, keeping the loom going with his feet. It is almost like embroidery work, and the process is an extremely slow and tedious one. When some very delicate part of the design was being worked, a whole day of painstaking labour by a most skilled artist only resulted in a few square inches of *tsuzure nishiki* being executed. Therefore it is not to be wondered at that the entire work took several master weavers and a number of skilled artisans, in all some thirty persons, nearly four whole years. Before the work was finished the Emperor who gave the order for it had passed away, and Kawashima Jimbei who started it has also gone, leaving the work to be completed by his successor, the present Kawashima Jimbei.

HARADA JIRO.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

The Book of the Bayeux Tapestry. By HUIVRE BELLOC. (London: Chatto and Windus.) 10s. 6d. net. In this work Mr. Belloc gives a detailed historical introduction to the subject, and on the illustrated pages provides a full description of the pageant of the Norman conquest displayed in this wonderful work. In the seventy-six coloured illustrations after the original tapestry this volume reproduces the whole length of that famous production of twelfth-century craftsmen.

Bruges: A Record and an Impression. By MARY STRATTON. Illustrated by CHARLES WADE. (London: B. T. Batsford.) 5s. net.—

This attractive volume, completed, it would seem, only a few weeks before the outbreak of war, makes a timely appearance now, when the eyes of the whole world are focussed upon Belgium and the cruel fate which has befallen this brave nation. That fate has left little for them to be thankful for, but it is some consolation that the City of Bruges, with its many old-world relics, should have been mercifully spared the ravages which have elsewhere attended the onward rush of the foe. This city, as Mrs. Stratton's narrative reminds us, has had a stormy career, and the clash of arms has times out of number been heard within its confines. To Englishmen it has of course a peculiar interest as having been the home of William Caxton for many years. Of its mediæval architecture Mr. Charles Wade, a talented draughtsman with a marked



TSUZURE NISHIKI, PRESENTED BY THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN TO THE PEACE PALACE AT THE HAGUE. DESIGNED BY KIKUCHI HÔBUN, WOVEN BY KAWASHIMA JIMBEI, KYOTO

genius for subjects of this kind, gives us many glimpses in the pen-drawings accompanying Mrs. Stratton's entertaining letterpress.

An Elegy written in a Country Churchyard. By THOMAS GRAY; illustrations by G. F. NICHOLLS. (London: A. and C. Black.) 5s. net.—Gray's Elegy is probably one of the most familiar poems in the English language, if not in its entirety at any rate for the many phrases which "have become as firmly embedded in the language as the 'quotations' which, in the opinion of the rustic on his first visit to the theatre, so detracted from the genius of the creator of 'Hamlet.'" This edition contains reproductions in colour of eight water-colours by G. F. Nicholls, and the verses are upon pages decorated by an artist, R. J. R., whose full name is not given. The end-paper and the line drawings by this artist are agreeable, but rather marred by the introduction of an incongruous pseudo-classic tablet upon which the quotations are inscribed.

Manuel de l'Amateur de Porcelaines. Par CHARLES DE GROILLIER. (Paris: Auguste Picard.) 25 fr.—This manual, compiled in the interests of the connoisseur and collector of china, contains a succinct statement of the principal facts concerning the multitudinous species of porcelain and kindred wares made in the various countries of Europe with the exception of France. The classification is primarily according to countries, and then alphabetically according to the place of manufacture. The marks used by the manufacturers are reproduced, and in a companion volume they are arranged alphabetically to facilitate quick identification. As nearly two hundred and forty manufactories are dealt with the utility of the work is obvious.

Flowers. By J. FOORD. (London: B. T. Batsford, Ltd.) 2s. net.—The series of Fellowship Books issued by the house of Batsford forms "a new contribution by various writers towards the expression of the Human Ideal and Artistic Faith of our own day." In this volume Miss Foord writes charmingly sympathetic essays upon Flowers, their appeal, the meanings of their quaint old English names, some of the legends surrounding them in East and West, the use of Floral Emblems in Heraldry, and kindred matters. The title page of a previous volume in this series was reproduced in our recent Special Number, "The Art of the Book," and upon the agreeable "get up" of the books generally the publishers are to be congratulated.

Reviews of various books published this season will appear in our next issue.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION

THE Portrait Painters whose names are set out below, being desirous of helping Artists and their families at this time, have proposed the following scheme for adding to the funds of this Institution:

Any member of the public may, by the payment of Fifty Guineas to the Secretary of the Institution, receive a voucher which will entitle the holder to commission a portrait of any Soldier, Sailor, Doctor or Nurse who has served, or is serving, the King in the War, to be painted by any of the undermentioned artists who have agreed each to paint two such portraits, the canvases not to exceed in size 24 by 20 inches.

Application for vouchers accompanied by cheque should be addressed to The Secretary, Artists' General Benevolent Institution, 3 Charles Street, St. James' Square, London, S.W. Vouchers will remain valid for at least six months after the end of the War. Purchasers are requested, in selecting a painter, to send in a numbered list of the names in order of preference, as in the event of more than two applications being made for the same artist a ballot will be taken. Should the purchaser of a voucher still fail in the choice of a painter, a second list may be sent or he may have the Fifty Guineas returned.

The letter in which the scheme is formulated has been signed by the following:

A. Airy, George Bell, Filade Bertieri, Percy Bigland, Oswald Birley, John Bowie, H. Harris Brown, F. C. B. Cadell, Frank Calderon, Frank W. Carter, George Clausen, John Collier, Philip Connard, A. S. Cope, John da Costa, F. Cadogan Cowper, John Crealock, Frank Dicksee, Sholto J. Douglas, Luke Fildes, S. Melton Fisher, Stanhope A. Forbes, Eric George, Louis Gimmet, Hugh de T. Glazebrook, J. E. von Glehn, W. G. von Glehn, T. C. Gotch, Ronald Gray, Maurice Greiffenhagen, Arthur Hacker, Harriet Halhed, J. McLure Hamilton, George Harcourt, Alfred Hayward, Keith Henderson, J. Young Hunter, Richard Jack, Augustus John, Louise Jopling, Gerald F. Kelly, T. B. Kennington, G. W. Lambert, J. St. Helier Lander, Philip A. de László, John Lavery, Flora Lion, William Llewellyn, W. Logsdail, J. Longstaff, Mouat Loudan, L. D. Luard, Seymour Lucas, Harrington Mann, J. Coutts Michie, Mark Milbanke, Gerald Moira, Waldo Murray, G. Hall Neale, William Nicholson, Gabriel Nicolet, A. T. Nowell, Dermot O'Brien, Herbert Olivier, William Orpen, Catherine Oulless, Walter W. Oulless, Alfred Praga, W. B. E. Ranken, W. B. Richmond, Hugh G. Riviere, T. Martine Ronaldson, Walter Russell, Frank O. Salisbury, Mark Senior, Charles Shannon, J. J. Shannon, Walter Sickert, Charles Sims, F. M. Skipworth, S. J. Solomon, Harold Speed, William Strang, W. R. Symonds, A. Chevallier Tayler, C. L. Colyn Thomson, Edwin A. Ward, G. Fiddes Watt, G. Spencer Watson, Daniel Wehrschmidt, Guy Wilthew, T. Blake Wirgman.

The Lay Figure

THE LAY FIGURE: ON ART IN RELATION TO TRADE.

"I do wish that the general public would begin to understand how much art enters, or, at all events, ought to enter, into our everyday life," said the Man with the Red Tie. "It does seem to me sad that there should be such a want of taste among the people whom one would expect to show some sort of discrimination."

"Is there any general want of taste?" asked the Shopkeeper. "I think that there are a great many people who have very definite opinions on artistic questions and act up to them quite consistently."

"On what do you base that belief?" cried the Art Critic. "Are you speaking from experience or are you merely expressing a vague idea of what you suppose to be the popular point of view?"

"Certainly I am speaking from experience, and a long experience too," replied the Shopkeeper. "My work brings me in contact with all types of people, and gives me special opportunities of judging their likes and dislikes."

"And do you find that they like good art and dislike bad?" enquired the Man with the Red Tie. "Do they choose wisely and show real discrimination?"

"I hope that I never offer them bad art," laughed the Shopkeeper. "It is not a question of choosing; they buy the things I have to sell. You see, I know what they want."

"Ah, that is just the point," broke in the Critic. "You know what they want and you choose for them. But do they know what they want, and would they choose something else if they had the chance?"

"I am sure I do not know," returned the Shopkeeper; "and I am sure I do not care. If they are ready to buy what I have to offer them, why should I worry about anything else?"

"In other words, why should you worry whether the public has any taste or not so long as you are prosperous in your business?" said the Man with the Red Tie.

"That about sums up the position," agreed the Shopkeeper. "I am a business man, and I have to deal with certainties, not vague possibilities."

"But are the possibilities so vague?" asked the Critic. "If you offered to the public something fresh, something better than they had seen before, something with more real art in it, do you not think they would be glad to get it?"

"I really cannot say," answered the Shopkeeper

"But anyhow I should not like to take the risk. I might have a lot of stuff left on my hands."

"Oh yes, but equally you might not, and therefore the risk would be worth taking," declared the Critic. "There are surely many other kinds of art than those which people have liked in the past and which your experience has taught you they used to want. You ought to be prepared to give them what they will want in the future."

"When they want it I will supply it," asserted the Shopkeeper. "But can you tell me where I am to get what they are going to want?"

"Go to the manufacturers," exclaimed the Man with the Red Tie, "and see what they can offer you. Don't let the people with taste begin buying abroad because they can get better things there than are available for them at home. Get ready for the good time when the general public wakes up."

"That is all very well, but I cannot sell what our manufacturers do not make," said the Shopkeeper.

"Then you should make it your business to teach them what they ought to make," argued the Critic. "I can quite see that you are to a great extent in their hands, but at the same time you have the power to influence their production. If you use this power wisely you will benefit in the long run, because you will keep your trade from going abroad."

"That, of course, is worth trying for," replied the Shopkeeper. "But do you really think there is much good art in the stuff imported from abroad?"

"I think that very much of it is utterly cheap and nasty," sighed the Critic, "and intended to appeal to the lowest and most debased taste; and I think that our manufacturers are far too much inclined to imitate it. But that is where you come in. You can stop the production here of this sort of stuff if you refuse to handle it, and you can prevent its importation if you teach the public to see how bad it is."

"A nice job for me!" cried the Shopkeeper. "I must educate the manufacturers as well as the public, it seems."

"Those are the responsibilities of your position," laughed the Critic; "and I look to you to realise them. Ask the manufacturers to supply you with stuff that is simple, well made, and fitted for its purpose—in other words, artistically sound—instruct that they shall invite the aid of the artist in their business; take the artist into partnership yourself; raise the standard of production and keep it up. Then you need have no fear of foreign competition."

THE LAY FIGURE.

A STUDENT OF CHARACTER :
GERALD FESTUS KELLY. BY
W. S. MAUGHAM.

"THE observer of life, listening in studios and at café tables to the conversation of painters, must have heard often with ironic amusement their contention that it is only the judgment of painters upon painting which has any value. They insist upon the importance of technique and are impatient of the criticism of those who have no practical knowledge of it. No one would make the preposterous claim that only a writer could judge the excellence of "Vanity Fair," and yet the technique of writing is no less complicated than that of any other of the arts. Of late an exaggerated importance has been attached to technique, and those who practise a particular art have sought to make it into a mystery. Some years ago, owing to the influence of a popular and not undistinguished writer, there was a great interest in technique as such, and people troubled themselves with a needless accuracy: they spoke of steam-engines in the terms of the mechanic and of flowers in the terms of the botanist: they made themselves not only unintelligible but tedious. Art-critics, a timid race anxious to be right—as though to be right were more important than to be sincere—have stuffed themselves with the jargon of the studios, and have judged pictures as though they were painters. But since the technique of painting is very difficult the painter will be inclined to attach too great consequence to it, and the part of the critic is to remind him that technique is no more than a means. Good grammar may be expected from a writer, and he should be able to set down plainly and neatly what he wishes

to say: he need not be praised for these qualities, and their lack of essential importance is shown by the fact that some very great writers have not possessed them. Charles Dickens wrote often very bad grammar, and Honoré de Balzac was frequently diffuse and clumsy. It cannot be different in painting. You have the right to expect that a painter's values should be correct, and I see no more reason to congratulate him on the fact that he draws well than to congratulate a public speaker on the fact that he enunciates clearly. In none of this does art consist. A work of art must offer two much more important things, namely, entertainment and emotion.

I know little of the technique of painting, and care less, and in this short study of Mr. Gerald Kelly's art I have nothing to say about that side of his work. I have called him "a student of



"ROSA MARIA"

OIL PAINTING BY GERALD FESTUS KELLY

character. It is through his absorption in this that he gets those qualities of entertainment and emotion which seem to me the essentials of art.

I may make myself clearer by explaining that the peculiar form of entertainment which a picture offers is decoration. Mr. Kelly has painted portraits, he has painted in Spain, and he has painted in Burmah; but his interest in character makes a whole of work which at first sight looks as if it might be divided into three parts between which there is no great connection. His Spanish work, his Burmese work, shows no less an absorption in character than do his portraits of Captain Reeves, R.N., or of Lady Clarke illustrated in this article: but it is an absorption in the character of a people rather than in that of individuals. We who practise the arts know only our own country, and when we paint or describe other peoples' can tell not the truth about them, but the impression they make on us. This art can with difficulty be other than quaint or curious and at the best tell us only how a particular generation regarded a civilisation other than its own. The French painters of the eighteenth century who painted the East—there was an exhibition of their work at the Louvre a year or two ago—looked upon it as a masquerade and offered us an Orient in powder and patch: and the French romantics painted the East of the Byronic attitude: our own generation has been chiefly impressed by the mystery of the East, and it is this which Mr. Kelly has painted. His Burmese dancers—there is a long series of them, painted with boldness and great vigour—have a strange impenetrability, their gestures are enigmatic and yet significant, they are charming, and yet there is something curiously hieratic in their manner; with a sure instinct, and with a more definite feeling for decoration than is possible in a portrait, Mr. Kelly has given us the character of the East as we of our generation see it. It needed a peculiar sensitiveness; and the same sensitiveness has served him in painting Andalusia. Here again it is the character of a race that he has painted, more intimately than when he painted the Burmese, because the soul of the

Spaniard is nearer to us than that of the Oriental, and here again he has shown a rare originality, for Andalusia has meant to the painter, as to the superficial traveller, a land of song and light laughter, of dancing and castanets. It was Théophile Gautier who described the country in these terms, and the world at large has been content to see it through his eyes. It is a vulgar Spain of the Paris exhibition, a Spain at Earl's Court, which fills the imagination of the traveller who visits that country, and since most men take from their journeys only what they bring to them, often enough he comes home again with his impressions unaltered; often, too, finding little of what he expected, he brings back only disillusion. If you look at the pictures which illustrate these pages, *Joaquina*, *The Black Shawl*, *Rosa Maria*, *On the Rocks*, you will see that Mr. Kelly has seen Spain very differently. He has painted Andalusia, for it is Andalusia that he has painted in the portraits of these different women just as much as if he had painted street scenes in Seville or the crowd at a bull-fight, with



"THE BLACK SHAWL."

OIL PAINTING BY GERALD FESTUS KELLY



"ON THE ROCKS." OIL PAINTING
BY GERALD FESTUS KELLY



"LADY STANLEY CLARKE." FROM THE OIL
PAINTING BY GERALD FESTUS KELLY

Gerald Festus Kelly

fresh eyes and from an entirely personal standpoint: and they who know the country must realise the truth of his presentment. For Andalusia is a land of passion, and passion is not mirthful, there is always tragedy at the back of the dancing and the laughter which are all the superficial see: and the songs of its people are a melancholy wailing: they deal with unrequited love and death and hunger. *Rosa Maria*, the woman of *The Black Shawl*, with her beautifully painted hand, have eyes heavy with tears, their faces are sensual with a sensuality raised to a strange height of passion. There is the real Andalusia, and the painter who could see it, breaking through a shallow tradition, has gifts of insight which are rare among his fellows.

But there is a wall raised between us and the peoples of other lands: we know our own folk because our childhood has been spent among them; a thousand delicate feelings aid our comprehension; and our description of foreign nations, however subtle, cannot have a complete intimacy.

Character deals with the individual: and the painter of character has full scope for his gifts only when he is portraying his own countrymen. It is when Mr. Kelly paints Englishmen and Englishwomen that he reveals himself, patient, acute, and carefully exact, and his sitters with all their foibles and vices, their virtues and pleasant humours. Then he paints not only the character of a people but also of persons. Then his art is penetrating. Every one who is interested in modern painting will remember his portrait of *Mrs. Harrison*, now in the Municipal Gallery at Dublin. It is a portrait of a little old lady, but painted with such sincerity and emotion, soberly with a becoming restraint, that the individual is merged in the type: and you have a picture of graceful old age, insouciant as old age so often, so pleasantly, is, and beautiful. If art must give entertainment and emotion, here indeed is art. Only the mediocre keep always to the same level, and Mr. Kelly is not mediocre. Sometimes he sees his sitters without sympathy, which is the essential



"THE BASKET MAKERS"

OIL PAINTING BY GERALD FESTUS KELLY



"JOAQUINA" OIL PAINTING
BY GERALD FESTUS KELLY

Gerald Festus Kelly

gift of the portrait-painter, and then his pictures are dull : but more often, instinctively, perhaps, he paints with a true emotion : and then his portraits take a very high place as studies of character. He is not an idealist. He puts down what he sees, and when he sees with sympathy he gives you the very soul of the man, his strength and weakness, his very idiosyncrasies. It would not require a fertile imagination to give a true account of *Captain Reeves, R.N.*, or of *Lady Stanley Clarke*. They are placed on the canvas for the world to see them. Though knowing neither I fancy that I could write an accurate history of each.

Mr. Kelly is young still, and life has still lessons for him. When he fails it is through lack of sympathy, and when he learns a more complete sympathy, when he is able to see the point of view of those he paints, discovering how each one of us is right from his own standpoint, he will produce a series of works which will be a true and personal record of the generation in which he lived. Is that a poor thing to do from the peculiar outlook of the painter? I am not a painter and do not know. It is what the great Holbein did.

M. RODIN'S GIFT TO THE BRITISH NATION

MONS. AUGUSTE RODIN, the great French sculptor, has presented to the British nation, as a token of his admiration for the British soldiers who have been fighting side by side with his compatriots, the magnificent collection of his works which formed part of the exhibition of French art at Grosvenor House, and was subsequently transferred to the Victoria and Albert Museum. This inestimable gift, which has been gratefully accepted by the Minister of Education on

behalf of the nation, comprises some twenty master-pieces representing all stages of the great artist's evolution, and includes such notable works as *L'Age d'airain* (replica), *La Muse* and *L'Enfant prodigue*, all three life size, *L'Ange déchu* or *L'Ange tombé* as it is also called, the monumental *Cybèle*, a study of *Balzac*, several portrait-busts, including one of the late Mr. George Wyndham, the marble group *Amour et Psyché* and a small terra-cotta head of *Dante*. Except these last two, all the works presented by M. Rodin are bronzes. In communicating to the donor, who was then on a visit to London, the thanks of the nation for this priceless addition to its art treasures, Mr. Pease said, "Your generosity has forged a new bond between the two nations. It will be a further opportunity for our artists to draw inspiration from the inexhaustible wealth of the French genius."



"CAPTAIN REEVES, R.N."

OIL PAINTING BY GERALD FESTUS KELLY



"THE YELLOW PARASOL" OIL PAINTING
BY GERALD FESTUS KELLY

THE LANDSCAPES OF DAVID MURRAY SMITH, R.B.A.

IN "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies" there is a sentence which reads: "The Imitator is a poor kind of creature. If the man who paints only the tree, or flower, or other surface he sees before him were an artist, the king of artists would be the photographer. It is for the artist to do something beyond this." Whistler was not here, of course, referring to the art of the landscape painter especially, but his words, so true of all art, will serve admirably as text for an article written in appreciation of the works of a painter whose landscapes make their great appeal in just the achievement of that "something beyond this"—beyond mere imitation of Nature.

Nature is so rich, so generous, so almost profligate in the beauties she offers so inexhaustibly that the artist when face to face with some exquisite landscape or glorious view, may to some extent be compared to the gourmet tempted to over-indulgence by

a luxurious profusion of rare *plats*; perchance he succumbs and tastes them all—with indigestion as consequence. With no desire to write flippantly, one would venture to describe as *artistic indigestion* that malady from which so frequently landscape painters—particularly when they indulge in work of a painstaking literalness—would appear to be suffering. There are occasionally subjects ready made in Nature for the painter; scenes which will completely satisfy his aesthetic predilections, and in which he may be able to preserve topographical accuracy without there being entailed any sacrifice of the composition which, as artist and individual, he desires to create upon the canvas. This, however, happens but rarely, and in general the painter finds that his transcript of Nature must be a rearrangement of material, a selection and a rejection, in order to produce a work which shall be a beautiful rendering, in terms of his art, of the various data Nature affords him. The earnest student and lover of Nature who, with paints and canvas, seeks to perpetuate and to communicate something of the joy he feels in the



"LANDSCAPE IN SOUTH WALES"

OIL PAINTING BY D. MURRAY SMITH, R.B.A.

David Murray Smith, R.B.A.

For the artist who of all her manifold glories knows that, though he never so cunningly, his most ambitious attempt to imitate that loveliness is as naught in comparison with the beauty and perfection of even the very least of those creations of the Almighty which he seeks to depict. For the artist it is to study and to worship at this shrine of abundant beauty, so that at length by a selection, intelligently careful and sympathetic, from that vast storehouse of artistic raw material, he may draw the threads which he can weave in accordance with his conscious artistic aspirations into a production which shall enshrine with sincerity and in a beautiful manner the emotion which the ever changing panorama of Nature arouses in him. A landscape is capable of communicating this emotion to the onlooker in proportion as the painter has assimilated the characteristics of the scene he depicts, has co-ordinated his own sensations and selected such facts as he feels will *interpret*

not *imitate*—with due regard for the possibilities and the necessary limitations of the medium he employs, those salient characteristics of Nature.

The function of the artist is to create, and, since he cannot hope to rival the beauty of the works of God, he must strive to reveal upon canvas a new beauty dis-

covered by, and distilled from, his own personal study of Nature. Have not many of the great landscape painters revealed to us in their art some phase of natural beauty which, unnoted before, now widens our horizon and lends a new enchantment to our walks abroad?

In the landscapes of Mr. Murray Smith one recognises that a personal point of view is here presented: one feels the artist to be possessed of an individual outlook, and one is conscious of sincerity and of a lofty aim. There is a nobility and an austerity in these landscapes whose frames form, as it were, an open window through which we gaze out upon a new country. There is in all his work a restraint in the use of colour, and a certain formality in the arrangement of his compositions, revealing him as the master of his subject and not subservient to it.

Born in Edinburgh, Mr. Murray Smith studied painting at the Edinburgh School of Art and, subsequently, at the Royal Scottish Academy. Over twenty years ago he came south and settled in London, and in 1905 he was elected a member of the Royal Society of British Artists, his regular contributions being among the best things to be





"CHEDDAR CLIFFS." OIL PAINTING
BY DAVID MURRAY SMITH, R.B.A.

David Murray Smith, R.B.A.

seen upon the walls of the exhibitions in Suffolk Street.

It is to some extent an inevitable concomitant of the variety of his inspiration that the landscape painter should work in a variety of styles: indeed, it would betray a limitation in his art did he not adopt diverse manners so as to adapt himself to the divers moods of nature. Though only a small selection from among very many interesting and beautiful landscapes, the reproductions we give reveal the artist in his most characteristic and individual vein.

The *Landscape in South Wales* shows the austerity and reticence which is such a feature of his work, and also his fondness for low tones and subtle harmonies. Such works as this and the beautiful *Cheddar Cliffs* lead one to suppose that the artist prefers the somewhat pensive, almost *triste*, mood induced by the spectacle of the dying day, rather than the joyous promise of early morning or the full tide of rich sunlight at noonday. In each one of his canvases one finds this subtle harmony in his restrained use of colour and the evidence of a

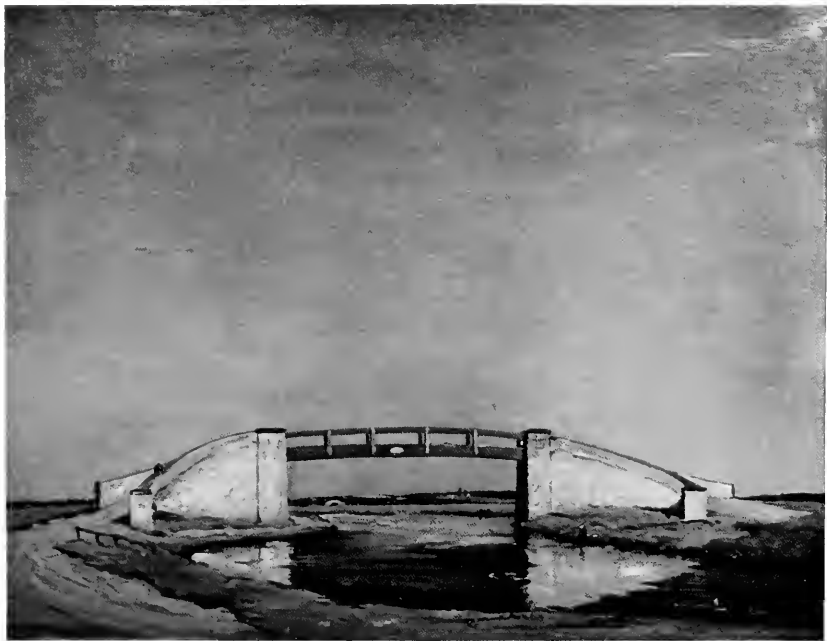
decorative sense highly developed. In the *Landscape in South Wales* the broad simple manner of treatment, the beautiful quality of paint, and the interesting variety of tone resulting from the effects of the fleeting cloud-shadows falling across the hills and river, all combine to make it a picture of great and compelling attractiveness. These interesting effects of light are what give the chief charm to such a landscape as the fine *Noon's Sapphire*, a large canvas, nobly composed, in which the shadows from the passing clouds chasing one another over the hill, have turned the distant trees to deepest sapphire blue. This picture, exhibited at Rome in 1911, is very similar to the fine work in the recent R.B.A. Exhibition of which Sir Claude Phillips wrote in reviewing the show: "The best of the landscapes here is Mr. D. Murray Smith's *The Gathering Storm*, incisively painted in a steely-grey harmony which makes a powerful impression of desolation and bitterness."

At the R.B.A. Spring Exhibition, 1914, the artist showed a fine *Piazzale Michelangiolo*, now on view at Brighton, and also another large canvas, *The*

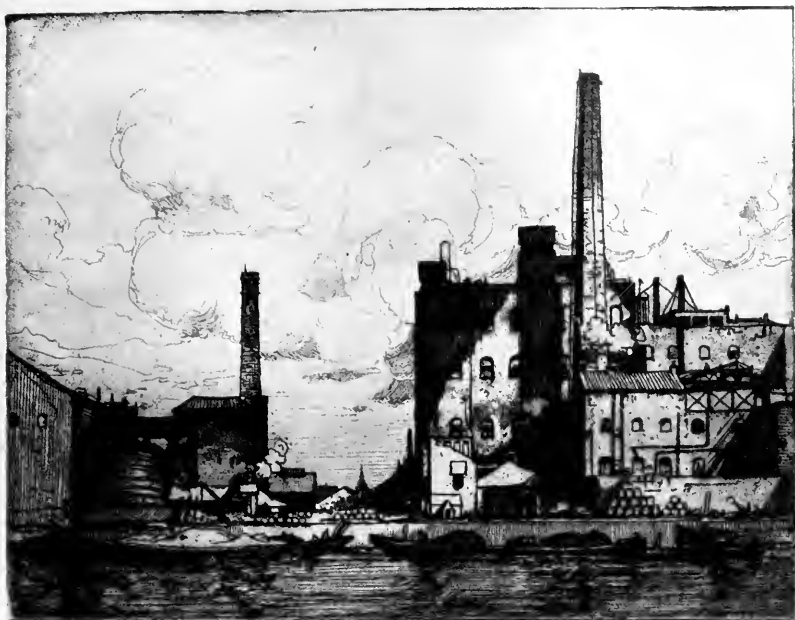


NOON'S SAPPHIRE

OIL PAINTING BY D. MURRAY SMITH, R.B.A.



"THE BRIDGE. FROM AN OIL
PAINTING BY D. MURRAY SMITH, R.B.A.



"HAMMERSMITH"

ETCHING BY D. MURRAY SMITH, R.B.A.

(By permission of the publishers, Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi and Oba.)

Bridge (reproduced here in colour), with its expanse of blue sky enhancing the loneliness and solitude of the bridge standing statuesquely, like a sentinel, over the cold steely-blue water, in which is reflected the light falling upon the yellow stone piers. Here, as in all this artist's paintings, we have pure landscape, there is no hint of human interest, we are not conscious of the bridge as man's agent, promoting intercourse and the carrying on of daily life. This is something quite detached as it stands out monumentally in the still, low-lying landscape.

A Grey Day, Venice, another large canvas, is again an example of subtle, low-toned harmonies of colour, which are the more to be appreciated in their relation to the vast expanse of grey clouds which gives so fine a sense of spaciousness and atmosphere to the scene. In *On the Banks of the Arno* and *The Chalk Cliff* (R.B.A., Spring 1914) we find the artist in a rather different mood. Both of these are small works, and partake more of the nature of sketches; and here, with perhaps rather less beauty of quality in his paint, he achieves an

air of greater spontaneity in the landscape—the composition is not so *stylisé*—and we have in the first-mentioned picture a fleeting effect, delightfully captured, of pale morning sunlight gilding the walls of the Florentine buildings; and in *The Chalk Cliff*, though a low-toned picture, the greens are richer and more luscious, so that the bare chalk on the hillside and the white clouds, rapidly scudding across the sky, gleam out with greater contrast.

Apart from his oil paintings, mention should be made of the excellent water-colours, delightfully free in handling, and of the etchings, which form another side to Mr. Murray Smith's activities. From among a number of admirable plates we reproduce an interesting impression of *Hammersmith*.

Mr. Murray Smith has also made some excursions into the region of portrait painting, and with success, though here it is perhaps the figure in the composition, rather than the actual portrayal of character, that interests him; but it is in the beautiful landscapes, studied with reverence, and composed with sympathy, intelligence, and skill, that his art reaches



"A GREY DAY, VENICE." OIL PAINTING
BY D. MURRAY SMITH, R.B.A.



"ON THE BANKS OF THE ARNO"

OIL PAINTING BY D. MURRAY SMITH, R.E.A.

its highest point: it is here that he reveals and communicates the beauty he has sought and found in Nature.

ARTHUR REDDIE.

MINIATURES IN THE PIERPONT MORGAN COLLECTION.—TWO SKETCHES BY FRANCES REYNOLDS.

THE two miniatures which are reproduced in this month's issue, are drawings in water-colour on ivory, by Frances Reynolds, the youngest sister of Sir Joshua, from paintings executed by him, and as historical documents are of considerable importance. The one called *The Link Boy* is signed by the artist and dated 1776, and this drawing gives us what we have not known hitherto, the exact date on which the President painted the picture called *Cupid as a Link Boy*.

This picture was described by Malone as *The Covent Garden Cupid*, and, according to Graves and Cronin, it was exhibited at the British Institution in 1817, in 1823, and in 1840. It was engraved by J. Dean in mezzotint, August 1, 1777, and was used by S. W. Reynolds in his series of engravings, circa 1820, but all we could say before

the discovery of this sketch by Frances Reynolds was, that the picture was either painted before 1777, or in that year. We may conclude, however, from this sketch, that the picture was painted in 1776, and not in 1778 as Sir Walter Armstrong has it.

The picture also figured at the Old Masters' exhibition at the Royal Academy in 1875, when it was exhibited by Earl de la Warr, and again in 1896, when it was shown by Mr. Alexander Henderson, whose property it then was. A little later on it was purchased by Mr. Pierpont Morgan. The reproduction of it here given shows a number of divergences between it and the miniature, the most conspicuous perhaps being the absence of wings from the latter, which would seem to imply that the picture was first of all a study of an actual link boy, and was subsequently amended. In the picture the colour and certain details have become modified by reason of exposure to light.

The other drawing, called *The Strawberry Girl*, is evidently a sketch of the picture now belonging to the Marquess of Lansdowne, a work which differs in certain respects and in colouring from the better known example of this famous painting which is in the Wallace Collection. It is signed

Miniatures in the Pierpont Morgan Collection

of 1773, Reynolds and dated 1773, in which Sir Joshua exhibited at the Royal Academy the picture called *A Strawberry Girl*, which Horatio Walpole declared was "charming." Lord Lansdowne's picture was painted in 1773, and was sold to Lord Carysfort for fifty guineas, and then passed into the possession of the family of its present owner. It was engraved by T. Watson. Here again we have an interesting opportunity of knowing what the picture was like when Reynolds first completed it, and what was its original colouring before the light had commenced to affect that colouring in any respect. The face in this picture was painted, as is well known, from that of Offy, the second daughter of Reynolds' sister, Mary Palmer, who afterwards became Mrs. Gwatkin.

Frances Reynolds was Sir Joshua's youngest sister. She was born in 1729 and died in 1807. She kept Sir Joshua's house for many years when he came to London, but her temperament was not congenial to her brother, and when her nieces, the Misses Palmer, were old enough to take her place, she left his house and never returned, the separation causing her a lasting regret. We do not know exactly when she took a house by herself, but it was before February 15, 1779. For a while she lived in Devonshire, then she went to stay with a Miss Flint in Paris, where the President visited her. She afterwards lived as his lodger at the house of Dr. John Hoole, then went to Dover Street, where Dr. Johnson frequently visited her; and after her brother's death, in 1792, she took a large house in Queen's Square, Westminster, where she eventually died.

She is known to have made a good many copies in miniature of the pictures painted by her brother, and there was a strong divergence of opinion concerning the merit of these particular copies. Sir Joshua said that "they make other people laugh,

and me cry," but, on the other hand, Northcote stated that "she paints very fine, both history and portraits."

There are very few of her signed miniature copies of her brother's work in existence; I personally am only aware of the existence of two or three beside the two now under consideration. These came through the Bullock collection at Handsworth, from the family of a person in the Midland counties, whose ancestor had been a personal servant to Frances Reynolds, and it was stated that these two drawings were a gift to her from her mistress. They passed into the possession of a dealer in Birmingham, who sent them up to Mr. Morgan, and although the price demanded for them was a considerable one, he was very glad to secure them, and he was especially pleased to possess *The Link Boy* as being the first sketch for one of his favourite pictures.

GEORGE C. WILLIAMSON.



"CHILD AS A LINK BOY" (1776)

BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

[(Original painting in the Pierpont Morgan Collection. Reproduced by permission of the late owner from a photograph supplied by him.)]



"THE STRAWBERRY GIRL" AND "THE LINK BOY."
FROM TWO MINIATURES IN THE PIERPONT MORGAN
COLLECTION. PAINTED BY FRANCES REYNOLDS
AFTER PICTURES BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Belgian Artists in England

BELGIAN ARTISTS IN ENGLAND. BY P. BUSCHMANN.

[Dr. Buschmann is Editor of our esteemed contemporary, "*L'Art Flamand et Hollandais*," and, like the artists of whom he writes, has been compelled to seek refuge in England. For obvious reasons it has been impossible to include reproductions of the works of all the artists he mentions, but we hope to supplement those now given by a few more in our next issue.]

WHILST the German army has been busy destroying or spoiling the art treasures of Belgium, the English people have been quick to offer an asylum to the distressed Belgium artists, who have come amongst them under such tragic circumstances, and to cheer them up in the adversity which has befallen them. In doing so with such wholeheartedness, England follows a noble tradition. It is not the first time that people from the Lower Lands-by-the-Sea have crossed the Channel, flying from fire and steel, from plunder and tyranny. During the religious persecution of the sixteenth century in the Netherlands a crowd of refugees came over here, and amongst them were many artists of note. It is no glory for Germany to remind us of the bloody achievements of the abhorred Duke of Alva.

But also in times of peace England has ever patronised our artists. A King of England, Charles I, knighted both our most renowned painters, Rubens and Van Dyck,* and there

* Our readers may be interested in the following appreciation of England, translated from a letter written by Rubens from London, August 8, 1629, to his friend Pierre Dupuy . . . "This Isle appears to be a scene worthy of the curiosity of every Gentleman, not only on account of the charm of the country and the beauty of the nation; not

is scarcely a manor in the kingdom which has not at one time or other screened some precious Flemish work. Every student of this art is acquainted with the most famous names of the English nobility, as they belong nearly all to lovers and collectors of the great artistic productions of our country.

The Flemish masters, in their turn, left their mark upon artistic life in England. We need not insist upon the rôle of Sir Anthony Van Dyck as a court painter to Charles the First. Even the most renowned English eighteenth-century painters paid their tribute to his genius, and every one knows Gainsborough's last words, spoken to Reynolds: "We are all going to heaven and Van Dyck is of the company."

During the following century the Flemish only for the splendour of outer culture, which seems to be extreme, revealing a wealthy and sumptuous people, living in peace, but also for the overwhelming quantity of excellent pictures, sculptures and antique inscriptions to be found about this court. . . .



"FISHING-BOAT IN NIEUPORT CHANNEL."

FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY ALEXANDRE MARCETTE

Belgian Artists in England

Primitives, before all Memline, inspired in a large measure the promoters of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and in our own days works by Flemish or Belgian artists have often figured prominently in brilliant loan exhibitions devoted to ancient and modern art.

The Belgian artists who have now sought refuge in England will not feel quite out of their element : those I have met here, partners in the misfortune which has befallen our country, have expressed themselves delighted with the reception everywhere accorded to them, and they will certainly subscribe with all their heart to the impressions, quoted above, of their great old master, Rubens. Of course they by no means represent the whole of the Belgium art guild of to-day. It may be that some of our leading artists have been prevented from leaving their homes : others have found a domicile in Holland or in France, and there are possibly some staying in England who have escaped our investigations.

We think, therefore, that in presenting the Belgian artists now enjoying British hospitality, we must allow our readers to have at least a glance at the present art movement in their country.

Belgium's situation at one of the main crossways of the intellectual streams of Europe has necessarily influenced its artistic development. At its best moments, it took the lead in artistic life and activity, and its influence prevailed both in the North and in the South : at other times, it readily assimilated and reflected in its own character the renovations and developments coming from abroad.

But ever it has remained one of the most sensible points in the great evolution of Art.

Now that art seems to hesitate and to seek new ways, the divergent and opposite tendencies are quite as numerous and the confusion quite as great in this little spot on earth as throughout the wide world.

Lost traditions still continue here their artificial life with more tenacity perhaps than elsewhere. "Genre" scenes in the style of Madou and the "little masters," reconstitutions of antique or oriental scenery, chlorotic pasticcios of mediæval Madonnas are still produced with more or less skill by brave craftsmen, who look to old pictures rather than to nature, and live in the sweet illusion that they are continuing the "very" art of Flanders. But a long time has already elapsed since epic



'AÏE, NÎE PORT'

WATER-COLOUR BY ALEXANDRE MARCETTE



"LIGHTHOUSE NEAR MIDDELKERKE"
FROM A WATER-COLOUR PAINTING
BY ALEXANDRE MARCETTE

Belgian Artists in England



"THE YSER CANAL."

WATER-COLOUR BY ALEXANDRE MARCETTE

battles against academism and convention were won by the adepts of a more independent art; and in the meantime Belgian *plein-air* painting has flourished and found its way to the principal museums and galleries of Europe. Besides this many other systems have prevailed and groups have been formed, and Belgium shows now the most variegated art to be imagined.

The indisputable leader of neo-impressionism among us is Emile Claus, the painter of the Lys. He travelled in Spain, Morocco, Paris, Holland, Italy, etc., and after a most interesting evolution had the courage to break with "tradition" and became a convinced pointillist. He is the brightest of Belgian painters; he gave the name "Sunshine" to his pretty old-fashioned cottage on the banks of his beloved river, and sunshine is the ideal of his art: light and air vibrate in every one of his pictures. His Flemish landscapes are generally animated with figures or cattle, for, besides being a luminous colourist, he is an admirable draughtsman: his drawings in black-and-white reveal the same research in atmospheric effects, and by the simplest means he often obtains the most striking results.

Albert Baertsoen, too, is a Fleming, having been born at Ghent, where his home is—or was until the advent of the invader. He works also in Bruges and at places along the coast. Although younger, he equals Claus in ability and reputation, but forms with him a complete antithesis. He does

not "divide" his colours, but loves the large and fluent touch; quite as sensible to the subtle tones in sky and light, he feels more attracted to the hours of twilight, and a deep melancholy often pervades his works. If Claus is the exuberant lyricist of sunshine and brightness in the open fields of Flanders, Baertsoen may be called the elegist of its old, dreamy little towns. He is a master-etcher too, and his prints belong to the very choicest produced in Belgium.

Georges Buysse ranks very near to these two masters. He is a frank luminist and happily renders, with his own accent, the luxuriant beauty of his country.

To continue with the artists who belong to the provinces of East and West Flanders, we mention Louis Reckelbus, who is before all the painter of Bruges. This "grateful" theme has tempted many brushes but even this makes it dangerous. Reckelbus had no need to fear this danger, because he intimately penetrated the soul of his native town, and he depicts its most charming aspects in bright and frank tempera colours.

Valerius de Saedeleer is a quite isolated figure in modern Belgian art. He has the eyes of a "Primitive," and renders the flat, wide far-stretching landscapes of Flanders with a delightful minutia. As a careful designer rather than a colourist, he often paints Winter scenes in almost monochrome but nevertheless very delicately graduated tones.



RAMASSEURS D'ÉPAGES.
(WRECKAGE GATHERERS)
FROM A WATER-COLOUR
BY ALEXANDRE MARCETTE.

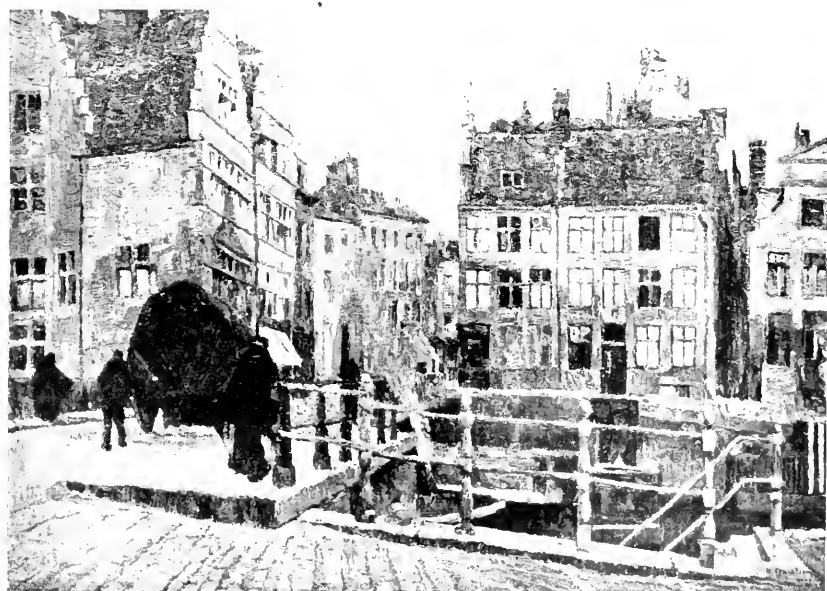
Belgian Artists in England



"GRAND RUE, NIEUPOORT - MORNING"

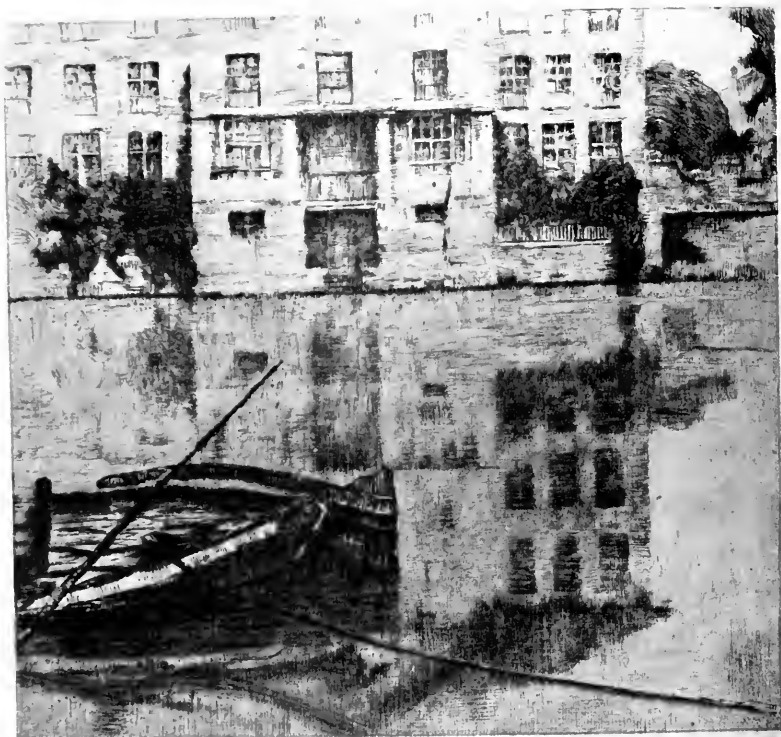
(Virneux collection)

FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT BAERTSOEN



"ON THE QUAYS, GHEENT: CLOSE OF DAY"

FROM A PAINTING BY ALBERT BAERTSOEN



a Baertsoen

"REFLECTIONS, GHENT." FROM AN
ETCHING BY ALBERT BAERTSOEN

Belgian Artists in England



AL. BY SUZANNE DUBOUE

In a certain sense Gustave van de Woestyne is akin to de Saedeleer: with a similar disposition of mind he paints portraits, which reveal a striking accuracy of detail and deep psychological penetra-

tion. Thus he has counterfeited King Albert, and he is without doubt on the way to becoming one of the first Belgian portraitists.

Hippolyte Daeys, born in Ghent, travelled in Spain and settled in Antwerp. He is a landscape as well as a figure painter, but is specially successful in his charming portraits of children.

Through Daeys, we reach the groups of Antwerp painters. The venerable metropolis of art is still proud of its renowned sons: Massys, Rubens, Van Dyck, Jordaens, Teniers, and so many others; and this glorious past explains to a large extent

the more reactionary tendencies in art which still prevail here more than elsewhere in Belgium. But, besides a "vieille garde," pursuing consciously the principles inherited from the past, a phalanx of fresh and youthful forces has arisen and vigorously pushes Antwerp art to new conquests.

Amongst them, we should first mention Charles Mertens, a highly endowed artist whose evolution is a typical one. He carried off his first laurels—many years ago—as a genre painter, in the then beloved, pleasant and polished style. But he soon recognized that there was no issue in that direction, and giving up a success which was too easy for his talent, turned to actual life as it developed around him in its real light and atmosphere. Although a sensible and delicate landscape painter, Mertens excels in the human figure, and recently gave further proof of his skill in this direction in decorating with an allegorical composition of grand style, the ceiling of the new Flemish Opera House at Antwerp.

The lobby in the same building has been decorated by Emile Vloors, a sumptuous colourist, who



AL. DANSE

BY VICTOR ROUSSEAU



"ALICE." BUST BY
VICTOR ROUSSEAU

Belgian Artists in England

has also revealed himself as a sculptor of rare merit in a competition for a monument to the Flemish composer, Peter Benoit. His model was awarded the first prize, and was much appreciated by Aug. Rodin, but may we hope to see it ever erected in unfortunate Antwerp?

A thoroughly honest and sympathetic artist is Edgard Farasyn, working in the surroundings of Antwerp and also on the Flemish coast. His shrimp-fishers on horseback, doing their hard work on the sandy shores of the North Sea, are figures of high character, leaving a strong impression on every sensitive spectator.

Pretty little Lierre, on the Nethe near Antwerp, with its old churches, béguinages, and picturesque houses, now almost entirely destroyed by German shells, has found its painter in Isidore Opsomer. He has evoked in brilliant colours the charm of his native city and chosen it sometimes as a setting for biblical subjects, as in his *Christ Preaching to the Poor*.

We turn now to Brussels, which, as the capital and a centre of high culture, has attracted many artists during the last two or three generations.

Painters and sculptors from nearly every part of Belgium have settled there; every tendency in modern art has its representatives, and it would be difficult to discover the predominating direction.

To the autochthonous painters of Brussels belong André Cluysenaer, who first studied sculpture but afterwards became a skilful portrait-painter; he also executed a decorative painting in the Town Hall of St. Gilles, near Brussels; M. Wagemans, also a figure-painter with a pronounced predilection for vigorous strokes and solid colour; and Jean Van den Eeckhoudt, one of our most refined luminists. The last named passed several

winters on the Côte d'Azur, and was just preparing a complete exhibition of his work when war broke out. Besides landscapes, he paints portraits and still-life pictures.

Another Brussels artist, Louis G. Cambier, has travelled in the Holy Land, in Turkey, Brittany, Italy, &c. He studied in Paris under Maurice Denis, whose impulse he followed, and contributed to the renovation of modern religious art. His wife, Mme. Juliette Cambier, is a distinguished painter of flowers.

Amongst the painters from the southern, *i.e.*, the Walloon part of Belgium, we mention Alexandre Marcette, who was born at Spa, and though living in Brussels has become fully acclimatised on the banks of the Scheldt and the North Sea coast. As a marine painter he has acquired an unrivalled mastership in rendering the moving waves and the subtle, ever-changing scenery of clouds and sky. For the last ten years he has painted exclusively in



"OLD HOUSES, LIERRE"

BY ISIDORE OPSOMER



"A STREET IN LIERRE"
BY ISIDORE OPSOMER



"L'ART." CEILING DECORATION FOR
NEW OPERA HOUSE, ANTWERP
BY EMIL VLOORS



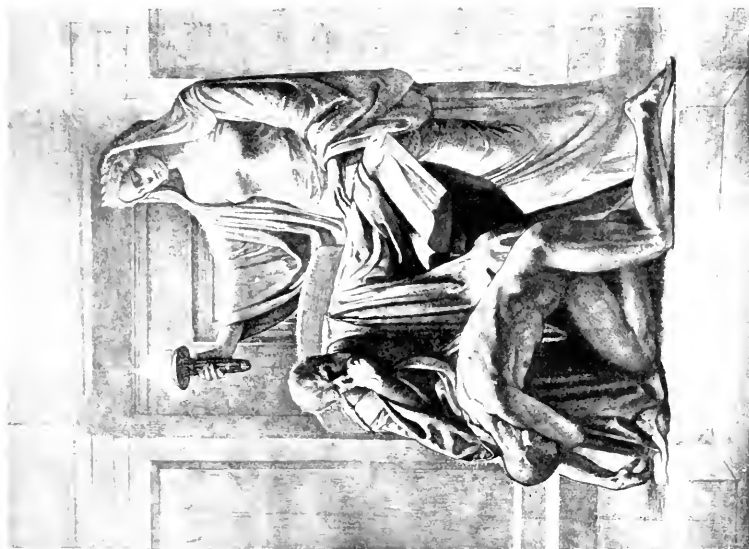
"L'ESSOR," CEILING DECORATION
FOR NEW OPERA HOUSE, ANTWERP
BY EMIL VLOORS



"LA RONDE." BY EMIL VLOORS



"MOSES REVEALING THE DIVINE LAW," AND "JUSTICE OF TODAY," SKETCHES FOR MURAL PAINTINGS IN THE PALACE OF JUSTICE, BRUSSELS, BY JEAN DELVILLE.



Belgian Artists in England



"LES BODES À GOMMES"
WOOD-ENGRAVING BY ALBERT
DELSTANCHE

water-colours, and ranks amongst the very first masters in this delicate art.

Pierre Paulus belongs to the Walloon artists who devote themselves to the study of their own region. As Constantin Meunier did in sculpture, so Paulus magnifies with pencil and pigment the epic beauty of the dark industrial district of Charleroi, where men and women perform their arduous labour in the coal-pits and huge blast furnaces.

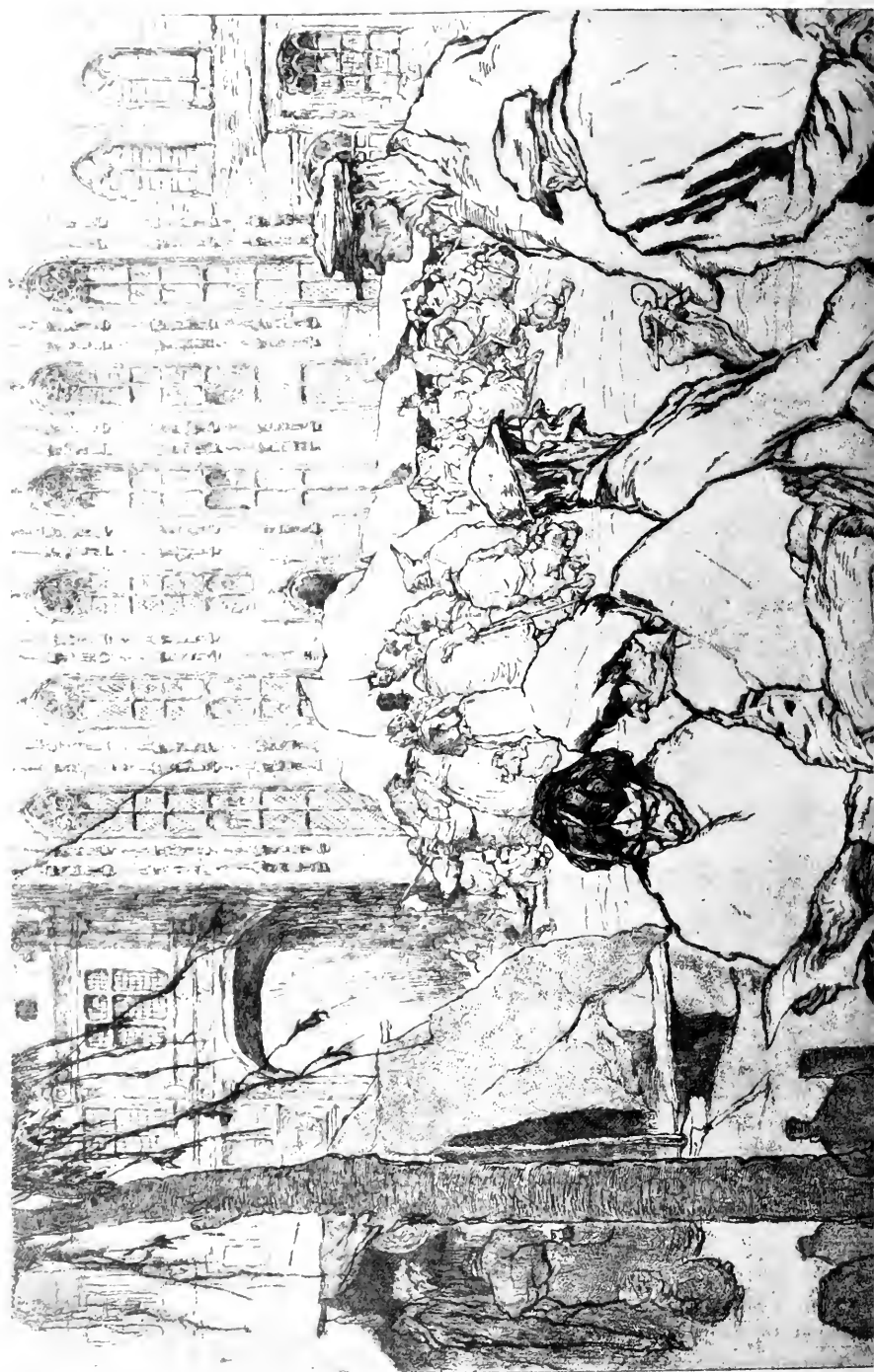
Besides these more or less realistic painters, we have to mention a group of artists who represent a reaction against the excesses of naturalism. They believe that art begins where nature ceases, and that the artist has a nobler task than to paint a tree or a cow. We shall not trouble the reader with æsthetic-

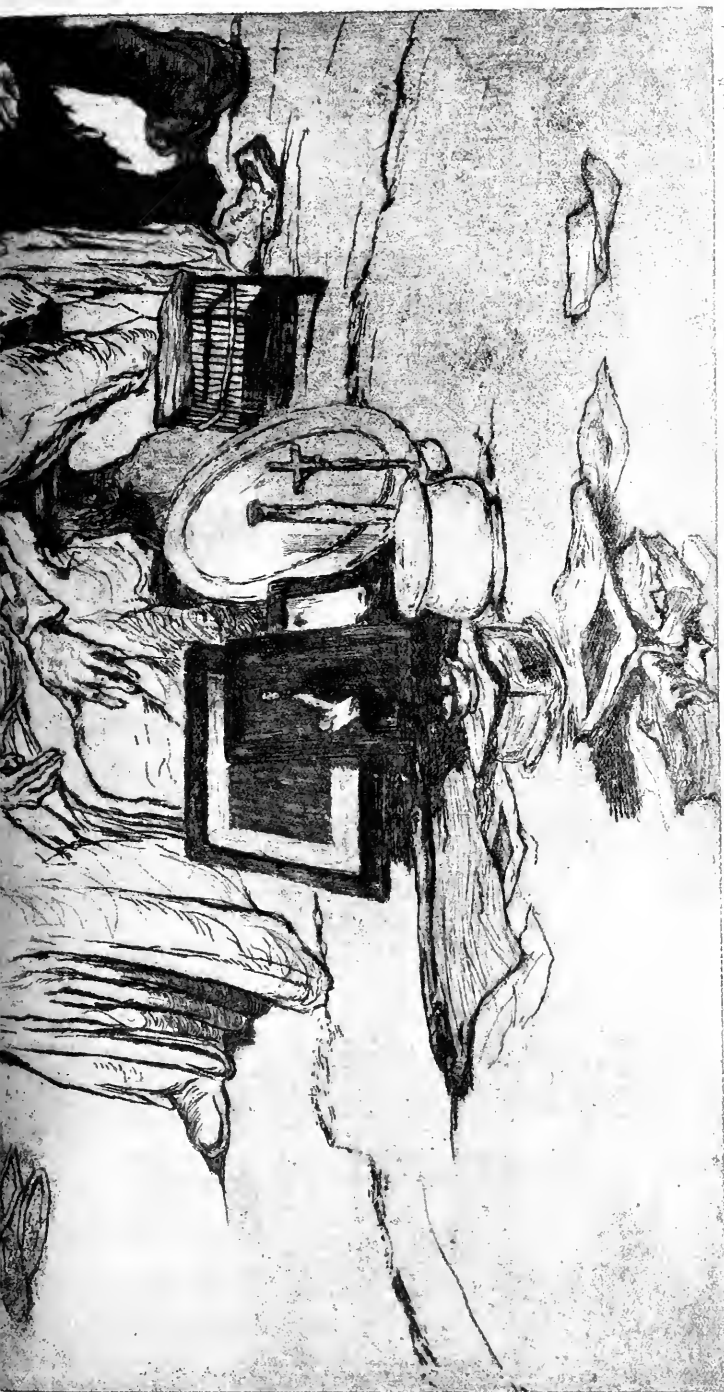
philosophical digressions on this subject but simply look at the works these painters have produced. We are first attracted by the idealistic compositions of Jean Delville. This painter, born in Louvain, settled in Brussels after having been professor at the Glasgow School of Art. His well-known *École de Platon* is in the Luxembourg Museum, Paris. Before the war he was engaged upon the execution, for the Belgian Government, of five large decorative wall paintings in the Palais de Justice of Brussels, symbolising the idea of Justice in past and present times.



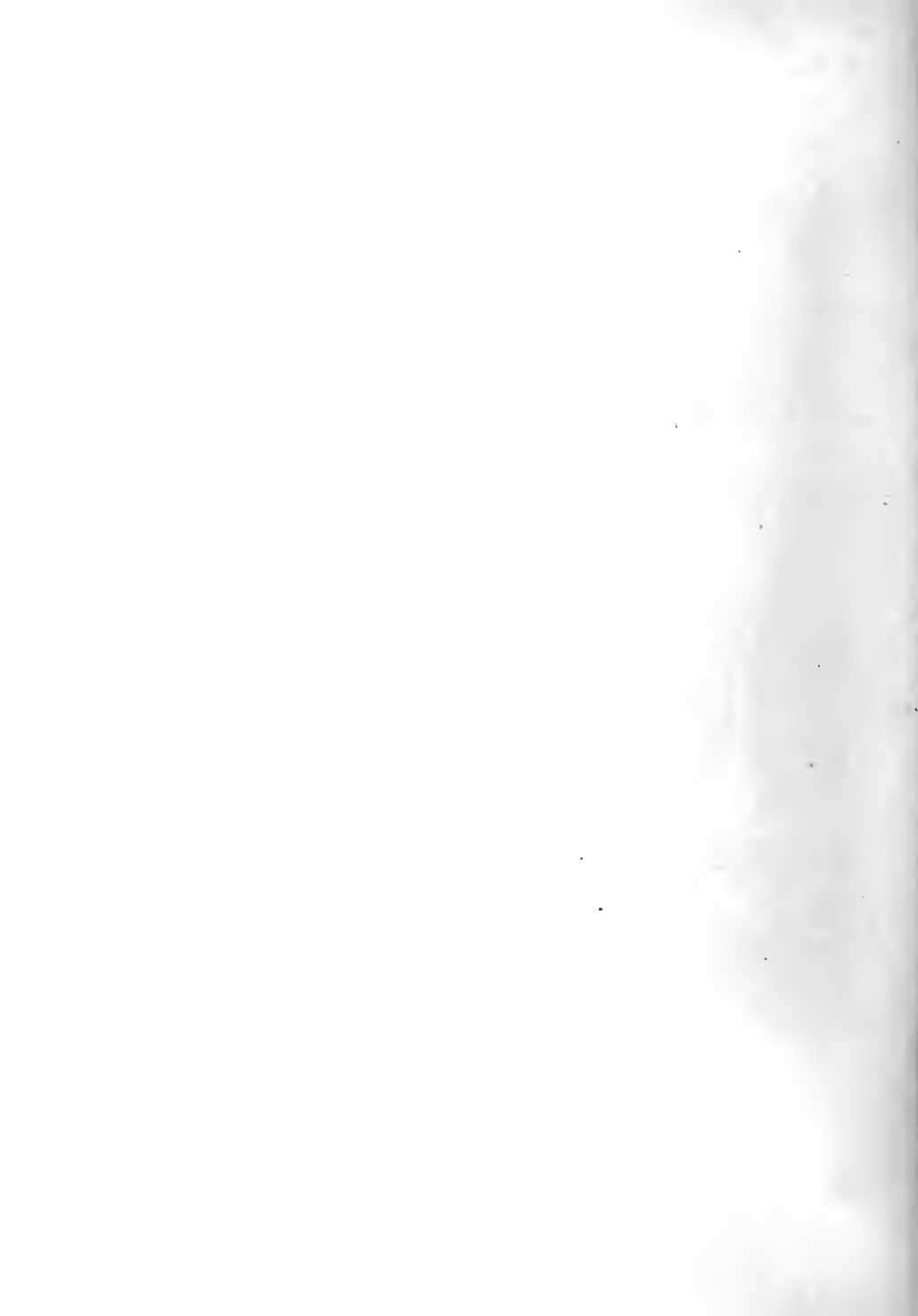
"TOWERS ON THE SEA-SHORE"

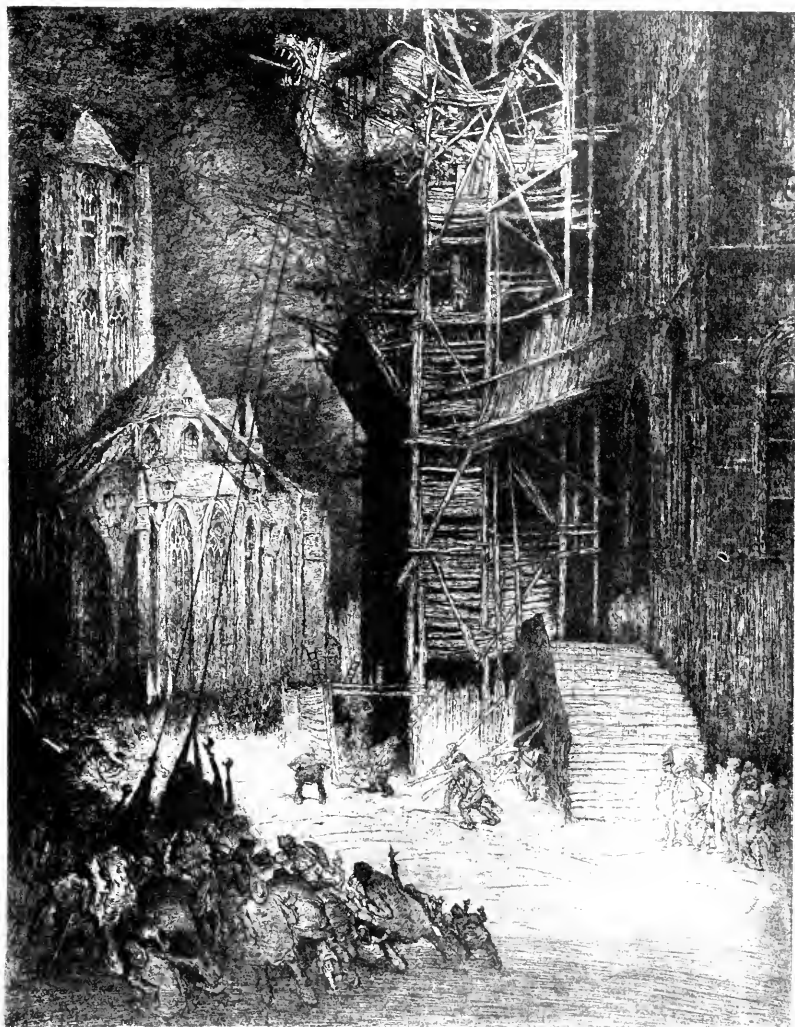
WOODCUT IN TWO COLOURS BY ALBERT DELSTANCHE
(From E. Verhaeren's "*La Guirlande des Danes*")





"PLACE DU VIEUX BOURG,
BRUGES." FROM AN ETCHING
BY JULES DE BRUYCKER





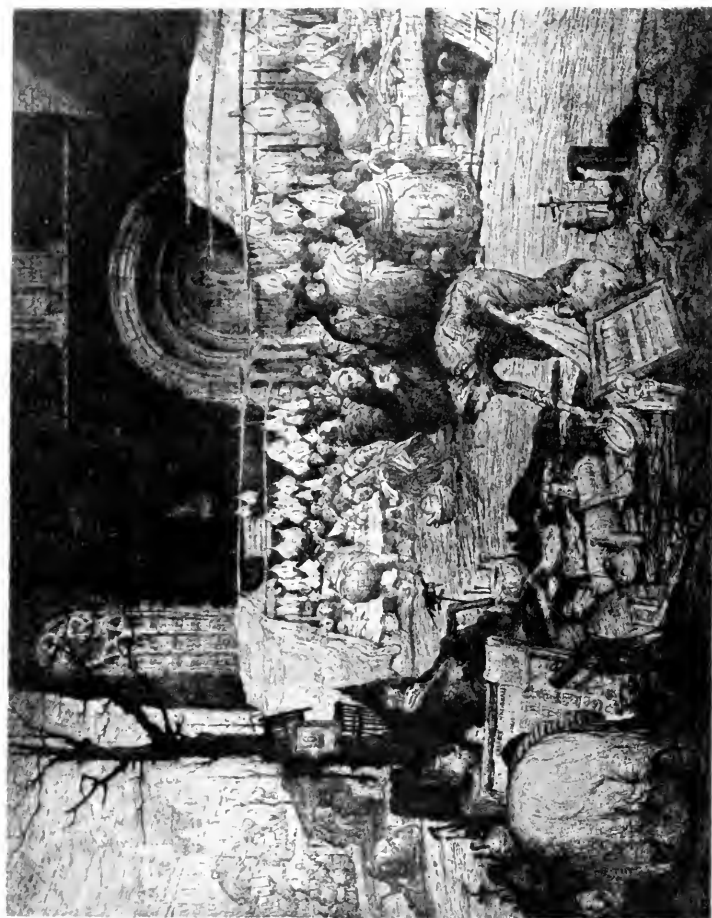
"PLACING THE DRAGON ON THE BELFRY
AT GHENT." FROM AN ETCHING BY
JULES DE BRUYCKER



THE HOUSE OF JAN PALFIJN
AT GHENT." FROM AN ETCHING
BY JULES DE BRUYCKER



"FRUIT-MARKET ON THE QUAI AUX
HERBES, GHENT." FROM AN ETCH-
ING BY JULES DE BRUYCKER



"OLD MARKET IN FLANDERS," FROM AN
ETCHING BY JULES DE BRUYCKER

Belgian Artists in England

Emile Fabry is working in a similar line, but his preoccupations are of a more picturesque and decorative than idealistic and imaginative character. We may mention here Gustave Max Stevens, with his well studied compositions, sumptuous in colour and stylish in form, and Emile Motte, born in Mons and director of the Academy of that town. Like most of his Walloon colleagues, Motte is a draughtsman rather than a colourist: his portraits and figures denote the striving after a noble elegance and minute execution.

We have also been glad to meet some of our best black-and-white artists. Jules de Bruycker, of Ghent, is a painter in water colours, but before all one of our most vigorous and original etchers. The popular life, seen from its tragi-comic side, finds in him an acute and somewhat caricatural interpreter.

Albert Delstanche is, besides an aquafortist, an engraver on wood, in fact one of the few artists who are devoting themselves to the renovation of this much abandoned art: he is now completing a series of woodcuts illustrating Emile Verhaeren's poems; "*La guirlande des Dunes*."

Another branch, most neglected in these days of hasty production, the engraving on copper, counts a masterly practitioner in Fr. Lauwers, professor at the Antwerp Academy.

Modern Belgian sculpture enjoys a world-wide reputation and some of its chief masters are now in England.

Victor Rousseau hardly needs any further introduction. His busts of the Belgian King and Queen were reproduced in a recent issue of this magazine, and other works of his have figured in these pages from time to time. The high distinction and grace of his figures equal those of the

Florentine quattrocentists: their delicious *morbidessa* reveals the aspirations of mankind towards an ideal world, and spiritual elevation has seldom been combined in sculpture with greater delicacy of form.

Georges Minne of Ghent produced in former years strongly stylized figures in sculpture and drawing—and in the course of an interesting evolution, he has become more and more to a close observation of nature. His productions are not very numerous, but every one of them is thoroughly studied, and bears the marks of a powerful and highly cultured spirit.

Jozue Dupon, born in West Flanders and settled in Antwerp, practises nearly every form of sculpture, from delicately modelled medals and ivory figurines to monumental bronze statues of the largest size. His sculptures adorn many public places in Antwerp: he is also an accomplished



"INTIMITÉ"

OIL PAINTING BY HIPPOLYTE DALRY

Chinese Bird-Cages

animalist, and some fine specimens of this work are in the Antwerp Zoological Gardens.

Last, but not least, we should mention one of the younger and most talented Belgian sculptors, Frans Huygelen, who was born and educated in Antwerp, but afterwards went to live in Brussels. When he paid a first visit to London many years ago, he was profoundly impressed by the Elgin marbles and other masterpieces of antique sculpture which England is so fortunate to possess. But his enthusiasm by no means incited him to imitation: it allowed him only to discover in these works the eternal sources of Art, and strongly fortified by their virtue he became in his turn a creator of everlasting beauty. In several private residences of his country he has executed large bas-relief friezes of the noblest inspiration and style, whilst the marble of his portrait-busts seems animated by the very breath of life. One of these busts has lately been on view at the exhibition of the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts.

We have now completed our rapid—very rapid—review of Belgium artists in England. We had to write it in a rather disquieting frame of mind, without any reference notes, and in a language which, notwithstanding our goodwill, still conceals very dark secrets from us. Besides this, most of the artists having fled from Belgium, leaving everything behind, it was a most difficult task to gather some material for illustration. This is an apology for the imperfection of our work.

But we had no other object than to awaken some interest in the achievements of those who have possibly lost everything but their talent and now mostly depend upon British hospitality. We shall be happy if we have succeeded in a feeble measure, and are most grateful to the Editor of *THE STUDIO* who afforded us the present opportunity.

P. B.

CHINESE BIRD-CAGES OF THE CH'EN LUNG PERIOD.

FOR a long time our knowledge of the arts and crafts of China was limited in the main to those marvellous ceramic productions which nowadays excite the admiration of connoisseurs and the envy of collectors, but of late years certain auction rooms in the chief capitals of Europe and America, whither all sorts of *objets d'Art* from the Far East find their way from time to time, have helped to familiarise us with many other branches

of handicraft in which the craftsmen of Cathay have displayed their genius at various epochs in the history of their most ancient civilisation. It may be that what we have learned in this and other ways is meagre compared with the field that remains to be explored; but what we have thus far learned is sufficient to arouse our astonishment at the rare combination of skilled craftsmanship and aesthetic sense revealed to us in the multifarious products of the Chinese worker's ingenuity. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the Far Eastern craftsman is his readiness to exercise his skill on all kinds of seemingly commonplace substances and things, on articles of everyday use as well as objects of a purely ornamental character—and here it is worth noting that with the Chinese use and beauty are and always have been closely associated, and that consequently objects which with us are ornaments pure and simple are with them things which play a part in their lives, either in the daily routine or on one or other of the many



CH'EN LUNG BIRD-CAGE, BAMBOO AND WOOD
LACQUERED, METAL AND IVORY FITTINGS

Chinese Bird-Cages



CH'EN LUNG BIRD-CAGES, ONE MADE OF TORTOISE-SHELL AND BAMBOO, THE OTHER OF BAMBOO



CH'EN LUO BIRD-CAGES, ONE OF IVORY AND LACQUERED WOOD, THE OTHER

Chinese Bird-Cages

and the various articles are brought into a harmonious system.

It is not surprising, therefore, that in such articles of domestic use as bird-cages the Chinese craftsman should have displayed his constructive genius and instinct for beautifying the objects of daily use. How long the custom of keeping song birds in captivity, has been in vogue in China we do not know, but it is said that in some of their ancient pictures there are representations of bird-cages hanging in the apartments of houses. The several cages shown in the accompanying illustrations belong, however, to a comparatively late period



CHINESE BIRD-CAGE, CH'EN LUNG PERIOD, FRAMEWORK OF WOOD,
LACQUERED RED

—that of Ch'ien Lung (1735-1796), a ruler who was noted as a connoisseur in matters of art. They



CH'EN LUNG BIRD-CAGES, THE FIRST MADE OF IVORY AND LACQUERED WOOD, THE OTHER OF BAMBOO AND LACQUERED WOOD

Studio-Talk

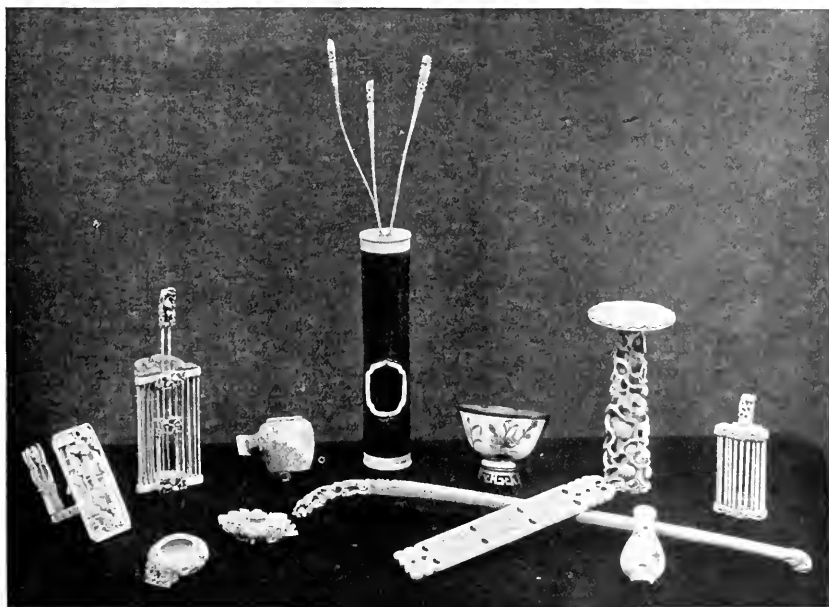
form part of a small collection which Messrs. Yamanaka and Co. are exhibiting in their galleries, and their excellent condition after the lapse of so many years is significant of the care with which they have been treated by their owners, evidently members of the wealthy classes. In the costlier examples ivory is used, not only for the various fittings and accessories, but also in conjunction with lacquered wood for the cage itself. The illustrations show two in which the "wires" consist of thin sticks of ivory. There is also one rare specimen in which strips of tortoiseshell are used in the same way: but in the other cases thin bamboo canes form the bars of the songster's prison. A very curious specimen is the one in the form of a car on wheels. The framework in this case is of wood; which, like the bamboo canes, is covered with red lacquer, the brilliance of which is relieved by the dark lacquer panels. In some of the examples illustrated, the base is capable of being detached bodily from the upper part, metal clips being used to hold the two parts together, and in the case of all the hanging cages, the hook with the rest of the attachment is of metal—usually silver—be artfully

wrought. Of particular interest are the numerous small accessories belonging to the cages, such as the carved ivory perch, the ivory feeding-sticks and food receptacles of various kinds, the porcelain water pots, and so forth. All these utensils and implements are carefully adapted to their functions, yet each of them has become, under the magic touch of the craftsman a real little work of art.

STUDIO-TALK.

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours does not reflect the influences of war. It is just what it might have been in normal times. Some of the ablest of the members are represented by admirable examples of their work, and among these we may especially mention the flower painter, Mr. Francis James. Mr. F. Cayley Robinson treats a scene with a title suggestive of domestic genre, *Sunday at Home*, in that cold sculpturesque, almost monumental method which gives to his subjects a curious decorative importance.



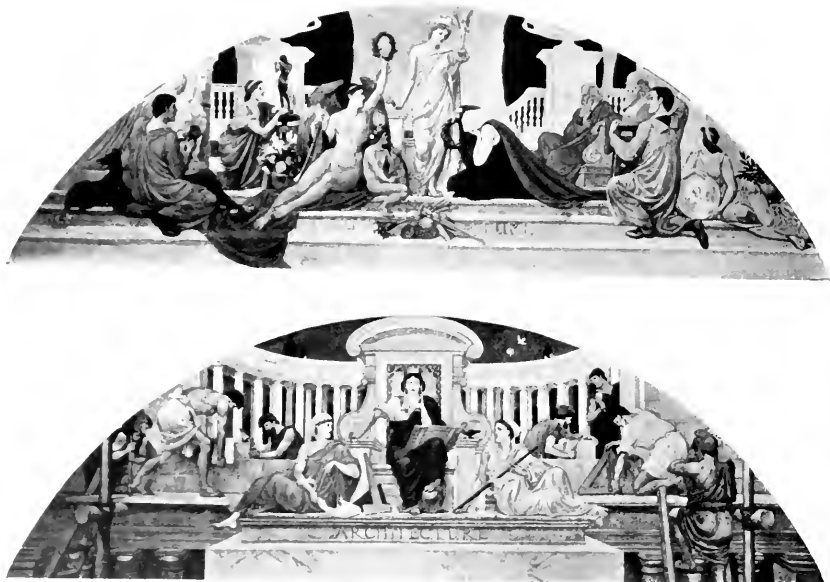
CH'EN LUNG BIRD-CAGE ACCESSORIES, CHIEFLY OF CARVED IVORY

Studio-Talk

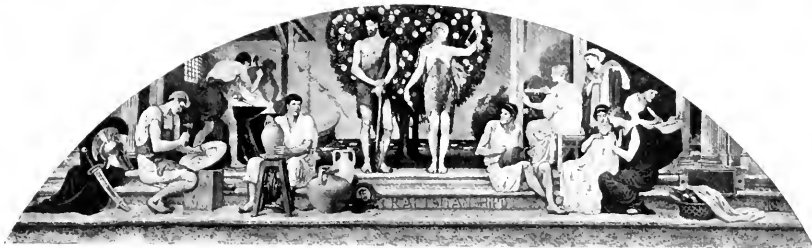
MR. H. Hughes Stanton, A.R.A., breaks fresh ground in green and heavily leafed summer scenes in English valleys, and this change in his themes is very welcome. Mr. J. Walter West's *In the Boring Trench, Mont au*, a little picture, shows delightful art in composing landscape. Mr. Russell Flint, who is plentifully represented in this exhibition: would, with a little less patent "cleverness," and a little more care in avoiding merely showy colour, rank among the first painters in the Society. We catch a glimpse of this possibility in the clear and restrained drawing of the figures in the procession of his decorative piece entitled *Apples*. Mr. Edmund J. Sullivan contributes a series of illustrations in water-colour to "The Vicar of Wakefield," ingenious in technique and telling the story while retaining the evidence of the artist's great interest in his medium for its own sake. Mr. Charles Sims's art improves the farther it gets away from the "snapshot" realism he once affected, and which has no place in the remote imaginative world his figures inhabit. Mr. Edwin Alexander raises his studies of plant form enthusiastically, if almost too minutely at times, to meet fully pictorial demands. A group of works represents the late E. R. Hughes:

of these by far the most important is *The Spinnet*, both in escaping the sentimentality which affected this artist's brush and in reflecting in water-colours some of the true genius of the Pre-Raphaelite movement when it was at the flood.

Fresh from the above exhibition, it was an interesting experience to turn to some water-colours of the old British school at the Leicester Gallery. Nothing could be more restful than their simplified use of the medium, but their real strength lay in an austerity by the side of which in its mere brightness and prettiness all modern work seems to suffer. Messrs. Brown and Phillips made this exhibition interesting by working from the base of the old water-colour school right up to such modern artists as Mr. Connard, embracing on the way a picture of Mr. Walter Sickert's expressing genius in its subtle interpretation of sea-mist veiling a fishing-village, and an inspired panel by Conder. No exhibit surpassed in directness and interest in truth Mr. Connard's sketches, but among many other things that charmed us the dreamy *Venice* of Brabazon, the silvery sketch of *Cliff and Sea* by



"THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD" AND "ARCHITECTURE": LUNETTES FOR DECORATING THE DOME OF THE NEW CENTRAL HALL OF THE ROYAL WEST OF ENGLAND ACADEMY. BY WALTER CRANE, R.W.S.



"PAINTING" AND "CRAFTSMANSHIP": LUNETTES FOR DECORATING THE DOME OF THE NEW CENTRAL HALL OF THE ROYAL WEST OF ENGLAND ACADEMY. BY WALTER CRANE, R.W.S.

Mr. Peppercorn, and Mr. Anning Bell's *Offering to Ceres*, must be recorded.

The Autumn Exhibition which was opened at the Goupil Gallery at the beginning of November took the place of the annual Goupil Gallery Salon. It was arranged, as the preface to the catalogue explained, "in order to offer to those artists who have loyally supported us in the past an opportunity to exhibit and especially to test the possibility of still realising their works" at a time when necessarily the art market has become disorganised. The show was on a smaller scale than the Salon exhibitions, but in its general character it bore much resemblance to them. A great deal of able and interesting work was included in it, most of the artists who usually exhibit at the gallery being adequately represented, and the impression made by the collection as a whole was distinctly agreeable. Among the more important canvases shown were a delightful landscape, *High Barn*, and an admirable still-life group, *The Lustre Vase*, by Mr. W. Nicholson, *Versailles Garden*, a very clever technical exercise by Mr. A. Jamieson, *The Elm on the Hill* by Mr. W. Graham Robertson, and *Reading Alone on the Moors*, the best of a group of small pictures, by Mr. A. E. John. In the section devoted to water-colours, pastels, drawings, &c.,

there were some exquisite decorative paintings by Mr. George Sheringham, water-colours of much excellence by Mr. P. W. Steer, Mr. A. W. Rich, Mr. A. Ludovici, Mr. W. B. E. Ranken, and Mr. F. E. James, and sound drawings by Mr. M. D. Burns and Mr. W. Shackleton.

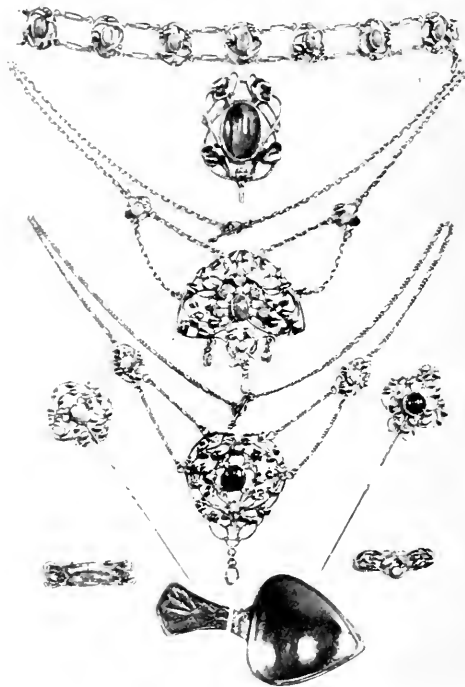
Recently in the large studio of Leighton House were exhibited two lunettes by Mr. Walter Crane illustrating *Sculpture* and *Architecture*, destined for the decoration of the dome in the central hall of the Royal West of England Academy at Bristol, and with them were shown two small sketches of another pair, previously executed and placed in position. Mr. Crane's designs were selected in an open competition in which Professors Lethaby, Moira, and Beresford Pite acted as assessors. The paintings, which are each 24 feet long and 7 feet high, have been executed in matt oil-colour, a purified petrol spirit being used as a medium, and the original studies have been much improved upon in the finished paintings. A brief reference to the symbolism of these lunettes may not be out of place. In *Sculpture* the figures of Grief and Fame and Love are given prominent positions to the right and left of the central figure of the Genius of Sculpture, who holds in her hand a small golden statuette of Victory, as being the principal

...the artist's art, and the secret of his success is to typify an Italian garden. In the foreground the supporting figures are those of Geometry and Proportion, and in *Painting* the aged youthful figure symbolising the Sphere of Intelligence is prominently placed, while on the other side of the central figure is a young female holding the mirror of nature. The old man here represents Tradition, and near him the discovery of new truth is symbolised by the withdrawal of drapery from the sleeping female. Truth herself, holding a mirror, is seated at the fountain, which with the orange trees and other vegetation of course stands for the perennial vitality of art. In *Craftsmanship* the artist's idea was "to suggest the fundamental importance of the handicrafts, and that art with life is dependent upon productive labour, and that the finer arts depend upon the useful arts, or Arts and Crafts as we now term them," and in the light of this explanation the composition will be readily understood. The artist has symbolised Peace and War, though the helmet is that of Pallas Athene the Goddess of the Arts, and the smiths are beating "swords into pruning hooks." The ship at anchor in the background is particularly appropriate to Bristol.

LIVERPOOL. — With conservatism characteristic of this city the Autumn Exhibition at the Walker Art Gallery clings to the Royal Academy tradition, while other cities have abandoned the great labour involved in such an enterprise in favour of smaller collections of invited pictures, which are easy to prepare and easy to make more completely artistic than these large open exhibitions, with their ponderous hanging committees and bewildering abundance of uninvited work, much of which cannot be rejected, even when of doubtful merit, because of various interests involved. We know how this sort of thing affects the big exhibitions in London, and we can recognise the adverse effect of similar considerations at Liverpool. There, too, the customary reverent attitude towards the Royal Academy dies hard, and we see important places

given to tedious pictures by members of that august corporation.

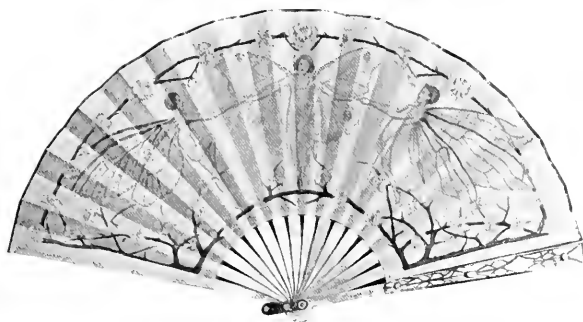
The best defence of the exhibition is that it is generously catholic in its recognition of all kinds of art, except, perhaps, the most eccentric. It shows none of the narrowness of outlook laid to the charge of Burlington House. Local talent, too, by no means negligible at Liverpool, is generously treated: as regards the quasi-amateur element, rather too generously. This last is most apparent in the water-colour section, which, in spite of the admixture, is strong and interesting, including as it does excellent drawings by such artists as A. W. Rich, D. V. Cameron, Laura Knight, Edgar Bundy, Mary L. Gow, Edwin Alexander, R. W. Allan, Kate Cameron, F. E. James, the late Joseph Crawhall, A. K. Brown, S. J. Lamorna Birch, W. Russell Flint, and Julia B. Matthews. Local talent shows



CASE OF JEWELLERY

BY MISS FLORENCE STERN

(Autumn Exhibition, Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool)



FAN MOUNTED IN MOTHER OF PEARL, SILVER GILT AND OPALS. BY MISS ROSE A. ISAAC; LEAF PAINTED BY N. E. ISAAC
(Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool)

well in this section, notably in the contributions of A. E. Brockbank, J. T. Watts, A. C. Meyer, G. Cockram, and D. Woodlock. In the smaller water-colour room, miniature art is particularly well seen, the exhibits being shown in desk cases arranged all around the walls. These include collective exhibits by the Royal Society of Miniature Painters, and the American Society of Miniature Painters; also a case of choice pieces by older men, lent by a member of the Art Committee, such as Gainsborough, Horace Hone, Isabey, Shelley, Andrew Plimer: with four clever nudes by G. di Fenile.

The tenth room has for several years been one of the most interesting and individual in the Exhibition. In it is to be found a really representative array of the best black-and-white work of the day, and a judiciously selected collection of fine craftwork in hammered metal, jewellery, small sculpture in bronze and silver, and ceramics. In this last, the chief collective exhibits are by Doulton and Co., Pilkington Tile and Pottery Co., A. J. Wilkinson Ltd., and W. Howson Taylor. In the other craft sections much dainty work includes a fan by N. E. Isaac and Rose A. Isaac; a wag-at-the-wall clock and a muffin stand, both in brass, by Miss B. S. McElwee; a white-metal plaque

by Mrs. S. B. Dibdin: the jewellery of Mrs. E. Newman, Miss Florence Stern, Miss Kate M. Eadie, Mrs. Agnes Thompson Hill, Miss Kate E. Riley, and Miss Alice Lisle: a pewter mirror by Miss Mary Lyle Ogg: and silver and silver-plated table-pieces by F. Kedward Sheldon and Bernard Sleigh.

In the black-and-white collection, numbering over three hundred and fifty items, D. Y. Cameron has an exquisitely subtle pen-drawing, slightly washed, *The Valley of the Spye*; and Muirhead Bone a commandingly impressive crayon *Passeggiata Archeologica*. An outstanding feature is E. S. Lumsden's group of twenty-one new Indian etchings, which are at the top of his achievement—subtle, luminous, fascinating. Other etchings of outstanding excellence are those by Henry Rushbury, Oliver Hall, C. J. Watson, Hamilton Hay, Anthony R. Barker, Anna Airy, W. Lee Hankey, Francis Dodd, and Martin Hardie. Sir Frank Short sends aquatints; and a local artist, Joseph Kirkpatrick, has some very interesting work in this method.



JEWELLERY (Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool) BY MRS. E. NEWMAN

Studio-Talk

Room 102 to the 1800s in oil, water-colour, and the 19th century, which number 1338 of the collection. To catalogue items, it must suffice to say that the room holds many of the chief pictures of the Spring exhibition. In town well reinforced by a judicious selection from the Royal Scottish Academy. F. Cadogan Cowper's Chantrey Bequest picture of Lucretia Borgia playing Pope, is shown to greatest advantage between two sombre grey-green landscapes by the late Sir Alfred East, which in turn gain in subtlety by the association with Mr. Cowper's trenchant crimson. *The Master* by Richard Jack, Gemmell Hutchison's *Caller Herrin'*, Pilade Berthier's *Dame aux ferreures noires*, Oswald Birley's *In South Lancashire—Children of Leopold Hirsch, Esq.*, and Gerald F. Kelly's *La Maja*, are all in the first room, where also are excellent landscapes by Niels M. Lund, E. T. Compton, F. Spenlove



"THE ARTIST'S WIFE" BRONZE STATUETTE BY PAUL F. NEALE
(Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool)



BUST OF D. V. CAMERON, A.R.A.
BY PERCY PORTSMOUTH
(Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool)

Spenlove, Herbert Royle, Alice Fanner, Arthur Streton, and some admirable portraits. The other six rooms devoted to pictures in oil are equally well provided. The customary "one-man" collection is provided by Mr. Arthur Hacker, whose thirty-seven exhibits, daintily arranged, provide a restful contrast to the hanging of the other rooms. Mr. Hacker's selection is a good one, and his refined art bears the severe test well.

Local painters who have done especially well are chiefly portraitists. G. Hall Neale, in addition to a clever small-scale full length of the Lord Mayor of Liverpool, has a portrait of Mr. Arthur H. Read, which is the best he has produced. R. E. Morrison deals well with the scarlet problem in his *Mayor of Birkenhead*, and F. T. Copnall, who scarcely succeeds in a similar essay, redeems his credit with a well-handled and effec-

Studio-Talk

tive picture of *Miss Ashton*. James A. Grant's *The Pink Kimono* is a strong and picturesque design by a clever young painter. In landscape the works of Herbert Royle, Thomas Huson, D. C. Jenkins, Hamilton Hay, J. Clinton Jones, W. Alison Martin, E. M. Neatby, and C. O'Neill is excellent.

There is not so much sculpture as usual, but it is of good quality, notable among the best items being Percy Portsmouth's bronze bust of D. V. Cameron, Emil Fuchs's *In Maiden Meditation* (marble), *Youth, Time, and Immortality* by Charles Rutland, Paul R. Montford's bronze *Startled*, and a fountain by Alexander Fisher.

The customary "Continental" Room is only represented by a few strong canvases, the intention having been to have a representative collection of German art. This had been arranged for by correspondence, and the whole was in waiting at Berlin for inspection and revision by Mr. Dibdin, the date fixed being the fateful August 4! He got

as far as Hamburg in pursuit of his mission, and there abandoned it in favour of a speedy escape into Denmark, which he contrived with much difficulty to achieve, eventually making his devious journey home by way of Norway. T. N.

GLASGOW.—In a recent number of this magazine, I drew attention to two or three members of the younger generation of Glasgow artists who are doing good work and are instrumental in upholding the best traditions of the city as a centre of art. Among this group of artists, J. Hamilton Mackenzie, A.R.S.A., holds a prominent place. Equally facile in oil, water-colour, and pastel, he has shown a particular predilection for the dry medium. The bright skies and the animated scenes of Southern Europe are fit subjects for chalk, and year by year the artist hies to the city of canals and lagoons, to sketch its busy waterways, its picturesque gondolas, its striking architecture, all which is rendered in a manner convincing. Of his work in the oil medium, the work here reproduced, which was referred to in



"A SUMMER DAY"

BY J. HAMILTON MACKENZIE, A.R.S.A., ETC.

not to mention this year's exhibition of the Glasgow Institute, is an excellent example on account of its breadth and freshness and it is interesting also as a presentation of the talented woman artist whose graceful drawings have often figured in these pages and to whom we owe in particular the charming series called "Seven Happy Days." Mr. Mackenzie's versatility has also expressed itself with commendable results in the use of the etching-needle, as witness his *Cathedral Tower, Bruges*, reproduced in the recent Special Number of THE STUDIO on "Modern Etchings, Mezzotints and Engravings."

Mr. D. Broadfoot Carter, ably represented by the clever Indian Ink drawing, *An Old Fitzabond*, has had a busy and varied career. Like most Glasgow artists his initiation to Art was by way of the celebrated School of Art that helps to make the city distinguished; like many, he began a professional career as a lithographer; like not a few, he studied in Paris and finally settled in London where book illustration and poster designing absorb much of his attention. With limited medium and restricted line, he obtains convincing effect, the absence of colour is unremembered in the vigour that characterises the work.

J. T.

By the death of Sir Francis Powell, which took place at his residence, Tor Aluinn, Dunoon, on October 17, Scottish Art has suffered a severe loss, for although this distinguished water-colour painter was not a Scot by birth, having been born at Manchester, his long association with Scotland and the prominent part he played in the progress of his favourite medium and of art generally on this side of the border justify us in claiming him as "one of ours." He was an active promoter and the first president of the Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Water-Colours, the foundation of which is an important landmark in the history of the modern school of Scottish art. The Society was established more than thirty years ago on the lines of the Old Water-Colour Society in England, of which Sir Francis became an Associate in 1867 and a full member in 1876; it became a "Royal" Society in 1880, and in 1893 its first president was knighted.

A few weeks before the death of Sir Francis Mr. H. S. Hopwood, an associate of the Old Water-Colour Society, died under tragic circumstances at Edinburgh at the comparatively early age of fifty-four. His work, which had many admirers on both sides of the border, was the subject of an article in this magazine in February 1910.





Broadfoot
Carter



"AN OLD VAGABOND." FROM A DRAWING
IN INDIAN INK BY D. BROADFOOT CARTER.



MILAN.—The exhibition of the paintings of Filippo Carcano, recently held at the Brera Gallery here, was of exceptional interest. The death of this artist early this year at the mature age of seventy-four, deprived us of a master whose aim and achievement in art had been throughout on a very high level. Carcano, whom little more than a year ago I described in the pages of THE STUDIO as, "the veteran *capo-scuola* of Lombard landscape, presiding with his genial presence and Olympian serenity over many a gathering of artists within the Galleria or the *Café dell' Orologio*," was more than a great figure in the modern life of Milan, a beacon light in his art toward screen work and further achievement: he was also a very precious link with the past, with almost the very beginnings of the art of Milan of to-day, with the days—those stormy days of revolution in art and politics—of Mosè Bianchi, of Tranquillo Cremona, of the two Indunos, of Segantini, and of Faruffini.

The retrospective exhibition of Carcano's art at the Brera Museum was contained in three rooms, arranged for the occasion by a committee which included Leonardo Bazzaro as President, Paolo Sala, Ferrari, Lardi, Weiss, with Almerico Ribera as Secre-

tary. As the works were hung mainly, though not absolutely, in order of time, we were able to follow pretty clearly the artist's sequence of development. In his *Frederico Barbarossa*, he commenced with an art which was almost painfully academic: but he promptly and readily abandoned this method for a still more strongly pronounced realism. It would be scarcely possible to carry the exact rendering of a subject farther than he did in his *Game of Billiards* and *Dancing Lesson*, painted, I should imagine, somewhere about 1874: but in due course he left the meticulous exactitude of these paintings, and passing through stages of hesitancy and transition at length revealed his artistic powers to the full in a rendering of nature which while still absolutely truthful, is also absolutely free, broad, secure and individual.

That is what we found in the second room in such a work as his famous *Lombard Plain*, in his *Lake of Iso*, in the delicate tonalities of his *Pescarenico* and the masterly technique of his two interiors of Milan Cathedral or of his *Piazza of S. Marco*. And in thus rendering nature entirely truthfully, through the medium of his own artistic temperament, these paintings of the Milanese artist come to possess a very real poetic quality of their own. It was only when, in a later develop-



MARINE PAINTING

BY FILIPPO CARCANO

ment of his art Carcano sought to be intentionally poetic or didactic, that he missed his aim, but he always remained a fine master, and even in these later works, it is the motive, not the technique, which is at fault.

The Lombard Water Colour Society, of which Carcano was Vice-President and which has held three exhibitions since 1911, each of them a marked success, has now developed into the "Federation of Lombard Artists," with Paolo Sala as President; and the first fruit of this organisation will appear in the National Exhibition of Portraiture to be held next summer.

The arrangements for the new Palace of Fine Arts at Milan are already far advanced, and three-fourths of the large sum required for this fine building are already assured. This Palace, as soon as completed, will be the home of all future Milanese Exhibitions of Modern Art, which hitherto have found a temporary refuge in the "Pescarenico," or, as now, in the Brera; and it is suggested—and, I believe, fully contemplated—to organise, with this Palace as the "locale," a series of biennial Exhibitions of International Art, not competing but alternating with those which, at Venice, have now secured such a magnificent position in the art of modern Europe. S. B.

PARIS.—The war has resulted in the complete cessation of artistic activity in France. Could it indeed be otherwise when all the able-bodied men of from twenty to forty-eight years of age are called up for military service and are now serving with the colours in the defence of their country? Artists have gone, or are about to go, the same as the rest, and they lay aside their brushes to take up the rifle or to work the guns; many of them have already been in the thick of the fighting and have distinguished themselves upon the field of battle; many also, alas! have fallen victims in the cause of duty. Studios are therefore all shut up till happier times return once more, when the enemy, who has shown his barbarity in the destruction of so many art treasures, shall have been finally overcome.

But while the young artists have gone off to the war, the older men have also found a patriotic duty to fulfil. The big societies—the Nationale, the Société des Artistes français, the Salon d'Automne, the Humoristes—have not suffered the wives and children of those who are engaged in the defence of home, country and civilisation to be in want and need, and they have all embraced the worthy task of sustaining both morally and materially all those who are put to the trial by the



"WOMEN AT A WELL"

BY FILIPPO CARCANO



"PIAZZA SAN MARCO, VENICE"

(See Milan Studio-Talk)

BY ETTORÉ CAVIGLIOLI

war. It is unnecessary to recite the names of the older members of the French school; let us say simply that in the large family of artists each one has done his duty. Several painters have devoted themselves to caring for the wounded, among them M. Jacques Emile Blanche, who has opened two hospitals, one at Offranville near Dieppe and another in a town in the south of France.

All the art galleries in Paris are, at the moment, closed. One hopes, nevertheless, that certain among them will re-open their doors before the end of the winter, if as all the indications go to make us hope, the armies of the Allies maintain their advantage and definitely repulse the invaders. From now henceforward one can be certain that the tremendous upheaval which this war has caused



"THE HOUR OF REST"

(See Milan Studio-Talk)

BY ETTORÉ CAVIGLIOLI



"THE RUINS"

(See Milan Studio-Talk.)

BY FILIPPO CARCANO

will have a profound influence over the trend of art in France; and in a general manner it will mark the return of an art more especially *national*. When the great art societies saw the way in which the barbarians treat works of art both ancient and modern, destroying for the mere pleasure of destruction libraries, cathedrals, art treasures of all kinds, it was at once unanimously agreed that German and Austrian exhibitors should be for ever banished from our salons and exhibitions; and the disappearance of German shops will result in the removal from our midst of all the productions of that country.

Henceforward also, one may venture to prognosticate, the military picture will return to favour. This class of subject has been, somewhat unjustly, rather neglected during the last twenty years. The public, nourished overmuch by pacific illusions, have been pleased to regard the military painter as unfashionable. And yet how many examples we have of artists in history who have found admirable motifs in scenes of military life. Already these few months of war have inspired certain military painters to the production of interesting works and one has seen various cartoons and drawings by M. Georges Scott which seem destined to be most successful. This artist followed the Balkan War and exhibited at Petit's a series of works brought back from that campaign. M. François Flameng has been commissioned by the State to make certain sketches on the battlefields. Other painters who have already specialised in military scenes—such as M. Maurice Orangi or M. Henry Jacquier—are actually at the

front and will assuredly bring back some fine and inspiring visions; and how many are there not, side by side with them, who will find in this war of nations a new inspiration for their art!

The charming portrait study here reproduced in facsimile is a typical example of work in a medium which M. Lucien Monod employs with very engaging results in the rendering of feminine grace, and such drawings, as well as many in simple lead pencil, have earned for the artist a wide popularity.

It is my melancholy duty to record the death of Félix Bracquemond, the distinguished painter-etcher, who died at Sèvres on October 27 full of years and honour. The deceased artist was born in Paris in the year 1833, and although for many years past he had resided and worked at Sèvres he ever remained loyal to the city of his birth. Beginning his artistic career as a lithographer, he made his first appearance at the Salon when he was only nineteen. It was a portrait of his grandmother which he exhibited, and it attracted the attention of Théophile Gautier, between whom and Bracquemond a friendship was then initiated which lasted till the great littérateur's death. But though he continued to paint for some few years, he at length abandoned his brushes in favour of the etching needle and the burin, and it is on what he accomplished as an aquafortist and graver that his fame rests. He was an indefatigable worker, and even when I wrote an account of his work in these pages some ten years ago his plates numbered at least eight hundred.



PORTRAIT STUDY IN
LEAD PENCIL AND CHALK
BY LUCIEN H. MONOD.

Studio-Talk

Another artist whose death has in the midst of the turmoil of the war passed almost unheeded is René Billotte, who died in Paris early in November at the age of sixty-eight. He suffered from heart disease, and the emotions aroused by the great struggle now going on proved too much for him. This talented landscape painter was an habitué of Northern France, and rendered with remarkable veracity and feeling the delicate greys of its atmosphere and waters. From time to time he also visited Holland, and some of the pictures he painted in the neighbourhood of Dordrecht are real masterpieces. Billotte was very modest about his own doings, and his sincerity was patent to every one. His independent means allowed him to work solely for the pleasure of it, and he was under no necessity to pander to the tastes of others. A nephew of the great Fromentin he acquired from him not only a great respect for art but also a general culture which was quite remarkable.

H. F.

TOKYO.—Among the unique features in the mural decorations of old Japanese palaces and temples are the painted wooden doors in the corridors which separate the different sets of apartments. The doors are invariably made from carefully selected planks of *sugi* or cedar, of enormous width and beautiful grain, and are hence called *sugi-to*, or cedar doors. Some very fine examples exist in various parts of Japan, such as the one with the painting of a lion, commonly called *happo-nerami-no-shishi* (lion staring in eight directions), because it stares straight at the beholder wherever he may stand, in the Nijo Palace, Kyoto, by Kano Tan-yu, another in the same palace with herons in the rain, by Kano Naonobu, and the one with sparrows and bamboo by Kano Eitoku, in the Nagoya Castle; doors such as these

are not easy to be forgotten by those whose fortune it has been to visit these famous buildings. Those who visited the Japan-British Exhibition, held in London four years ago, will remember how effective such a door was in the model Japanese house, which now stands in the garden of Prince Arthur of Connaught at Bagshot (see p. 234).

This custom of using decorated *sugi-to* still exists in Japan. Those at Aoyama Palace, built for the late Empress Dowager, have attracted a good deal of attention in recent times. There were eleven cedar panels, and an equal number of the leading artists of the day were chosen to paint on both sides of each door. The artists selected were Matsumoto Fuko, a talented Tokyo artist whose speciality is genre subjects; Terazaki Kogyo, pro-



CEDAR DOORS AT BARON FUJITA'S NEW MANSION IN OSAKA, WITH PAINTING BY MOCHIZUKI GYOKKEI



JAPANESE HOUSE WITH PAINTED CEDAR
DOORS IN THE GARDEN OF H.R.H. PRINCE
ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT AT BAGSHOT

Studio-Talk

fessor in the Imperial School of Fine Arts, Tokyo, one of the foremost artists of the day, skilled in drawing human figures and landscapes; Kawai Gyokudo: Kobori Tomone, professor in the Imperial School of Fine Arts, Tokyo, who is one of the greatest authorities on historical subjects; Masuzu Shunnan, a talented Tokyo artist, who advocates the so-called old school of Japanese painting; Imao Keinen (Kyoto), one of the greatest living masters in flower and bird subjects; Takenouchi Seiho, professor in the Kyoto Special School of Painting, who is considered by many to be the greatest Japanese painter now living; Yamamoto Shunkyo, one of the leading Kyoto artists; Kikuchi Hobun, who designed the wonderful silk brocade for the Peace Palace at the Hague, of which some illustrations were recently given in this magazine; Taniguchi Kôko, Kyoto's great specialist in historical subjects; and Tsubata Michihiko, a talented Tokyo artist of the Tosa School.

Unfortunately, there has been a period in modern Japanese history when it was the cry of the age to tear down everything old and do away with every institution which had no counterpart in the civilised West, when temples and shrines, with their rich paintings, wonderful carvings and sculpture were mercilessly destroyed. That was the time of the great exodus of works of art from Japan, when foreigners took away by the shipload the art treasures bequeathed by old Japan. It was the time when there was a wild rush for things Western, and the mansions of princes and the villas of the wealthy were built in the European style. There were some who destroyed part of their dwellings to make room for an apartment constricted according to European ideas. But now things have changed;

a reaction has set in. Some have gone so far as to pull down their European buildings and re-erect the traditional Japanese edifice. There are now being built fine palatial mansions in the traditional style, with beautiful carvings of *ramma*, decorative gold *fusuma*, and painted *sugi-to* of aristocratic aspect. One of these mansions is that of Baron Fujita, just completed at Osaka. The accompanying illustrations show the cedar doors which have been installed in this mansion. The paintings are by Mochizuki Gyokkei, of Kyoto, son of Gyokusen, a Court artist who passed away recently.

HARADA JIRO.

[Our correspondent, Prof. Harada, has been appointed a Commissioner to represent the Japanese Government at the forthcoming Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco.]



CEDAR DOORS AT BARON FUJITA'S MANSION WITH PAINTING BY MOCHIZUKI GYOKKEI



CEDAR DOORS AT BARON FUJITA'S
MANSION WITH PAINTING BY
MOCHIZUKI GYOKKEI



CEDAR DOORS AT BARON FUJITA'S
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MOCHIZUKI GYOKKEI



CEDAR DOORS AT BARON FUJITA'S
MANSION WITH PAINTING BY
MOCHIZUKI GYOKKEI

ART SCHOOL NOTES.

LONDON. The annual competition, now known as the "Gilbert Garret," between the London sketching clubs, which had been held every autumn since 1870, was abandoned this year owing to the war. As arrangements had been made for the first time for provincial clubs to take part in the competition the abandonment was particularly unfortunate, but it was made obligatory by the fact that many of the members of the clubs are serving with the Forces. The sketching society attached to the Royal College of Art held its own competition as usual, but on a smaller scale than last year, as part of the club funds is to be devoted to some scheme of work connected with the war. The exhibition, held in the Iron Buildings behind the Natural History Museum, included a large number of studies and sketches of landscape, the average quality of which was high for students' work. The figure painting, both in portraiture and composition, was less satisfactory; but the exhibition contained some creditable modelling, and the case of objects of applied art included some pieces of glazed pottery of uncommon interest contributed by Mr. J. Adams. This pottery, designed with the idea of producing objects of artistic quality at a comparatively small cost, gained deservedly the prize given by Prof. Lethaby for the best craft work in the competition. The judges by whom the prizes were awarded were Mr. Muirhead Bone, Sir George Frampton, R.A., Mr. C. De Gruchy, Mr. Augustus John, Prof. Selwyn Image, Mr. David McGill, Mr. William Rothenstein, Mr. Henry Tonks, and Miss Ellen Wright.

W. T. W.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

The Art Treasures of Great Britain. Edited by C. H. COLLINS BAKER. (London: J. M. Dent and Son.) 10s. 6d. net.—We sincerely congratulate the Editor of this volume of over fifty reproductions, representing some of the art treasures of Britain, on the selection he has made where there is so much to choose from, and we congratulate the publishers on the photogravure plates which do justice to the beauty of the paintings. It was, we think, wise to avoid colour reproduction except in the case of pottery and enamel treasures, for the peculiar quality of colour in the old masters, owing as it does some of its characteristics to the effects of time, rarely has justice done to it by the colour engraver and printer. The full beauty of Rodin's statue *L'Idole Eternelle* belonging to

Mr. Edmund Davis is expressed in the plate of this remarkable modern work. The problem in the reproduction of statuary rests largely with the photographer, who in this instance deserves the fullest congratulations. The one reproduction which we should be just in taking exception to is that of Leonardo's drawing *The Holy Family, with St. Ann* in the Royal Academy. The heaviness of the printing—it is no doubt a question of printing and not engraving—has lost to this drawing that evanescent slightness of impression which Leonardo's pencil made in describing the mystery and sweetness of the faces in this group. And if we could rule out one of the works selected it would be that of the Roman ivory diptych in the Victoria and Albert Museum. If this work is Roman beyond all doubt, the question of its beauty remains an open one. Mr. Collins Baker has written this book most interestingly, and with a sensitiveness towards the variety of the impulse expressed in the several works which enlists the sympathy of the reader.

East of the Sun and West of the Moon: Old Tales from the North. Illustrated by KAY NIELSEN. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.) 15s. net.—These stories, selected from the "Norske Folkeeventyr" of Asbjørnsen and Moe are delightful in themselves and interesting for the evidence they afford of the relationship which exists between the fairy tales of all lands. In these quaint old-wives' fables we find the familiar characters of the fairy-books—such as the Princess; the Prince disguised as a Beast, here, as might be expected, in the form of a great white Bear; and, in so many of the legends, the simple youngest son (akin to the "blameless fool" of Wagner's "Parsifal") who alone by his innocence and guilelessness can succeed in the task of rescuing the lovely princesses laid captive by the spells of some wicked enchanter. We look forward with pleasure each year to the beautiful colour books, upon the reproduction of which Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton expend so much care, and these publishers are to be congratulated in associating Mr. Kay Nielsen with the other illustrators who co-operate with them in thus enriching our literature. His work is already familiar to the public, and in the beautiful drawings which adorn this book, he is as good as ever. There is still occasionally a little tinge of "Beardsleyism," as in the introduction of a purely Beardsley candlestick in a drawing of *The Lad in the Bear's Skin, and the King of Arabia's Daughter*, and this we refer to in no hyper-critical spirit but because with so much individuality, inventiveness,

Reviews and Notices

and imagination of his own Mr. Kay Nielsen has no need to borrow from other sources. It would be invidious to single out any of the pictures for special mention since all are so good. In addition to twenty-five illustrations in colour, mounted with a border of black and gold, Mr. Kay Nielsen has made a number of drawings and decorations in the text, a title page which is a fine piece of black and white work, and beautiful end-paper decorations printed in black and gold.

Fables. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Illustrated by E. R. HERMAN. (London: Longmans.) 10s. 6d. net.—R. L. Stevenson's illustrator in this volume well understands the type of illustration that fits in happily with widely spaced text. His pen line too is clear cut, upon a foundation of careful drawing from the model; its limitation is that it shares so little of the lightness of touch which is characteristic of the style of the great author in these fables. The volume is attractively bound in dark red cloth with gold tooling.

Peaks and Precipices: Scrambles in the Dolomites and Savoy. By GUIDO REY. Trans. from the Italian by J. E. C. EATON. With seventy-six illustrations. (London: T. Fisher Unwin.) 10s. 6d. net.—The appearance of this translation of Sgr. Rey's latest volume of mountaineering reminiscences at a time when we read day by day of desperate deeds of valour on the battlefield and sea is an opportune reminder that peace also has her victories and her daring deeds which inspire the most profound emotion. A few years ago Sgr. Rey gave us through the medium of Mr. Eaton a vivid narrative of the ascent of the Matterhorn by himself and other climbers and here, by the aid of the same excellent interpreter, we have an even more thrilling account of other perilous climbs undertaken by him, accompanied by a large number of illustrations after photographs by himself and others which in conjunction with the text accentuate the thrills which almost every page has in store for the reader. The mere sight of some of these photographs, showing here and there a climber poised on some slender foothold on the face of a precipice, is sufficient to make one's hair stand on end, and one can hardly conceive it possible for human beings to accomplish some of the feats related by the intrepid climber. The ascent of such peaks as the Petit Dru, the Dent du Requin, the Grépor, the Aiguille Verte, the Towers of the Trentino and the peaks in the Pala group which the author describes with such vivid detail is indeed a feat demanding the greatest fortitude, physical and moral. Sgr. Rey is a fluent and engaging

writer, plentifully endowed with æsthetic feeling and possessing a deep reverence for the wonders of nature; and it is to this fact that we owe one of the most absorbing books on mountaineering that have come under our notice.

The Admirable Crichton. By J. M. BARRIE. Illustrated by HUGH THOMSON. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.) 15s. net; edition de luxe, 42s. net.—Once upon a time it was a rare thing to find a book with any colour illustrations by Mr. Thomson, but he never failed to fascinate us with his pen drawings. Of late he has taken more and more to using water-colour for the purpose of illustration and though one cannot help feeling that his true genius revealed itself in black-and-white, the drawings he has given us in the edition of Sir J. M. Barrie's "Quality Street," published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton last winter, and now again in the volume before us, show that he is quite at home in the colour medium. Among the water-colour drawings he has made for this work there are some in which more particularly the qualities associated with his line drawings are in evidence, and the best perhaps are those in which he depicts youthful femininity with all its charm and grace. But the volume also contains numerous drawings in line only, so that we have an opportunity of seeing how the artist expresses himself in both ways. The letterpress is in a large, clear type, and the volume as a whole is effectively presented.

An Artist in Spain. Written and illustrated by A. C. MICHAEL. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.) 20s. net.—While we have read this book with interest we could find it in our heart to wish that the author had indulged his own personality a little more, for in a work of this kind we look for and prefer to find enthusiasm rather than an historical accuracy such as may safely be left to the worthy Baedeker. Apart from this we have nothing but praise for the straightforward and entertaining account of the author's travels. As his own illustrator he is also to be congratulated, for many of the twenty-six pictures reproduced in colour are delightful alike in subject and in technique; and certain of them, for instance *Segovia Cathedral*, a charming picture of *Old Houses, Almazán, Soria*, a drawing of the famous *Alcántara, Toledo*, and a sketch, slight but very charming, of *The Gardens of Aranjuez* are particularly good.

Sindbad the Sailor and other Stories from the Arabian Nights. Illustrated by EDMUND DULAC. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.) 15s. net; Ed.

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de luxe 42s. net.—Amongst the various European illustrators who have sought to interpret Oriental themes, few have attained the success of Mr. Dulac, who seems to possess just the right temperament for work of this kind. In particular he has a lively imagination which always saves his work from any suspicion of being humdrum. In the numerous drawings he has executed for these stories from the "Arabian Nights" he charms us with a daintiness of composition and harmonies of colour which recall in some cases the illuminations of Persian manuscripts. Mr. Dulac's work, too, is fortunately of a character which suits very well the half-tone colour process, and so the illustrations leave nothing to be desired on that account. We are not particularly struck by the cover design, though it is pertinent to the subject-matter, and we certainly object to a form of lettering, used for both title-page and cover, which simulates a heavy form of Arabic lettering; but in other respects the get-up of the volume is excellent.

The Garden of Kama and other Love Lyrics from India. By LAURENCE HOEL. Illustrated by BYAM SHAW. (London: William Heinemann.) 15s. net.—Since their first appearance over a dozen years ago these love lyrics have enjoyed a remarkable popularity, and hardly a year has passed without a new edition being called for. This, however, appears to be the first illustrated edition, and for it Mr. Byam Shaw has executed a series of twenty-four colour plates in addition to numerous drawings made for the purpose of typographical decoration. In some of these water-colour drawings, the originals of which were lately on exhibition in London, the colour is unpleasantly hard or crude, so that much of the pleasure one derives from the compositions, which well display the artist's instinct for decoration, is nullified. Typographically the book is a great success, the use of a tint for capitals, marginal titles and ornaments giving distinction to the page of letterpress; and the binding also is neat and unencumbered by an excess of ornament.

Drake's Drum and other songs of the sea. By HENRY NEWBOLL. With illustrations by A. D. McCORMICK R. L. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.) 15s. net; edition de luxe 42s. net.—Mr. Newboll's poems of the Fleet are in these days read with insight and are felt to be truly inspired. This edition is very welcome in its attractive cloth cover of green, with a blue drum, ornamented further with well-tooled gold embellishment. The illustrations, from frankly executed water-colours, are pleasantly vivacious and realistic, with the charm of plenty of incident and attractive style;

but we would away with the cumbersome and over ornamented grey papers on which they are mounted, for their technique demands nothing more than the clean white page as background.

Idylls of the King. By ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON. Illustrated in colour by ELEANOR FORTESCUE BRICKDALE. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.) 6s. net. This edition of Tennyson's *Idylls* with its clear, legible type, its tasteful binding, and above all its dozen charming illustrations in colour by Miss Fortescue Brickdale, will doubtless prove one of the most popular gift books of the present season. This talented artist has a host of admirers, and the theme which has here engaged her brush is one which exactly suits her artistic temperament.

Great Pictures by Great Painters, selected from the Public Galleries of Great Britain and the Continent. With descriptive notes by ARTHUR FISH. (London: Cassell and Co.) 12s. net.—Fifty pictures by artists of various nationalities and periods make up this album, and ancient and modern schools are so well represented that the selection will without doubt prove popular. Hobbema, Hals, Botticelli, Guardi are among the great old masters; James Maris, Israels, Blommers and Mesdag represent the modern Dutch School, and various artists such as Brett, Napier Hemy, the two Moores, Hutchison, Waterlow, Stott, and Talmage the modern British school, while Gainsborough and Crome belong with Goya to an intermediate period. Naturally popular interest has been the guiding motive in the selection, and to this end Mr. Fish's descriptive notes contribute in no small degree. The quality of the colour reproduction is certainly equal to that of the previous selections from the same firm.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus publish a reprint in modernised spelling of *The Most Pleasant and Delectable Tale of the Marriage of Cupid and Psyche* as rendered into English by William Adlington in 1566 from the Latin of Apuleius. Mr. W. H. D. Rouse contributes an introductory note on the elements of which the legend is compounded, and Miss Dorothy Mullock provides eight illustrations in colour. The price of the book in its neat binding is 5s. net.

Besides several of the books noticed above Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's publications this season include a one-volume edition of Charles and Mary Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare* with sixteen illustrations in colour which add to the attractiveness of the volume.

BRITISH ARTISTS SERVING WITH THE FORCES

Adam, J. Denovan, Pte. Scottish Horse
 Alexander, Herbert
 Aitchison, James, Pte. 6th Batt. Royal Scots (Highlanders)
 Alison, David, Pte. Lochiel's Camerons
 Alison, Henry V., Pte. Lochiel's Camerons
 Allen, Herbert, Capt. Royal Engineers
 Ayles, Carrington N., Lt.-Col. R.A.M.C.
 Babbage, H. I., Pte. Cornish Light Infantry
 Balmain, Kenneth, Pte. 5th Batt. Royal Scots
 Barnes, A. W. H., Pte. R.A.M.C.
 Barnett, W. Duane, 28th Batt. County of London (Artists Rifles)
 Bateman, H. M., East Surrey Regiment
 Baynes, Philip, London Rifle Brigade
 Beattie, W. Francis, Trooper, Lothians and Border Horse
 Bennet, James S., Pte. Edinburgh Batt. Lord Kitchener's Army
 Birley, Oswald, Pte. 10th Batt. Royal Fusiliers
 Borthwick, A. E., Renoumt Dept.
 Borthwick, James W., Pte. 5th Batt. Royal Scots
 Boyd, Stuart, Driver 6th London Bde. Co. A.S.C. (T.)
 Brierley, Wm. A., Pte. Edinburgh Batt. Lord Kitchener's Army
 Brough, W. Lindsay, Pte. Edinburgh Batt. Lord Kitchener's Army
 Brown, A. Fitzroy, Pte. 5th Batt. Wilt. Regt.
 Brown, Andrew L., Pte. 8th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders
 Brown, Robert, Pte. 6th Batt. Royal Scots (Highlanders)
 Bruce, Fred, Tullibardine Horse
 Bryden, Harold D., Pte. 5th Batt. Royal Scots
 Cameron, Duncan F., Yeomanry
 Cameron, Jno. J., Pte. 14th Batt. Cnty. of Lond. (Lond. Scottish)
 Campbell, Daniel L., Pte. Edinburgh Highlanders
 Chalmers, James, Sergt. 4th Batt. Royal Scots
 Chandler, W. F., Pte. 28th Batt. Cnty. of Lond. (Artists Rifles)
 Chapman, John, Pte. 3rd Highland Light Infantry
 Chowne, Gerard, 28th County of London (Artists)
 Constable, James L., Pte. 5th Batt. Scottish Rifles
 Constable, William I., Pte. 5th Batt. Royal Scots
 Cooper, Fred L., Royal Engineers
 Cowan, W. Wilson, Pte. 5th Batt. Royal Scots
 Crealock, J., Pte. Major, The Curragh
 Crichton, Alex., Pte., R.A.M.C.
 Crombie, A. G., Pte. 5th Batt. Scottish Rifles
 Crosbie, Thos. N., Pte. 6th Batt. Royal Scots
 Cundall, C. E., Pte. 3rd Public Schools Batt. Royal Fusiliers
 Davie, Jas. W., Pte. 5th Batt. Scottish Rifles
 Dean, Frank, Leeds University (O.T.C.)
 Dennistoun, Peter, Pte. Royal Scots Fusiliers
 Dewar, Robert J., Royal Scots Greys
 Dick, W. Reid, R.A.M.C. (T.F.)
 Dobie, John B. P., 2nd Lieut. 5th Batt. Royal Scots
 Douglas, R. Ross, Pte. 5th Batt. Royal Scots
 Drinkwater, G. C., Trooper 3rd City of London Yeomanry
 Dugdale, T. C., Sergt. 1st Batt. City of London Regt.
 Dyce, James I., Royal Field Artillery
 Fitzherbert, H. G., Yeomanry
 Fleming, Alex. J., Royal Field Artillery
 Flight, C., Farrier Sgt. and Cnty. of Lond. Vm. (Sharpshooters)
 Fraser, James L. H., Pte. 6th Batt. Royal Scots (Highlanders)
 Fraser, Lovat, and Lt. 14th (Service) Batt. Durham Light Inf.
 Fuller, Pte., 10th Batt. Royal Fusiliers
 Fyfe, James, Lochiel's Camerons
 Geddes, John M., Royal Field Artillery
 Gentlemen, Tom, Yeomanry
 Gibbings, Robert, 2nd Lieut. 4th Batt. Royal Munster Fusiliers
 Gibson, James, 4th Batt.
 Glass, W. M., Trooper Fife and Forfar Yeomanry
 Grant, John D., Trooper Lothians and Border Horse
 Gray, Ronald, Anti-Aircraft Corps. R.N.V.R.
 Groundwater, Wm., Pte. 5th Batt. Scottish Rifles. I
 Hart, Frank, R.A.M.C. (Territorial)
 Hawley, Denton, Pte. Sportsman's Batt. Lord Kitchener's Army
 Henderson, Keith, Corp. Royal Wilt. Yeomanry
 Heron, David, Royal Field Artillery
 Hislop, Walter B., and Lieut. 4th Batt. Royal Scots
 Holme, C. Geoffrey, 2nd Lieut. Army Service Corps. (M.T. Dept.)
 Hope, Leslie P., Lothians and Border Horse
 Howard, Cecil, Territorial Force
 Hulton, Brian, Shropshire Yeomanry
 Hutchison, W., Trooper Fife and Forfar Yeomanry
 Jackson, Randall, Pte. 10th Batt. Royal Fusiliers
 Jagger, C. S., Pte. 28th Batt. County of London (Artists Rifles)
 Jamieson, Alex., 15th Durham Light Infantry
 Jennings, Leonard, Middlesex Yeomanry
 Johnstone, John G., R.A.M.C.
 Jones, H. Oaks, Capt. P.S.U. Bde., R. Fusiliers
 Keesey, Walter M., Corp. Royal Engineers
 Kench, J., Pte. 7th Batt. City of London Regt.
 Kennington, Eric H., Pte. 13th Batt. Cnty. of Lond. (Kensingtons.)
 Kennedy, John D., Pte. 5th Batt. Royal Scots
 King, Cecil, Capt. 25th Batt. County of London (Cyclists)
 King, Ebenezer, Pte. 6th Batt. Royal Scots
 Law, Alex., Royal Field Artillery
 Law, Arthur E., Pte. 5th Batt. Royal Scots
 Lawrie, A. G., Lieut. 6th Batt. Scottish Rifles
 Leader, B. Esdaile, 2nd Lieut. Royal West Surrey Regt.
 Longstaff, Ralph
 Ludovic, A. N., 2nd Lieut. Corps of Interpreters
 McEay, James, Cameron Highlanders
 McCulloch, Robert, Pte. 6th Batt. Royal Scots. (Highlanders)
 Macdonald, Wm. A., Trooper Royal Scots Greys
 MacFarlane, James, Pte. Glasgow Highlanders
 MacFarlane, Robt., 2nd Lieut. Black Watch (Royal Highlanders)
 McGibbon, Alex.
 MacKay, A. G. D., Pte. 5th Batt. Royal Scots
 MacKenzie, Alex. L.M., Royal Scots Greys
 Marx, James, Pte. 5th Batt. Scottish Rifles
 Miller, Lockhart F., Royal Scots Greys
 Milligan, Robert, Pte. 6th Batt. Royal Scots (Highlanders)
 Milne, Arthur, E., Pte. 5th Batt. Royal Scots
 Morrison, Allan Wm., Pte. Glasgow Highlanders
 Mooshe, Donald, Pte. 5th Batt. Royal Scots
 Muir, James, Pte. 5th Batt. Royal Scots
 Muirhead, A. Ralph, Lee-Cpl 6th Batt. Ryl. Scots (Highlanders)
 Munnoch, John, Pte. 5th Batt. Royal Scots
 Murchison, Malcolm, Royal Field Artillery
 Murray, Archibald, Lochiel's Camerons
 Murray, J. W., Trooper 3rd Cnty. of Lond. Yeomry. (Shpshtsrs.)
 Mitchell, Robert, Pte. Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders
 Newlands, Thomas, Lee-Corp. 5th Batt. Royal Scots
 Ogilvie, A. J., Pte. R.A.M.C. (Territorial)
 Oliver, James, Pte. 5th Royal Scots
 Orchardson, C. M. Q., Yeomanry
 Orr, Jack, Trooper Scottish Horse
 Paterson, A. H. Swinton, 2nd Lieut. 5th Royal Scots
 Paterson, Hamish C., Pte. 6th Royal Scots (Highlanders)
 Paterson, W. H. M., Pte. 5th Royal Scots
 Paxton, James, Royal Field Artillery
 Pearce, C. Frances, 28th County of London (Artists)
 Philpott, Glyn W., Pte. P.S.U. Br., Royal Fusiliers
 Ramage, Peter, Pte. Commercial Batt. Highland Light Infantry
 Ramsay, Gilbert A., Pte. 6th Batt. Highland Light Infantry
 Reid, Stewart, Trooper Scottish Horse
 Rhind, T. Duncan, Major 5th Batt. Royal Scots
 Robb, Edgar A. G., Sergt. 6th Batt. Royal Scots (Highlanders)
 Robertson, A., Trooper Scottish Horse
 Ross, L.
 Rough, William E., Pte. 5th Batt. Royal Scots
 Rowds, I. I., Artists Rifles
 Rudd, D. H.
 Scott, Wm. S., Pte. Commercial Batt. H.L.I.
 Shields, Douglas G. rdon, Inns of Court (O.T.C.)
 Simmons, S. Noel, Royal Wilt. Yeomanry
 Skinner, Pte. 10th Royal Fusiliers
 Small, Robert A., Lothians and Border Horse
 Smart, Claude, Cpl. Hon. Artillery Co. 10th Lt. Le Mans Oct. 27
 Smith, Robert D., Pte. 5th Batt. Royal Scots
 Smith, Lindsay, 1st Lieut. 8th Batt. G. rdon Highlanders
 Stewart, Wm., Pte. Highland Light Infantry
 Strang, David, Pte. Public Schools Batt. Middlesex Regt.
 Strang, Ian, Pte. Public Schools Batt. Middlesex Regt.
 Sturrock, Allick R., Pte. 5th Batt. Royal Scots
 Tedcastle, John G., Pte. Edinburgh Batt. Lord Kitchener's Army
 Tegetmeier, Denis, Trooper 14th Hussars
 Thomson, H., Lochiel's Camerons
 Thomson, Duncan, Pte. Glasgow Highlanders
 Thomson, Jas., Pte. 6th Batt. Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders
 Thomson, Jas., McK., Pte. Commercial Batt. H.L.I.
 Tocher, Fred, Pte. 5th Batt. Royal Scots
 Todd, Wm. H., Pte. 6th Batt. Highland Light Infantry
 Turner, Barr, Pte. Commercial Batt. H.L.I.
 Turnbull, John A., Scottish Horse
 Urquhart, David, Pte. 13th Batt. Royal Scots
 Ward, O. F. M., Bombarier, R.F.A.
 Watson, George C., Pte. 5th Batt. Royal Scots
 Webster, Robt. B., Pte. 5th Batt. Royal Scots
 Webster, W. M., Royal Engineers
 Weir, Robert on, Pte. 5th Batt. Scottish Rifles
 Weir, Louis, Cpl. 14th Batt. Cnty. of Lond. (Lond. Scots)
 Wells, D. G., Pte. 28th (Res.) Batt. Cnty. of Lond. (Artists Rifles)
 White, Clarence, Pte. 26th Batt. County of Lond. (Artists Rifles)
 Whiting, Frederic, Cpl. 18th Batt. County of Lond. (Lond. Irish)
 Willie, Robert, Pte. 5th Batt. Royal Scots
 Wilson, Cecil, 1st Lieut. 6th Border Regt.
 Wilson, Hugh C., Lochiel's Camerons
 Wishart, Alfred, Pte. 3rd Batt. High and Light Infantry
 Woodside, D. C., Pte. 5th Batt. Scottish Rifles
 Wyllie, Harold, Capt. Royal Flying Corps
 Young, Eric

The Lay Figure

THE LAY FIGURE, ON RISKS WHICH ARTISTS RUN.

"I feel very much upset," said the Man with the Red Tie. "I have been away for a few days in the country, and one afternoon when I was making some notes of a delightful misty autumn effect I was actually arrested by a posse of villagers headed by the local policeman and armed with pitchforks and other lethal weapons. I found it quite difficult to persuade the authorities that I was really a harmless if, perhaps, unnecessary artist with no evil intentions at all."

"That's what comes of wearing a mysterious air," laughed the Special Constable. "I am sure that if I caught you prowling about my district I should promptly run you in as an eminently suspicious person."

"Besides, you must remember that it is the fate of the artist to be always misunderstood," suggested the Art Critic. "His ways are inevitably a mystery to the ordinary man."

"That is all very well," grumbled the Man with the Red Tie. "but does seem hard that one should be so very actively misunderstood—pitchforks, remember, and dogs, and a very stout policeman; and I was only making a few notes in a sketch-book."

"Well, what else could you expect?" cried the Young Artist. "What could be more damning than a sketch-book? When I want to sketch I take all my traps with me and make a great show with them. Everybody can see very plainly what I am doing."

"I suppose you go out in full service kit and pretend to have a serious official mission," said the Special Constable; "and you get over the difficulty that way."

"Hardly that," returned the Young Artist. "When I am in full service kit, as you call it, I do not get much chance of sketching. I am usually trying to prove to the drill sergeant that I am not quite such a fool as I look, or, at all events, as he seems to think I am."

"Yes, but even if sketching in full uniform were permissible, I could not do it," argued the Man with the Red Tie. "I am too old to enlist. I want to be able to do my ordinary work peaceably and without any of these exceedingly disconcerting interruptions."

"Business as usual, is that the idea?" asked the Critic. "Well, that is a good-enough motto, only don't forget that the war is the business of supreme importance at the present moment, and that all

other business must for the time being be subordinated to it. We all have to run risks of some sort in war time, and artists cannot hope to be exempt. You must take things as they come and make the best of them."

"I took a good many things as they came on the occasion I am speaking of," replied the Man with the Red Tie. "A pair of handcuffs was very nearly included among them."

"Now I should have thought that you would have been presented with those first of all," chuckled the Young Artist. "I think you got off very easily. A friend of mine who had a similar experience—he was idiot enough to start sketching close to a camp—was marched off to the guard tent between two men with fixed bayonets. He quite expected to be shot next morning."

"If he was a friend of yours I am quite sure he must have deserved it," declared the Man with the Red Tie. "I never did think much of the company you keep. But I have always prided myself on being a respectable, peace-loving person, and so these war's alarms come as a shock to me."

"Never mind, you will get over it," said the Special Constable, "these little accidents will happen. Anyhow, you can console yourself with the reflection that you have suffered for your country."

"And you must also remember that you must have been a source of much joy to the villagers who gave you such an animated greeting," added the Young Artist. "Think of the few moments of glorious excitement you brought into their dull lives. Why you must be regarded by them as a public benefactor."

"I do not know about that," answered the Man with the Red Tie; "but I made it all right with the policeman. I stood him a drink—or to speak more politely, invited him to partake of liquid refreshment—when it was all over, and then found him quite a decent sort of man. But he said I had better not do any more sketching in that neighbourhood."

"Wise man!" cried the Critic. "He wanted to be relieved of the responsibility of a mysterious stranger. That is the point of the whole matter. If artists would keep to districts where they are well known, and in which people are used to their ways, they would not have any difficulty. But when they go to strange places and prowl about in what seems to the local idea a suspiciously aimless fashion they are asking for trouble and they must not be surprised if they get it."

THE LAY FIGURE.

The London Sketch Club

THE LONDON SKETCH CLUB.
BY WALTER CHURCHER.

TEN years ago an article dealing with the early doings of this flourishing club appeared in these pages.

My present purpose is to refer to its progress, culminating in its settlement in the curious old studios it now occupies in the Marylebone Road. When the lease of their unique rooms in Wells Street came to an end, the members found themselves faced with the difficult task of finding any premises which could appeal to them as had their old garet just off Oxford Street. It would be difficult to imagine more congenial surroundings than those afforded by the old studio. A large barn-like room at the top of an old house, spanned by beams of thirty feet length, supporting a ceiling so old and smoke-dried, that on being asked if he could clean it up a bit a whitewasher replied, "Not me! When I touched it wiv my brush last, it come dahn on my 'ead!"

The most interesting feature of this queer place before it was dismantled was a faithful reproduction of an old tavern chimney-corner which had been

designed by Mr. Cecil Aldin for a kindred club previously occupying the rooms. With its large open fireplace, a mantel filled with pewter plates and Staffordshire figures, and with hams hanging from the smoke-dried beams, it formed both a comfortable lounge after work and a picturesque background for many costume figure studies. It was introduced by Mr. Aldin into one of his most popular hunting colour-prints.

When the lease expired and a move to the present studio in Marylebone Road took place this feature of the old room had to be left behind as a landlord's fixture. I am pleased to record, however, that the old tavern bar, lovingly constructed by sympathetic members, did not come under that category, and in its new position affords the thirsty worker refreshment after his labours under its old sign of "The Sketchers' Arms"; while in an adjoining apartment marked "Private" the club cook, beloved of a succession of members, sends forth steak puddings and roast sirloins, having no rivals save at "The Cheese" and "Simpson's." A view of the Marylebone studio is given.

The purpose of the London Sketch Club, as that



THE LONDON SKETCH CLUB'S NEW QUARTERS IN MARYLEBONE ROAD

The London Sketch Club



INVITATION CARD

BY LANCE THACKERAY

of the older Langham Sketching Club, is, as is well known, the practice of rapid memory sketching by gaslight from given subjects, and although country residence and death have robbed the club of some of its most gifted exponents in this difficult exercise, much talent in this rapid work is constantly being developed among new members.

Advantages gained by attendance at the weekly sketching meetings during the winter accrue not only to the established artist, who finds in them welcome change of work, relief from studio solitude, and in his evening's work valuable studies for more ambitious canvases, but to the younger member who gains much by availing himself of the opportunities afforded for associating with more practised exponents of memory sketching, noting their technical methods, and thereby acquiring the confidence and decision so essential in executing such rapid work.

It must be noted, however, that the working

membership is confined to professional artists. The outstanding exception to this rule is Lieut.-General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, whose special "working membership" is amply justified by such admirable sketches as his many engagements admit of his executing, and his keen interest in the club's aims.

In the examples of time sketching with which the



INVITATION CARD

BY FRANK REYNOLDS



INVITATION CARD

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BY JOHN HASSALL

members have kindly permitted me to illustrate these notes, little of the trail of midnight oil is apparent, and when it is remembered that preliminary sketches or other notes are not permitted at the sketching meetings, the remarkably truthful detail and other evidence of close observation of nature displayed in the evening's work afford striking instances of the advantages gained from the system of cultivating the art memory.

It is unnecessary here to enlarge on the work of the





The London Sketch Club

prominent members, past and present. It will be sufficient to mention the names of John Hassall, the late Phil May and Tom Browne, Dudley Hardy, George Haité, Montague Smyth, Charles Dixon, Starr Wood, Cecil Aldin, Frank Reynolds, Lawson Wood, Hughes-Stanton (now A.R.A.), Joseph Harker, the scenic artist, Claude Shepperson, René Bull, A. J. Mavrogordato, Tatton Winter, Edmund Dulac, Edgar Pattison, Burleigh Bruhl, Lee Hankey,



INVITATION CARD

BY LAWSON WOOD

Walter Burroughs - Fowler among earlier members; while in a splendid array of later accessions will be found Tony Sarg, Harry Rountree, H. M. Bateman, W. Heath Robinson, Wynne Apperley, G. E. Studdy, George Sheringham, Edgar Downs, C. D. Ward, Will Houghton, Geoffrey Strahan, W. H. Barrihal, Willy Pogány, Baghot de la Bere, and many others.

Apart from the actual working membership, the club has had reason for congratulation in their artist honorary members, who have given much valuable aid by furthering its objects; among them being Sir George



INVITATION CARD

BY EDMUND DULAC

Frampton, R.A., Mr. F. W. Pomeroy, A.R.A., Sir James Linton, P.R.I., the late Mr. E. J. Gregory, R.A., and the late Sir Alfred East, A.R.A.

The roll of lay members embraces the names of men distinguished in literary, musical and other circles. It is necessarily restricted, but includes many who find pleasure, not only in the club's



INVITATION CARD

BY H. M. BATEMAN

The London Sketch Club



INVITATION CARD

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

social side, but in the vigorous and unconventional sketches resulting from their working colleagues' Friday evening labours.

The after-supper doings at these gatherings are characterised by a light-hearted good fellowship which renders the Friday suppers most exhilarating; the impromptu entertainments following them being of a most amusing and unconventional description. It is a sheer joy to see John Hassall, attired in an indescribable costume, acting as an interpreter to a foreign delegate, impersonated by Harry Rountree, who, in an involved dialect savouring of a mixture of Swedish and Dutch Taal, is inviting contributions for the wounded in his local war; or to observe the first-named artist as a tram conductor with domestic troubles, imparting them in the intervals of ticket-punching to an old lady passenger, who, although somewhat inebriated, is tearfully sympathetic.

On the occasion of the half-yearly Smoking Concert, or on other special occasions, these dialogues expand into transpontine dramas, presidential initiations, tramp suppers, and other eccentricities which cannot be easily described.

Printed



"A FORMER HON. SEC."

BY H. M. BATEMAN

Perhaps the most remarkable of these productions was the appearance of Bouza's Band, which performed Dubussy-like music under the baton of Dudley Hardy, whose make-up and costume are indicated in one of the invitation cards reproduced. The music produced by this orchestra was characterised by much vigour and originality, being punctuated by intervals for refreshment, Phil May quaffing old ale, and using his bombardon as an ash-tray during a few bars' rest. On another occasion the Club indulged in an



elaborate bull-fight, in the course of which an exalted lady stimulated the activities of the bull from the Royal box by means of her umbrella: while I also recall a forcible feeding demonstration, in the course of which an extremely lively suffragette was imparted nourishment by a treatment which involved the use of a pair of steps, a mallet, and a cold chisel! These attractions were duly advertised by lurid posters designed and executed by those concerned. A specimen of these announcements is illustrated. Such humours may appear trivial in the light of my poor description, but they are carried out with such thoroughness and ability as to compel favourable comparison with kindred and carefully-rehearsed items on the variety stage.

Through the kindness of the designers, several of the special invitation cards by which members and guests are bidden to the Club smoking evenings are here reproduced: these cards are highly prized by members and visitors alike.

Having referred to some of the humours which take place on the platform of the Club, it may not be out of place to recall some incidents that have occurred



CLUB SKETCH

BY TONY SARG

The London Sketch Club

THE LONDON SKETCH CLUB association with its members. On one occasion it was necessary to obtain the signature of Phil May to an important document. As a member of the Club committee, Phil May was in no less of a fustive mood, but at last one Saturday morning I ran him to earth at a member's studio, out of which I found a cabman, who requested me to inform "the gent inside with a fringe," that he had been waiting an hour. I advised him not to worry, but wait. The elusive Phil when faced with a demand for his signature, "stonewalled," urged Sabbatarian scruples, &c., but finally agreed to attach his autograph to the deed on condition that the thing was done "in style." An historic tableau was therefore duly arranged: King John impersonated "King John signing Magna Charta"; Cecil Aldin as a baron, knelt with the pen and document; while Hardy as another noble, armed with a fearsome weapon, threatened violence in case of further reticence in the autograph department. Thus the deed was done "in style." I have reason to think that after our drive homeward, the cabby was able to congratulate himself on accepting my advice to wait for "the gent with the fringe." Phil was generous. In the early days of the Club's existence we were housed in a Bond Street picture gallery, and in keeping with our high art surroundings, gave a reception, at which certain members impersonated various public characters. The attitude of certain of these dignitaries was eccentric within the Club, but I shall not easily forget the expression on the face of a policeman when he saw Dudley Hardy, as the Earl of May, come out to the Club in his red robes, blow a cab whistle, and having entered a cab, alight with his mace

and sword bearers, proceed towards Piccadilly with those civic emblems projecting from the side windows in true Mansion House form.

Prior to our occupation of the upper floor at Wells Street, we were the tenants of the first floor, the top floor being then occupied by the Punch-bowl Club, a wildly inconsequent institution run by an eccentric sculptor with a distinct aversion to paying rent. Whenever a new member was shepherded into the Punch-bowl fold, he was expected to contribute a "diploma" gift. As there were no restrictions as to the nature of the gift, the most extraordinary donations were made and hung up, the walls and rafters being hung with pictures, arms, kitchen-fenders, flat-irons and oddments of every sort. One gentleman of frugal tendencies purchased twelve penny china mugs and



"HELL"

WATER-COLOUR SKETCH BY HARRY ROUNTREE



THE COMING STORM, CAREW CASTLE. FROM
A WATER COLOUR SKETCH BY TATTON WINTER, R.B.A.



"THE CHALK PIT"

BY WALTER CHURCHER

contributed them. They were duly hung in a row on a beam. One Sketch Clubber, who was a member of both clubs, presided one evening at a supper there, at which the late Sir L. Alma Tadema was the guest of the evening. Towards the end of the meal the room became insufferably hot, and the host inquired if his distinguished guest had any objection to the windows being opened. "Not at all!" retorted the R.A., glancing up at the latest diploma gift. "It *is* rather muggy up here!"

Late were the nights we sometimes had in the past, and when the ten o'clock war order came into force, my trepidation as chairman of one of the Sketch Club's suppers was great, for the order had to be strictly carried out, and I foresaw diffi-

culties. However, all ended happily, for, as ten o'clock struck, the bar closed with a bang, and three members in police uniform emerged from the cloak-room and either overset or drank the contents of every glass in the room. Thus was the law complied with, and my fears dispelled. We may often act like schoolboys, but it is good to be able to do so, and it is a union of useful work and joyous relaxation which enables the London Sketch Club to retain its large membership in spite of drawbacks and after discouragements.

Since the writer, two years ago, concluded nearly ten years of secretaryship, his duties have been jointly undertaken by Mr. Leonard Calvert and Mr. Marston Edwards, a happy combination in which a thorough Bohemian with a wide knowledge of art methods and traditions harmoniously co-operates with a clever man of business; and with Mr. Harry Rountree succeeding Mr. Joseph Harker as President of the year, the Club not only

continues to assist young artists to come into their own but perpetuates a series of weekly gatherings which serve to impart keen enjoyment to all who attend them.

Mr. J. LAVERY, A.R.A., has presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum the portrait which he painted last year of Auguste Rodin. He wishes the gift to be regarded as a tribute to Rodin from British Art. It is designed to reciprocate the sentiments which inspired Rodin to make his magnificent give of sculpture to the museum, in admiration of the heroism of French and British soldiers now fighting side by side. The portrait was reproduced in our June Number.

NOTES ON SOME CANADIAN
ETCHERS. BY NEWTON
MACTAVISH.

ETCHING is an easy art to dabble at; and for that reason, I suppose, there are in Canada a good many dabblers. But there are only a few good etchers, so few indeed that they may be counted almost on the fingers of one hand. And a number of Canadians who have pursued the art have gone abroad: Clarence A. Gagnon and the Armingtons are instances. Gagnon, however, is Canadian in his choice of subjects, particularly as to painting, and frequently he returns from France to his native country for fresh motives.

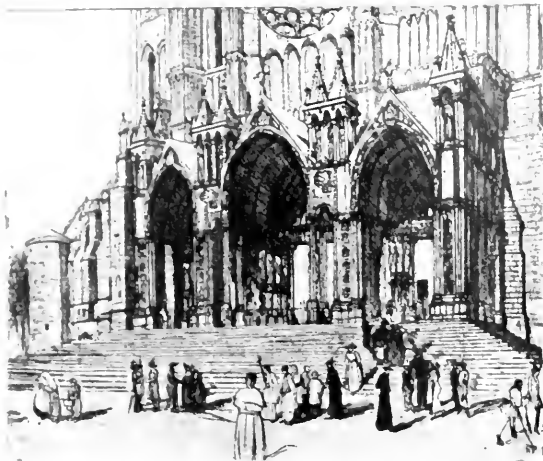
A decade ago the art of etching, as an art, was almost unknown in Canada. There were a few, of course, who practised it, and Gagnon, one of the first to take it up seriously as a craft as well as an art, had just begun. The people as a whole did not know the difference between an etching and a half-tone engraving or a zinc reproduction of a line drawing. The exhibiting, in particular, of Gagnon's work, began to arouse interest, and a few years ago there was a really imposing exhibition of etchings under the auspices of the Art Museum of Toronto.

Points were shown from plates etched by leading artists from the time of Rembrandt and earlier down to the present time, including such men as Brangwyn and Zorn; and soon the trustees of the National Art Gallery at Ottawa began to procure examples of some of the best etchers. More recently still another exhibition was held by the Art Museum of Toronto, whose gallery at the present time is composed of The Grange, the former residence of the late Professor Goldwin Smith. This latest exhibition was intended to educate in a technical way, for on certain days demonstrations were given of the several processes of etching. One of the performers at these demonstrations was Miss Dorothy Stevens, who not long previously had returned from a course of study and travel abroad. Miss Stevens's work is remarkable for its artistic merit. To the careful etcher, however, to the one who counts technical excellence above everything else, her work is oftentimes a sore trial, for she etches as she paints, with a wholesome disregard for the conventionalities of the craft and with an eye single to the general effect. The same thing cannot be said of Gagnon, for while his work is artistic and oftentimes suggestive of mystery, it invariably displays careful crafts-





"SAN AGOSTINO CANAL, VENICE"
BY CLARENCE A. GAGNON



"SORTIE DE L'EGLISE"

BY DOROTHY STEVENS

manship. While he is refined and poetical, Miss Stevens is bold and dashing, and she graves her lines with no feeling that her life depends on the execution. That absence of restraint, which sometimes goes to the extreme of genuine abandonment, imparts to her drawings a charm that is never otherwise imparted. Apparently she does not hope to get her efforts by any tricks at printing, but relies on the merits of the plate. Although she is conscious of the superiority of some prints over others.

One would say, in the other land,

his father was French-Canadian and his mother English. His studies in art began at the

that Gagnon is a very careful printer. He certainly has the knack of obtaining an extremely soft line and his results have a charm of tone that is not often excelled. Tone, indeed, is one of Gagnon's first claims to distinction as an etcher. One feels colour in most of his prints, and his compositions generally are satisfactory. He has been attracted by old streets and buildings on the Continent, with the result that most of his etchings, although he is a Canadian, are of subjects selected abroad. He is a young man, little more than thirty, and has been an etcher for ten years.

He was born in Canada ;

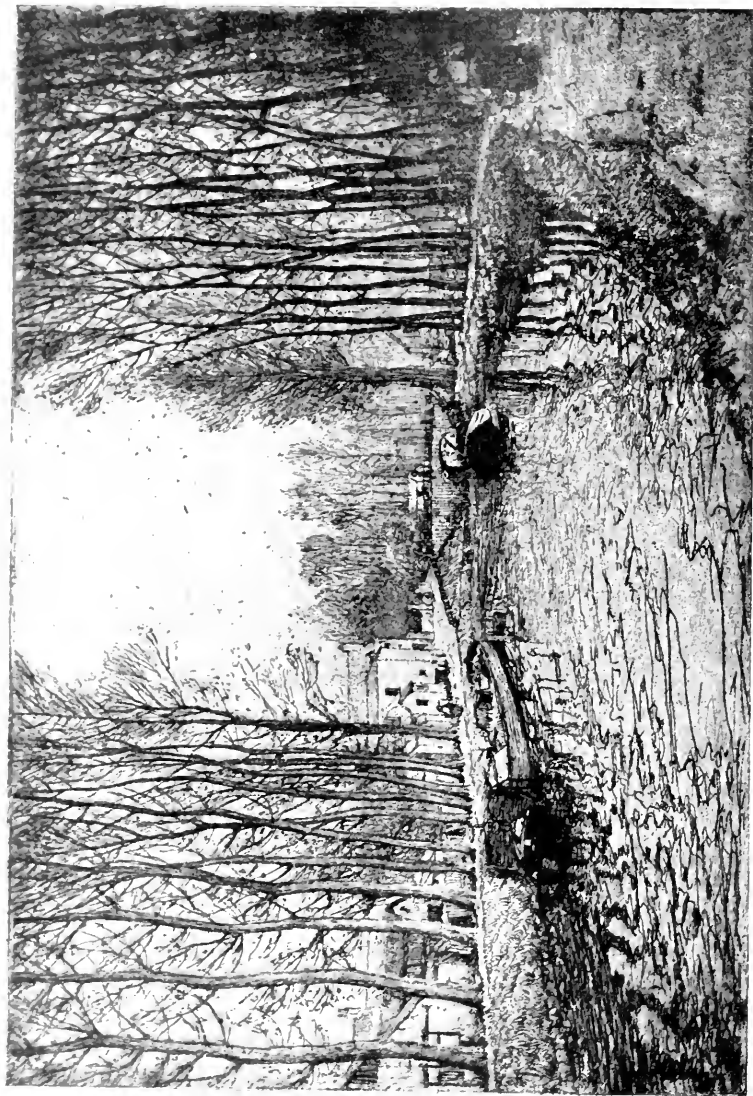


"GRANADA, SPAIN"

BY CLARENCE A. GAGNON



"EN NOVEMBRE, NORMANDIE."
BY CLARENCE A. GAGNON



"CANAL DU LOING, MORET"
BY CLARENCE A. GAGNON

Canadian Etchers

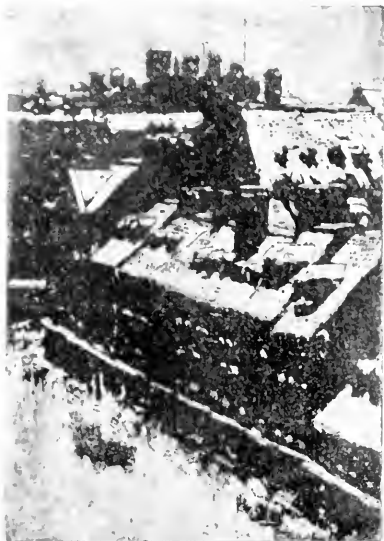
Montreal Art School, where he won a scholarship. There he attracted the attention of a dealer, who undertook to send him abroad. This was in a sense an unfortunate thing for the young artist, because it gave the dealer control of his output, and as he was successful, particularly in etching at first, winning honourable mention at the Paris Salon a year after he began, his work was already attracting attention. He studied for a while at the Julian Academy, under Jean Paul Laurens, and in 1905 was awarded a medal at the St. Louis Exposition for a painting entitled *Oxen Ploughing*. At one time he did a good deal of figure work, but his tendency of late has been towards landscape, both in etching and painting, with a marked preference for French-Canadian subjects. He usually exhibits every year in Paris, and occasionally at the Walker Gallery, Liverpool, and the International of London. He is a member of the Canadian Art Club, which is the most exclusive association of artists in the Dominion. Prints from his etchings have been bought for the collections at South Kensington, the Petit Palais des Beaux-Arts, Paris, at The Hague, Florence, Venice, and the National Art Gallery of Canada.

Miss Stevens is a younger artist still, and one whose work undoubtedly will give her an international reputation. Although a Canadian, she passes a great deal of her time abroad, where she has made a notable series of etchings, particularly of old cathedrals at Antwerp, Ghent, Bruges, Malines, and Brussels. She is not connected with any art associations in Canada, although she is a frequent exhibitor. She is a member of the Chicago Society of Etchers, and has exhibited with the New English Art Club, and at the Paris Salon. She had an unusually successful career as a student at the Slade Art School in London, where she won two prizes in drawing and three in painting. She studied also at the Académie Grande Chaumière, Paris.

Mr. H. Ivan Neilson, a Scottish Canadian, finds his subjects in and near the old city of Quebec. He traces an extremely delicate line, and works also for tone and restful effects. He is fastidious about printing, for he regards every detail of the art as of first importance. He is not content, therefore, to etch the copper and let some other person pull the print. To him the printing is not merely a craft : it is an art of the first importance.



"BRENTFORD"



"BEDFORD ROW, HALIFAX (NOVA SCOTIA)"
AQUATINT BY GYTH RUSSELL

He is also an enthusiastic painter in oils, and last year was made a member of the Canadian Art Club.

Mr. Gyth Russell is the youngest of them all, and yet his work shows, even now, marks of individuality. It is, above all other things, original in conception, interesting in treatment, and expressive of a singular personality. Whatever else he may do, he is not likely to inflict anything savouring of the commonplace. He is a Haligonian, and in the old wharves and corners of his home city he has found many subjects suited to his taste.

The work of Mr. Percy Grassby is as yet not well known in Canada. Although by birth an old countryman, he has made Canada his home. His work is more unusual than any of the others of this group, as may be seen by the reproductions. Indeed, it has a delightfully mediaeval flavour, the same as is imparted by an antique bit of porcelain or tapestry. But its chief charm is its distinctiveness. Even an unskilled eye could pick it out from among many others, and, good or bad, that always is a point in its favour. Should he remain in Canada and exhibit freely, his work is likely to have an influence on etching in the Dominion.

THE three hundredth Anniversary of the advent into Ontario of the White Race is to be celebrated next August at Orillia, a town situated near the place where Samuel de Champlain and his party entered the province in 1615. In commemoration of the event a monument to Champlain is to be erected from the design of Mr. Vernon March, an English sculptor, whose model was unanimously adopted by the Jury of Award which included Sir Edmund Walker, Chairman of the National Commission on Memorials, Mr. Eric Brown, Director of the National Gallery, and Mr. Brymner, President of the Royal Academy of Canada.

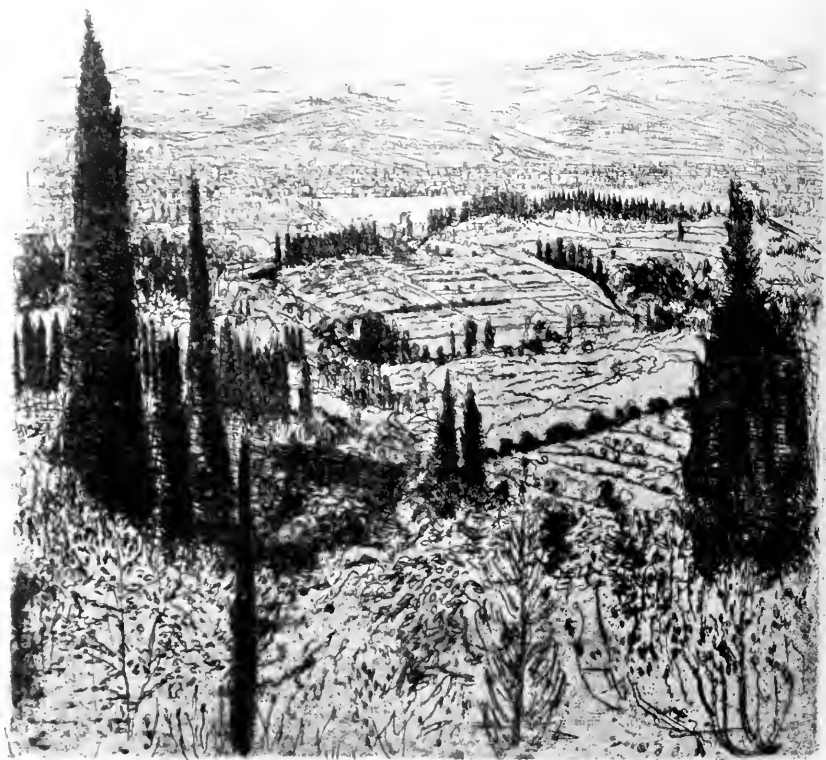


"AN IDYLL OF EAST ANGLIA" (DRY-POINT)

BY PERCY GRASSBY



"ISLEWORTH." BY
PERCY GRASSBY



"NEAR FLORENCE." FROM
AN ORIGINAL ETCHING
BY DOROTHY STEVENS

Old Interiors in Belgium

OLD INTERIORS IN BELGIUM.

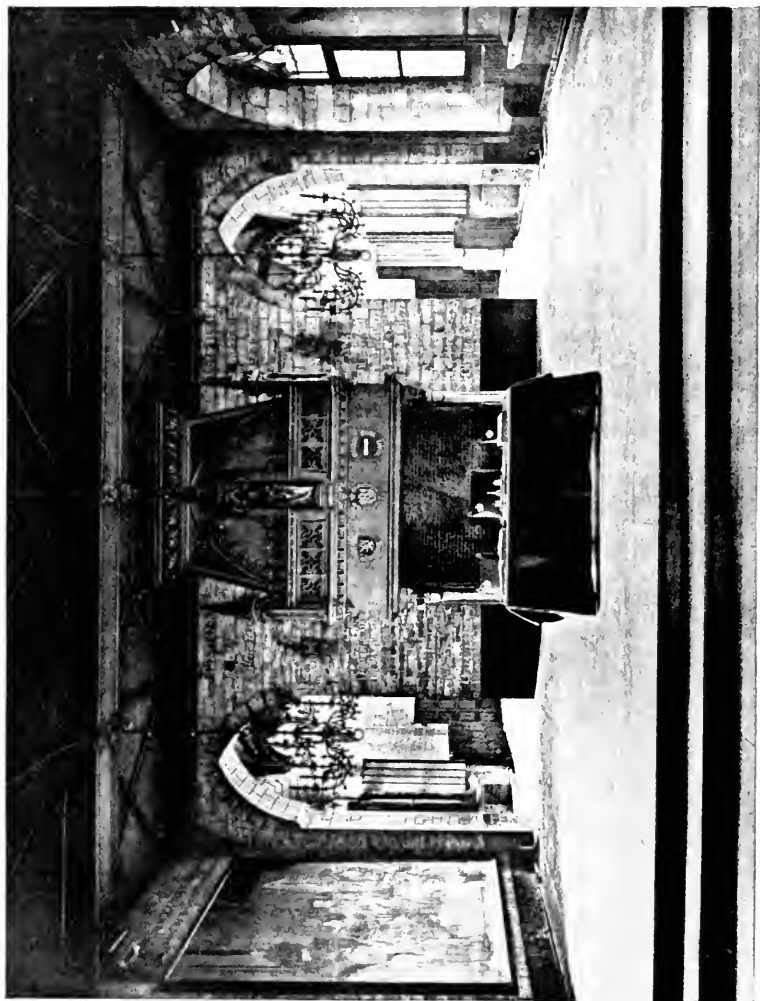
IN a recent number of this magazine illustrations were given of a few of the architectural monuments forming part of the rich heritage of artistic treasures which modern Belgium has received from bygone generations. There was reason to fear that some at least of these great masterpieces of constructive art had already fallen a prey to the shell fire of the invader who has so ruthlessly devastated this prosperous country, and in the meantime the world has learned with infinite regret that one of them—the magnificent Cloth Hall at Ypres—has, with the Cathedral and other precious relics of the past, by the same means been destroyed or damaged beyond repair—that, in fact, this old-world city, the pride of a nation which has ever jealously guarded its historic edifices, has become a city of desolation and ruin. Flanders has in the course of its history been the scene of many a hard-fought campaign, but never, perhaps,

since the country was overrun by the Northern pirates fourteen centuries ago, has it suffered such devastation as that which has been inflicted on it by the armies of the self-styled "Kulturvolk," with the approval of their commanders, of whom one has publicly avowed his indifference to the destruction of these ancient monuments.

The illustrations we now give of the interiors of some of these historic buildings show that in the decorative arts and handicrafts as well as in structural architecture the forerunners of the Belgian nation of to-day attained a mastery which can vie with that of any of the European nations. They have been selected from an extensive series of photographs taken by Mr. W. Sigling for Prof. Sluyterman's folio "Intérieurs Anciens en Belgique," the publishers of which, Messrs. Martinus Nijhoff and Co. of The Hague, have kindly permitted their publication here. How many of these interiors have escaped destruction it is impossible to say, but there appears to be no doubt that the hall of the University of Louvain shown below is now a ruin.



LOUVAIN: THE HALL OF THE UNIVERSITY. THIS EDIFICE WAS ERECTED EARLY IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY, AND WAS ORIGINALLY THE CLOTH HALL (HALLÉ AUX DRAPS) OF THE TOWN, BUT FROM 1679 ONWARDS WAS TAKEN OVER BY THE UNIVERSITY. ACCORDING TO REPORTS PUBLISHED IN THE DATA FILES THE BUILDING, WITH ITS FAMOUS LIBRARY, HAS BEEN ENTIRELY DESTROYED BY THE GERMANS.



LOUVAIN: THE COUNCIL CHAMBER OF THE HÔTEL DE VILLE. THIS TOWN HALL, ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE MONUMENTS OF BELGIUM, HAS HAPPILY ESCAPED THE RAVAGES OF WAR. IT WAS BUILT IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY, BUT THE STYLE OF MOST OF THE APARTMENTS BELONGS TO A MUCH LATER DATE. THE SAME MONUMENT, OF WHICH ONE END WITH ITS RICHLY ORNAMENTED FIREPLACE IS HERE SHOWN, HAS UNDERGONE RESTORATION, BUT THE ORIGINAL CHARACTER HAS BEEN PRESERVED.

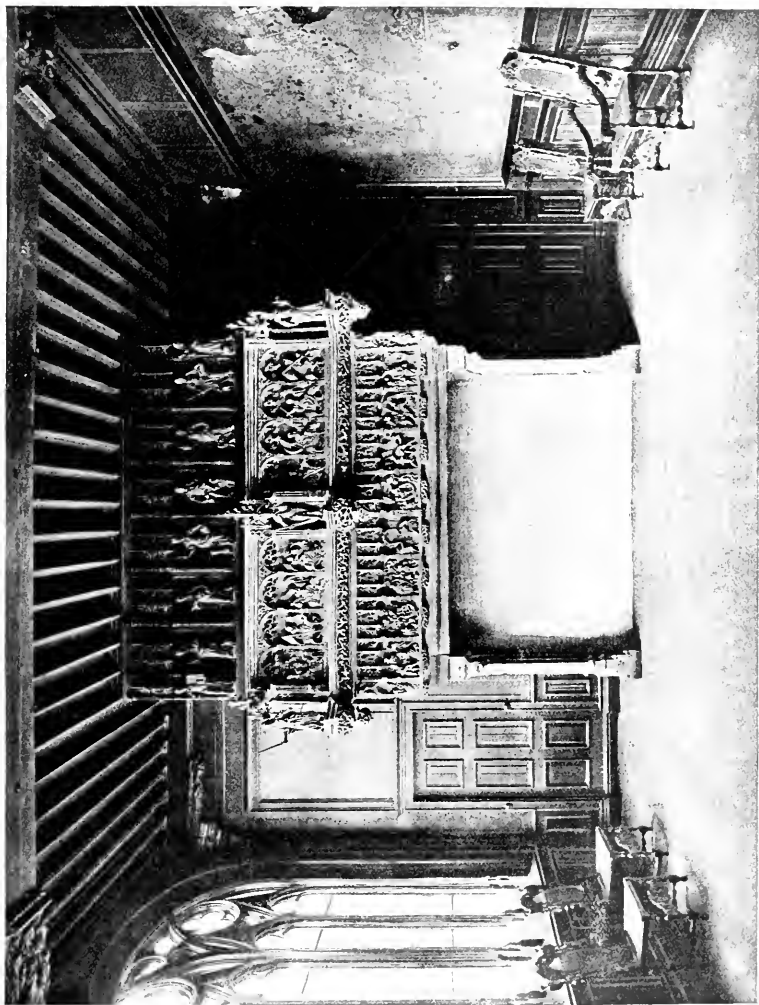
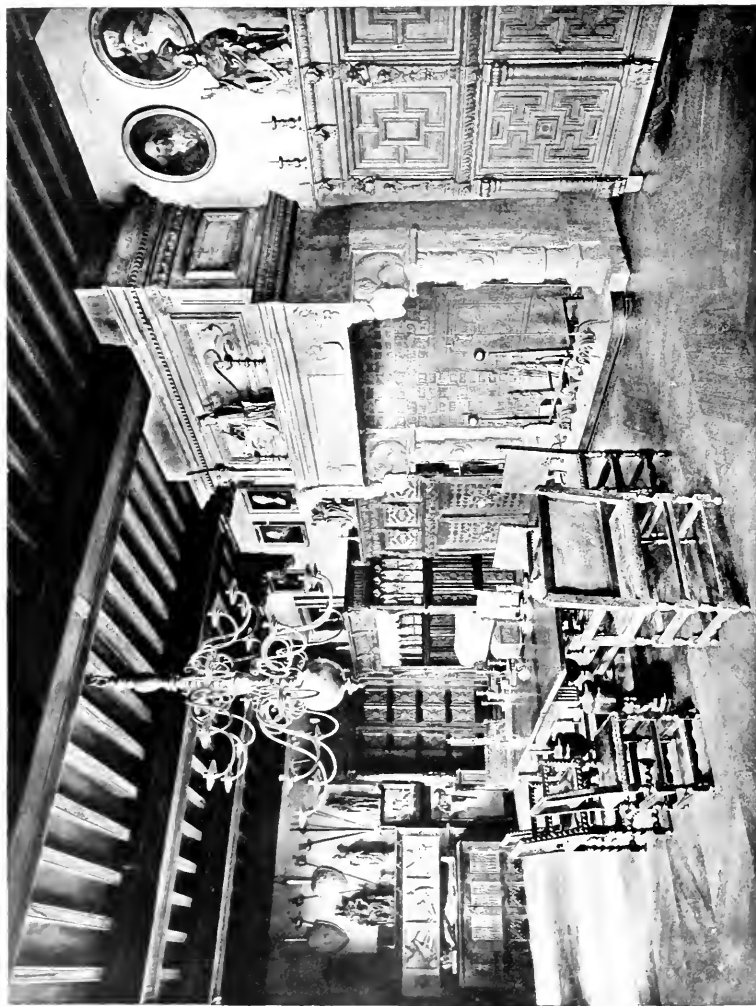
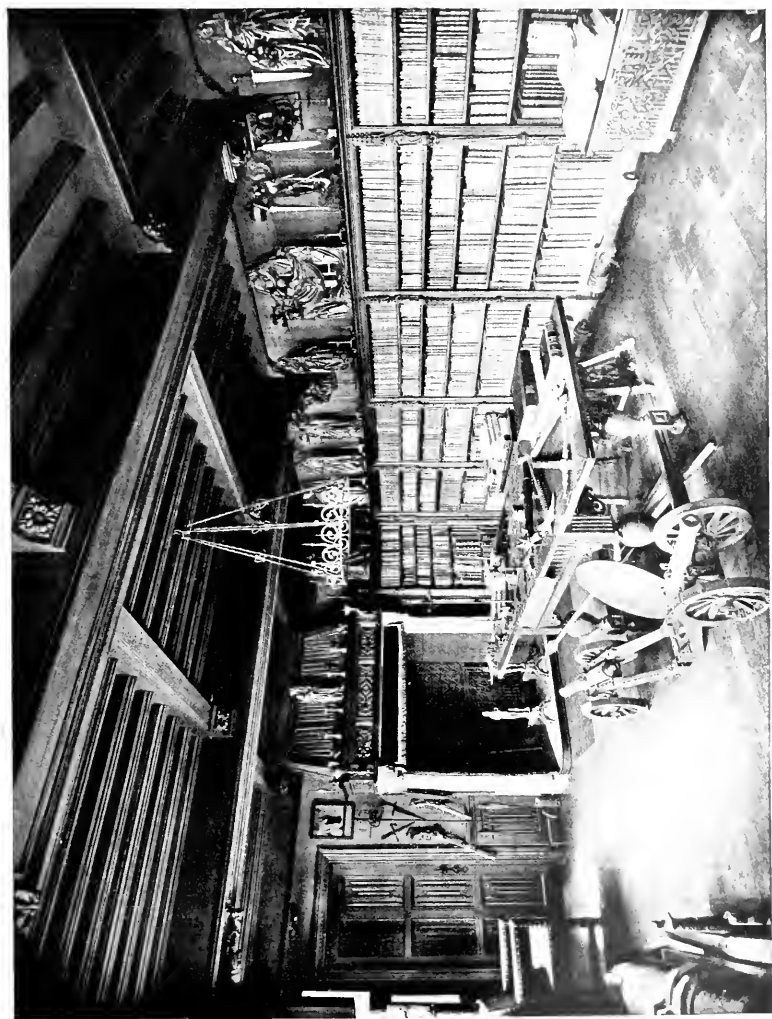


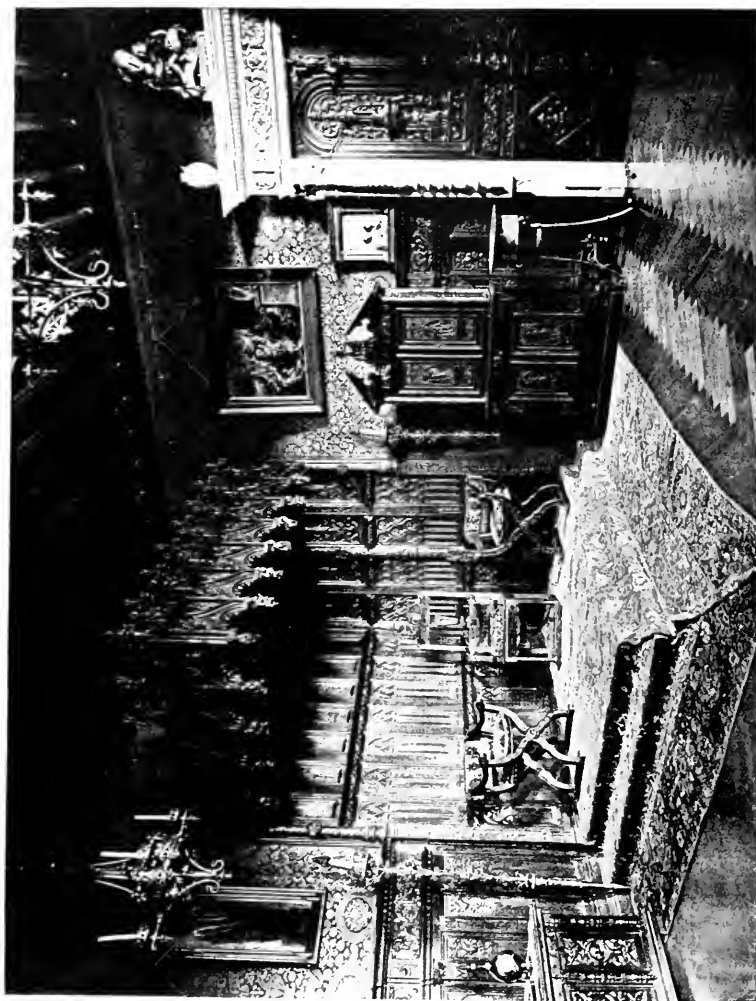
FIGURE: COUNCIL CHAMBER IN THE HOTEL DE VILLE, A LATE-GOTHIC STRUCTURE DATING FROM 1528. THE ELABORATELY CARVED MANTLEPIECE DATES FROM 1587. THE FIGURES IN THE TOP ROW ARE CARVED IN WOOD, AND SYMBOLISE THE CATHOLIC RELIGION AND SEVEN CHRISTIAN VIRTUES. THE TRIIZE BELOW IS CARVED IN STONE, AND THE FIGURES REPRESENT IDOLATRY AND THE SEVEN VICES, WHILE BELOW IS A SERIES OF RELIEFS REPRESENTING THE PUNISHMENTS IN STORE FOR TRANSGRESSORS



ANDERLECHT: A ROOM IN THE CHATEAU D'ANDERLECHT NEAR BRUSSELS. THE CHATEAU OF ANDERLECHT, KNOWN ALSO AS THE "FLEMISH HOUSE," CONTAINS ONE OF THE FINEST PRIVATE COLLECTIONS IN BELGIUM, AND BELONGS TO MONS. VAN DEN PEERBOM, A FORMER MINISTER OF STATE. THE VARIOUS ARTICLES OF FURNITURE AND FITTINGS OF THIS ROOM BELONG TO THE SIXTEENTH OR SEVENTEENTH CENTURY



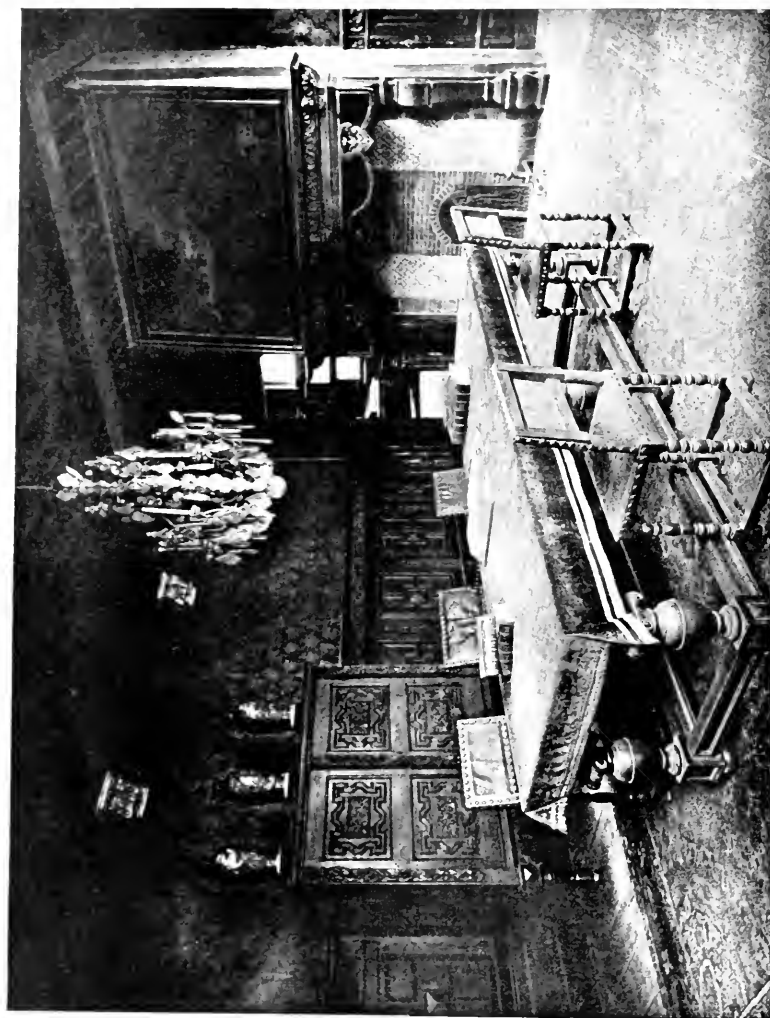
ANDERLECHT : THE SMALL LIBRARY IN THE CHATEAU D'ANDERLECHT. IN THIS ROOM, AS IN THE OTHER APARTMENT OF THE CHATEAU, THE FURNITURE AND FITTINGS ARE CHIEFLY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY



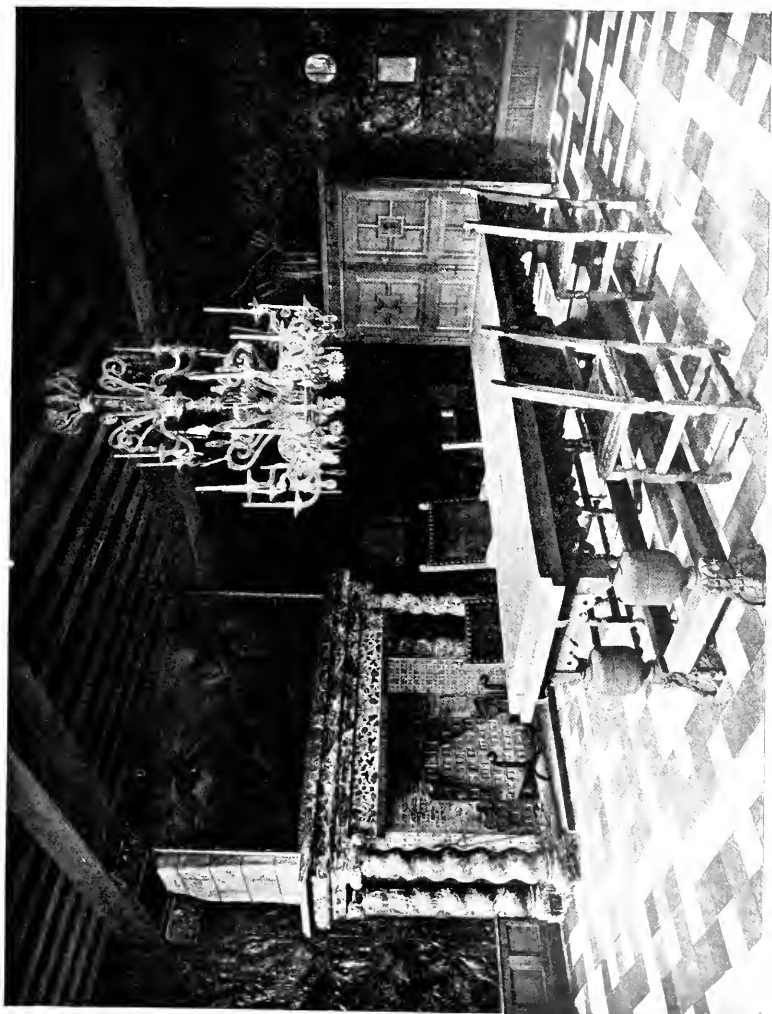
GARSBREEK (BRABANT): GREAT GALLERY IN THE CHÂTEAU DE GARSBREEK, CONTAINING RARE EXAMPLES OF WOOD-WORK AND TEXTILES OF THE RENAISSANCE PERIOD, NOTABLY THE THRONE IN THE CORNER BENEATH THE CARVED CANOPY. THE CHÂTEAU ITSELF WAS A MEDIEVAL STRONGHOLD AND HAS WITHSTOOD MANY ASSAULTS; IT HAS BEEN COMPLETELY RESTORED BY THE PRESENT OWNER, THE MARQUISE ARCONATI VISCONTI



GAUSBECK: BED-CHAMBER IN THE CHÂTEAU DE GAUSBECK. THE BED IS A FAITHFUL COPY OF A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY BED, AND BEARS THE ARMS OF COUNTS EGOMT AND HOOKN. THE TAPESTRIES ARE ORIGINAL FIFTEENTH-CENTURY BRUSSELS' WORK.



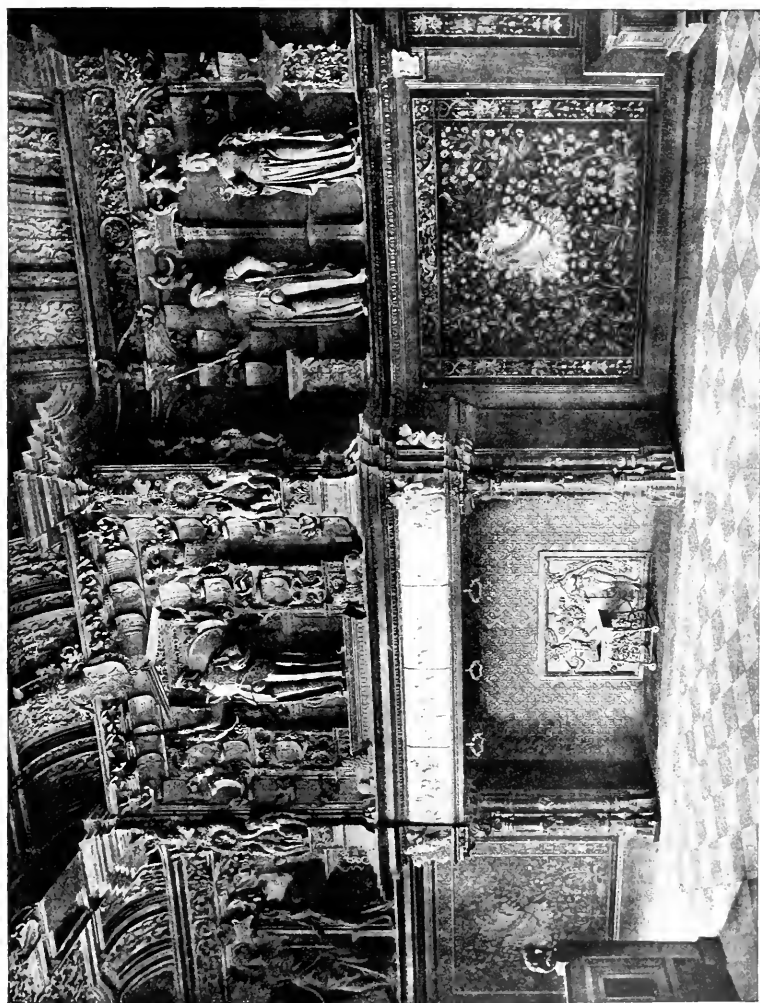
ANTWERP: A ROOM, KNOWN FORMERLY AS THE "CHAMBRE DES CONFÉRENCES," IN THE MUSÉE PLANTIN-MORETUS. THE WALLS ARE PANEELED IN OAK AND COVERED ABOVE WITH GILT LEATHER. THE FIREPLACE IS THE WORK OF THE FLEMISH SCULPTOR, FAULUS DIRCKX, AND DATES FROM 1638, AND THE FINE DUTCH CABINET BELONGS TO THE SAME CENTURY



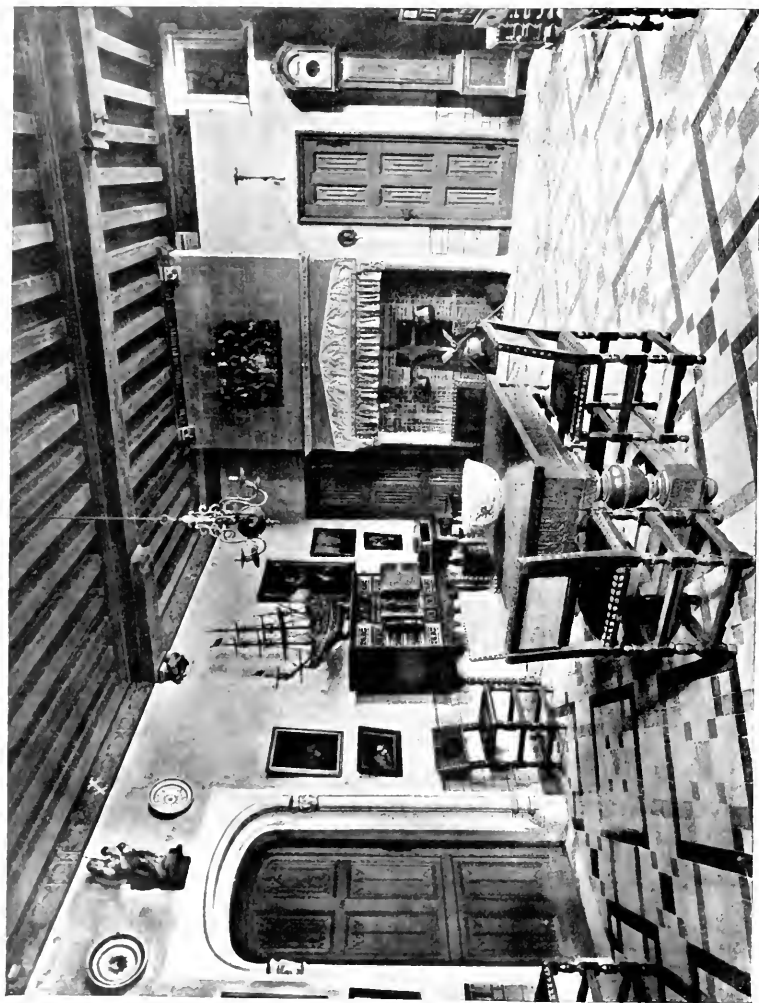
ANCELF, THE GREAT HALL IN THE "MAISON HYDRAULIQUE" OR "MAISON DES FRANÇAIS." THE HOUSE WAS BUILT BY GILBERT VAN SOTHENDAKE (D. 1553), FAMOUS AS AN INVENTOR OF HYDRAULIC MACHINERY, AND SUBSEQUENTLY BECAME THE GUILD-HOUSE OF THE BREWERS' CORPORATION. THE WALLS OF THE "GRAND SALLE" ABOVE THE NARROW OAK PANELING, ARE COVERED WITH FEATHERS; AND A CONSIDERABLE FEATURE OF THE ROOM IS THE LARGE FIREPLACE WITH ITS COLUMNS OF VEINED GREY MARBLE.



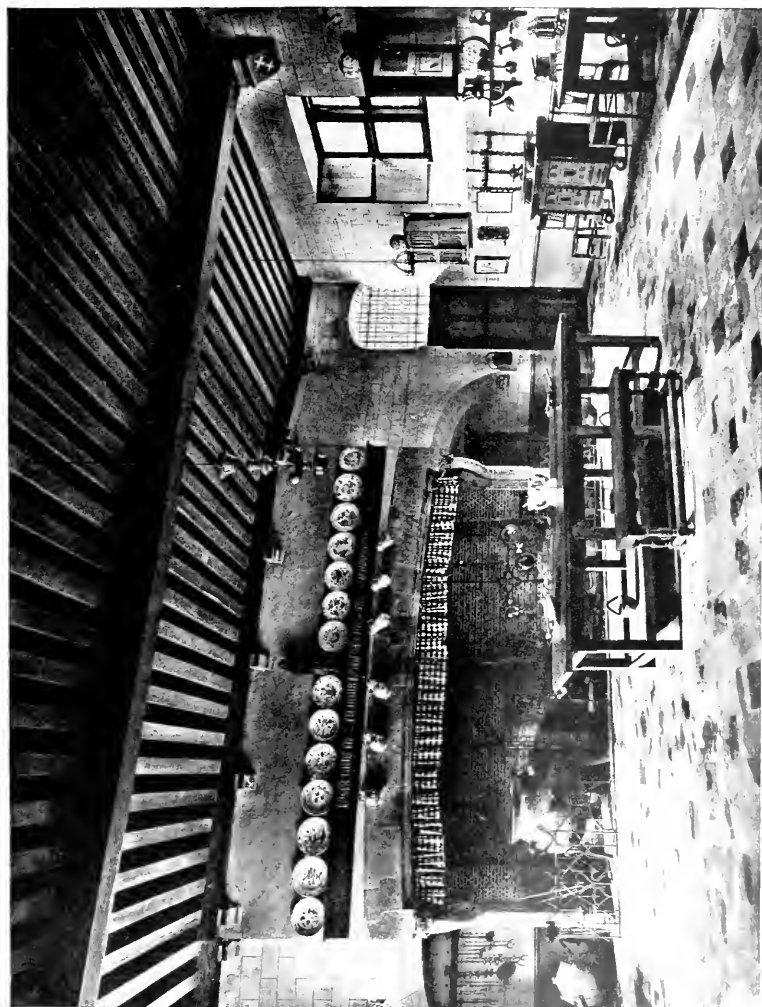
ANTWERP SACRISTY IN THE CHURCH OF ST. CHARLES BORROMEUS AN EXAMPLE OF SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY BAROCK DECORATION



BRUGES: FIREPLACE IN THE "SALLE DU CABINET" OF THE PALACE OF JUSTICE, EXECUTED IN 1529-1534 IN COMMEMORATION OF THE TREATY OF CAMBRAI FROM THE DESIGNS OF JACQUES DE BRUGES AND GUYOT DE BEAUGRANT OF MALIN. THE OVER-MANTLE IS DARK, THE CENTRAL FIGURE BEING THAT OF CHARLES V. BELOW IS A FRIZE OF WHITE MARBLE WITH SCULPTURE FROM THE STORY OF SUZANNAH. ON THE RIGHT OF THE FIREPLACE ARE THE CARVED FIGURES OF FERDINAND OF ARAGON AND ISABELLA OF CASTILE, CORRESPONDING TO FIGURES OF MAXIMILIAN OF AUSTRIA AND MARY OF BOURGOGNE ON THE OTHER SIDE



BRUGES: SMALL DINING-HALL IN THE HÔTEL GRUTHUIJSE. THE BUILDING TAKES ITS NAME FROM LOUIS DE GRUTHUIJSE, BY WHOM PARTS OF THE ORIGINAL STRUCTURE WERE ERECTED IN 1465-1470; IT WAS LARGELY RECONSTRUCTED AND RESTORED IN 1894, AND IS NOW A MUSEUM UNDER MUNICIPAL CONTROL. MOST OF THE FEATURES OF THIS ROOM BELONG TO THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.



BRUGES. THE KITCHEN OF THE HOTEL GRUUTHUSE, A REMARKABLY WELL-PRESERVED EXAMPLE OF MEDIEVAL DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE WITH THE ORIGINAL ACCESSORIES



"SALLE DES PAS PERDUS," OR WAITING HALL, IN THE HÔTEL DE VILLE. THE FIREPLACE WITH
 ITS GALLERY ABOVE IS A FINE EXAMPLE OF LATE GOTHIC; THE LOWER PART IS CONSTRUCTED OF FREESTONE,
 THE UPPER PART OF STONEWARE



HALL IN THE HOUSE NO. 27 RUE DES BÉGARDES (BEGGARS' STREET). THIS INTERIOR BELONGS TO THE BEGINNING OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY



MONS: SALLE DES "SAOUEAUX" IN THE HOTEL DE VILLE. THE TOWN HALL OF MONS WAS BUILT IN THE SECOND HALF OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY, AND THE ROOM HERE SHOWN, ALTHOUGH RESTORED IN PARTS, HAS THE GENERAL CHARACTER OF THAT PERIOD. THE BALUSTRADE OVER THE FIREPLACE IS OF STONEWARE

Recent London Posters

SOME RECENT LONDON POSTERS. BY ALFRED YOCKNEY.

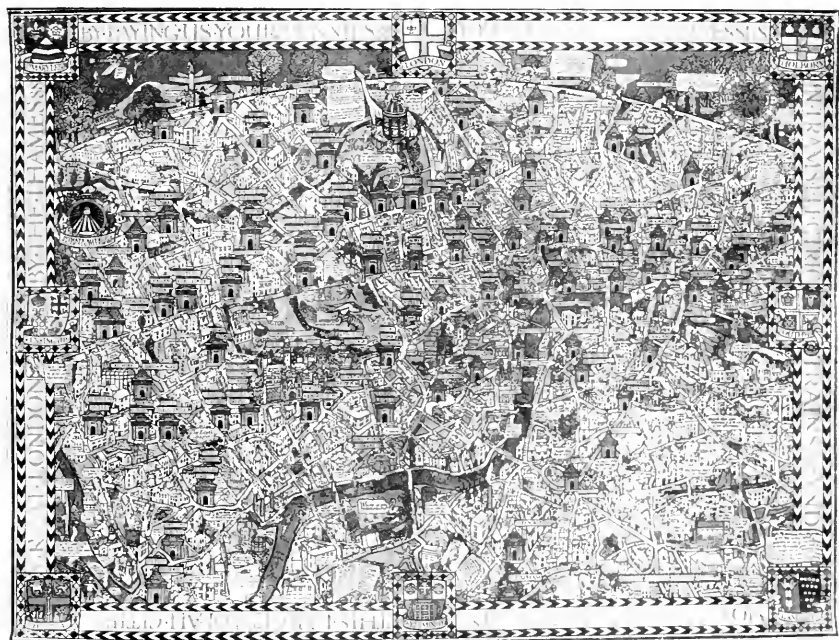
THE Art of the Hoarding, as it is called, is as diverse as the Art of the Gallery. In each category there is every kind of idea expressed in various ways, and it generally happens that the work produced for each sphere shows some straining after effect. Refinement must not be sought for in the art displayed in the large exhibition gallery or in the street, and because occasionally we find it the rule remains unaltered.

The public owes a debt of gratitude to those who have introduced artists to a new world of industry. Without the advertising magnate, prompted, perhaps, by really intelligent agents and printers, the art of the poster could not have been evolved. It is on the whole a creditable art, one to which it is a privilege for the greatest designers to contribute. It may be hoped that more business men will foster latent talent for poster designing, and that the pioneers will not

discontinue the policy which has won such publicity for them. Some patrons seem to have abandoned their pictorial appeals and to have substituted the bald announcements of less enlightened days. This reversion to type, to make use of the biological phrase, is good neither for the artist nor for the advertiser: for, good though simple lettering may be, such means of arresting and retaining attention cannot compare with the artistic poster or posterette.

A hoarding may be compared with a Lord Mayor's Show. Type advertisements are there, like plain carriages in the Procession, but the announcements are read by the few, who have an eye also for sombre Worshipful Masters. The multitude see only the colour in the pageant, particularly the Lord Mayor, his Cinderella coach and his decorative attendants in purple and gold lace. Likewise the illustrated poster catches the eye of the populace, while the bare one is overlooked.

No doubt some historian has discovered exactly when it was that Commerce took the hand of Art for this purpose. It was, of course, in Victorian times when there were relations between business



POSTER FOR LONDON UNDERGROUND RAILWAY

BY MALCOLM GILL

Recent London Posters

men and artists never approached before and never equalled since. Not that the result of this intimacy, the exploitation of the subject-picture and the corresponding erection of palatial studios, had anything to do immediately with the genesis of the poster. Painters were far too opulent to turn their attention from their easels to the hoarding. But merchant princes were buyers of pictures in those days, and some among them began to see possibilities in advertising if only the artist could be harnessed to the chariot of industrial progress. For instance, the late William Whiteley, after the success of *The Derby Day*, asked Frith to consider "Westbourne Grove at 4 o'clock in the Afternoon" as a subject for his brush, the terms being, probably, a blank cheque. Frith thought the matter over and declined the commission. But the idea of making use of the artist was in the air, and it was not long before painters saw their work reproduced and posted broadcast through the country. It was then an easy stage to the specially designed poster.

Posters of modern times may be divided into several classes. The first to be mentioned are the ones adapted from existing work, such as the pictures by Millais, Stacy Marks, Calderon, and

more recently the *Battersea Bridge* nocturne by Whistler and the *Athlete* statue by Lord Leighton. Secondly there are the flaming story-pictures accessory to the theatre, these melodramatic outbursts in chromolithography which compel the eye to see what it would fain leave unperceived. Thirdly there is the Appetising poster, as it may be called, which tells us in most realistic fashion the delights and advantages of rival edibles. Lastly there is the poster, specially designed and purely artistic, which fulfils its mission best of all because it not only engages attention at once but is an abiding memory.

It is with the last-named production that we are concerned, and we shall see that this class may be sub-divided many times. Apart from questions of shape, size, colour and visibility at various distances, the subjects are grave and gay, educational, topographical, dramatic, and so on. There is no end to the resources of art for the purpose of making all things known.

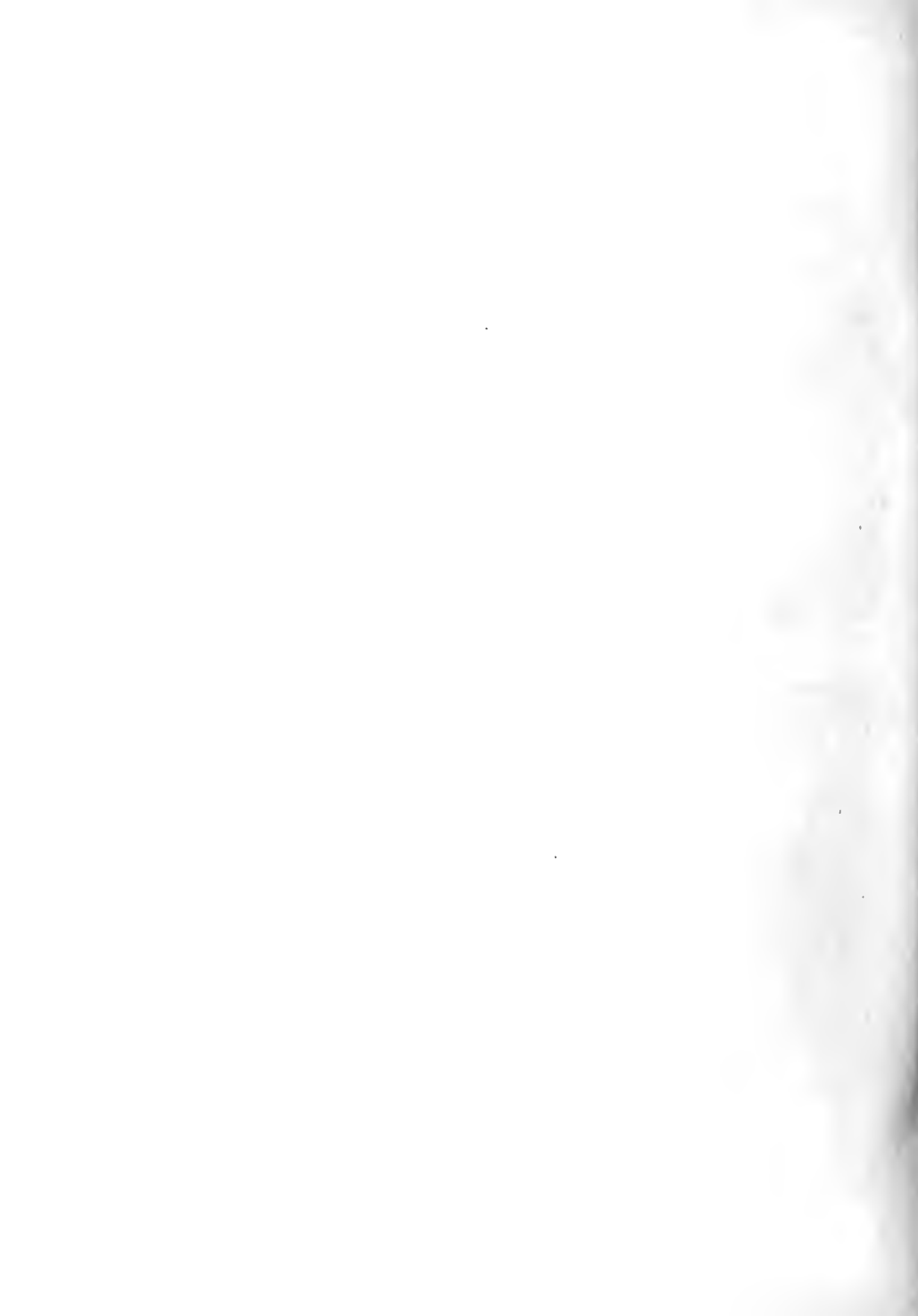
At different times the skill of artists has been directed to the public recommendation of so many manufactures and industries that it is difficult to say which has inspired work of the greatest merit. Swiss milk, soap, cocoa, whisky, mustard and other



POSTER DESIGN BY W. A. CHASE. CARRIED OUT IN WOOD BY A. J. ROWLEY (THE ROWLEY GALLERY)



"THE WORKERS WAY"; POSTER DESIGNED
FOR THE LONDON UNDERGROUND RAILWAY
BY G. SPENCER PRYSE.





(All truly great art is refreshing)

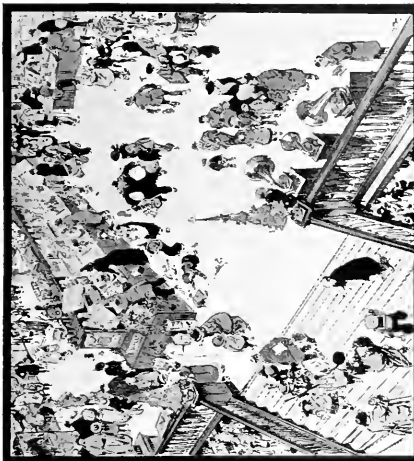
A T THE R.A.



BY THE

UNDERGROUND

HUMOURS OF LONDON No 5



(Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend.)

I N TOYLAND



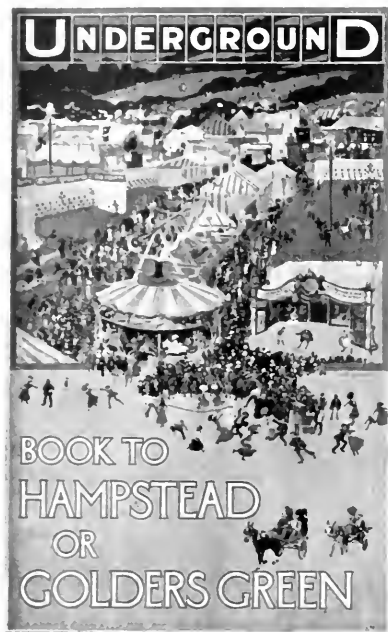
BY THE

UNDERGROUND

HUMOURS OF LONDON No 12

POSTERS DESIGNED BY TONY SARG

Recent London Posters



LONDON UNDERGROUND RAILWAY POSTER. BY FRED TAYLOR

commodities have had their influence on the ideas of poster artists, while designers have to thank theatre managers, shipping and railway companies for being fairly constant in their allegiance to the designed poster. It is only right that the railways especially should contribute to the prosperity of artists in this way. Some slight return is due to them for feelings outraged by the disfigurement of the landscape near the permanent way, a transgression for which, it is only fair to say, the companies themselves are not always directly responsible.

During the last few years the most enterprising investors in posters have been the managers of the London Underground Railway. Those concerned seem to have entered upon the pursuit of talent with real enthusiasm and they have been very successful in their captures. Their boldness in selection has been equalled only by their experiments in reproduction, and it is no exaggeration to say that the issue of every new design from this source has been an event in the world of art.

From among the large number of "Underground" posters so many remain in the memory that it is not difficult to mention some of the more

interesting in the series, which, it may be hoped, is only beginning. Putting the last first, as it is so conspicuous at the present time, there is the recruiting poster by Mr. Frank Brangwyn. This fine design makes a powerful appeal and it forms an epitome of war. It is a subject-picture if ever there was one and gives us a story of broken domestic ties, patriotism, heroism, vandalism and tragedy.

Mr. Brangwyn's poster brings to mind another, which, with its suggestion of sadness, has not failed to touch the hearts of all who have seen it. *The Workers' Way*, by Mr. Spencer Pryse, is an impressive study of some London types, and the composition is successful as an advertisement because it has the power to make people think. It gives more than a hint of the troublous lives of the poor, and though it may seem curious that such a topic, always before us in reality, should be serviceable as a placard, its appeal has proved stronger than many with more cheerful motives.

Mr. Tony Sarg has been an esteemed contributor to the "Underground" series. His humour is keen and his point of view novel. Even when he is

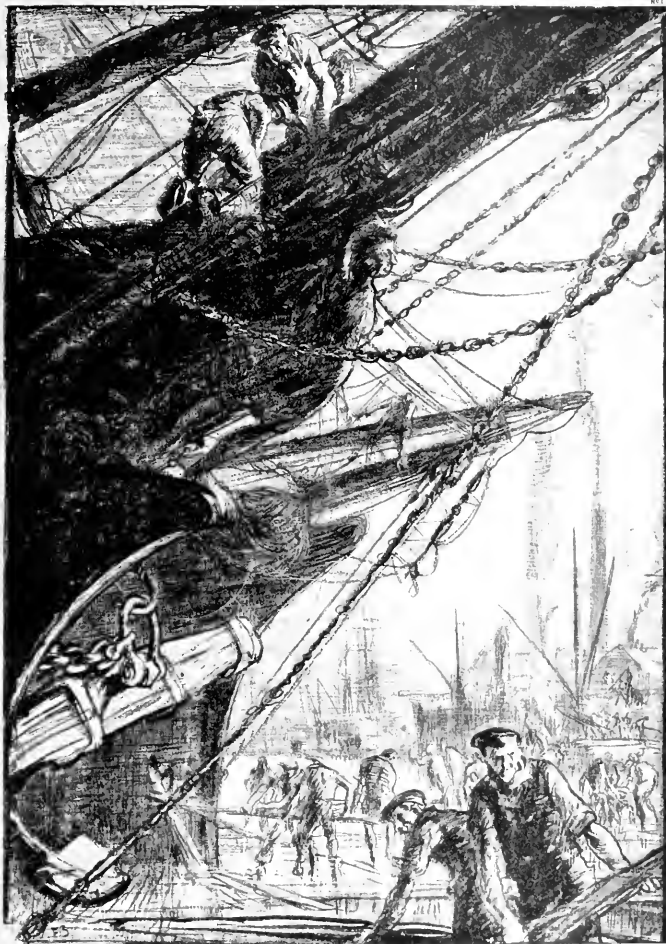


LONDON UNDERGROUND RAILWAY POSTER. BY FRED TAYLOR



RECRUITING POSTER. DESIGNED FOR THE LONDON
UNDERGROUND RAILWAY BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.





FLEET upon fleet, argosy upon argosy. Masts to the right, masts to the left, masts in front, masts yonder above the warehouses, masts in among the streets as steeples appear and rears, masts across the river hung with drooping half-torn sails, masts afar down thin and attenuated, mere dark straight lines in the distance. They wait in silence the ring of the tide." Richard Jefferies in "Nature near London"

UNDERGROUND

THE WAY OF
BUSINESS

LONDON DOCKS AT WAPPING OR ROTHERHITHE

POSTER DESIGNED BY
FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.

Recent London Posters

in more serious vein, as in the set of posters referring to Greater London routes, his originality tells. Then there is Mr. Fred Taylor, who has done some excellent work for other railways, notably his *Victoria Station* (L. B. & S. C. Ry.). He gives an impression of a scene which is vivid, decorative and pleasant in colour. We know less in this branch of art of Mr. Macdonald Gill, an architect, but his burlesque map of London was so remarkable a success in its own particular way, that we await its successor. At first sight it is a striking pattern resembling the old topographical maps, showing parcels of land and picturesque houses here and there. On closer inspection it is seen to be packed with pleasantries, some of which can be distinguished even in the greatly reduced illustration on page 281. The eight posters designed by members of the Senefelder Club, one of which, by Mr. Brangwyn, is now reproduced, formed a new departure in artistic advertising, as did the clever and effective silhouettes by Mr. H. L. Oakley, of which three are shown among our illustrations.

Shipping posters, though they have engaged the attention of such artists as Mr. Wyllie, Mr. Brangwyn, Mr. Cecil King, Mr. Charles Dixon and others, are as often as not coloured illustrations on a large scale of typical liners in harbour and therefore have limitations as regards effective design. One of the exceptions to this principle was the sheet showing the Dublin-Holyhead boat in transit across the Irish Sea. It was by Mr. Norman Wilkinson, and was so good as a marine picture, apart from its use as a poster, that many people obtained copies, cut off the lettering from the top and the bottom, and framed the rest. This production, minus the wording, has been sanctioned by the London County Council for exhibition in schools, a fact which may be mentioned as a tribute not only to the work of the artist but to the printer.

The theatrical poster, as noted earlier in this article, is sometimes a lurid production, but not always. Some of the best designs on the hoardings during the last decade have been inspired by forthcoming plays and pantomimes. The names of Mr. Hassall and Mr. Buchel at once occur to mind. One of the most imposing features of the hoardings

recently has been the triple picture under a single cornice of lettering announcing "Drake" at His Majesty's Theatre. The centre was by Mr. Morrow and the sides were by Mr. Norman Wilkinson.

Among other decorations easily recalled are the colossal ones produced for a weekly paper. A few months ago the hoarding round the old General Post Office in St. Martin's-le-Grand was covered by a continuous procession of eminent people in every walk of life marching to the inscription "Everybody's reading it." This panorama fascinated all comers not only by its daring originality but by sheer magnitude and the repetition of its message. Such examples come, strictly speaking, under the heading of painted posters, like the movable pictures instituted by Messrs. Pears.

It has often occurred to those who study the interior furnishing of modern public buildings that more use might be made of marquetry and allied work for decorative purposes. Panelling there is



DESIGN FOR SHIPPING POSTER BY E. A. COX. CARRIED OUT IN WOOD BY A. J. ROWLEY (THE ROWLEY GALLERY)



CUT-PAPER POSTERS FOR THE
LONDON UNDERGROUND RAILWAY
BY H. L. OAKLEY



POSTER DESIGN BY J. SIMISON, EXECUTED IN WOOD BY A. J. ROWLEY (ROWLEY GALLERY)

in plenty, plain and otherwise, often with elaborately carved cornices, but there is scope yet for design in coloured woods and veneers. Such an idea, carried further, is at the root of the departure made by Mr. A. J. Rowley in producing his permanent wall pictures, examples of which are reproduced here. These pictures are made up of various pieces of wood, well chosen for colour and grain or prepared with dyes to suit the subject. When fitted together the surface may be polished and the panel, like a hatchment, is kept in condition from time to time by this means. It will be readily understood that craftsmen can produce single designs, or that pictures may be multiplied for the purpose of general distribution. It is the latter use of the idea which comes within the range of this article. Pictorial advertisements in various woods have a permanence which is very desirable and which is not given to the printed poster. Mr. Rowley's panels can be fixed or

portable, and for places not exposed to the weather they have great possibilities. They are, of course, decorations as well as posters, and can be used with or without lettering.

The ideal poster is that in which artistic merit is allied to commercial utility. Glancing at the work of recent years there will be found evidence that artists and advertisers, "useless each without the other," have formed a bond of union to promote business. It is an unofficial bond, elastic and variable; but the two interests have been found to combine well and the time may come when all posters will conform to the highest standard of decoration. This object has been achieved to a limited extent already, and as the public grows more and more critical it is not likely that the movement will be re-

tarded. There is no reason why the "poor man's Picture Gallery" should not appeal to every one.

STUDIO-TALK.

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON. At a time like this when war with all its horrors occupies so much of our attention from day to day and all day, it is gratifying to find that art has not been thrust wholly into the background—in England at all events. Though some of the exhibitions which were to have been held this winter according to arrangements made before the outbreak of war have been cancelled or postponed, the principal fixtures of this kind both in London and in the chief provincial towns have been carried out pursuant to the programme, and those responsible are to be commended for thus affording a means



(New English Art Club)

"A WESTERN WEDDING." BY
WILLIAM ORPEN, A.R.A.

of relaxation which must be very welcome to a large number of people.

The New English Art Club, which years ago chose its name with care, has ever since preserved unbroken a really English tradition of independence of achievement in the relation of one member's work to another's, and we cannot help feeling that it would have failed in its duty if, in these days when artistic things are in danger of being eclipsed, it had not made an effort to preserve the continuity of its exhibitions. After all we value its name. The winter exhibition might, however, under other circumstances, have been memorable at least for one thing: the appearance of Mr. Orpen's *A Western Wedding*. This is not in the style in which we expect to see Mr. Orpen attain the heights which his exceptional genius seems to promise ultimately. The picture called *Painting*, in its greater reliance upon effects which are emotional rather than merely novel, is in that respect probably the more important work; but upon a by-path of the "fantastic" we have something in *A Western Wedding* unique in the exquisite craftsmanship that is allied with its pattern-like effect. Close to this picture Mr. Wilson Steer shows one of the finest interpretations of nature which he has

yet given us: *Fishing Boats at Anchor*—they float tangible in bulk while indefinite in outline, grey masses, slender rigging, a ghostly procession screening a violet horizon. Another picture of exceptional success is Mr. MacEvoy's study, *The Balcony*. It is some time since Mr. Tonks has shown drawings of the importance of his *Monsieur Rodin* and *Madame Rodin*; and Mr. Lucien Pissarro's canvases add greatly to the prestige of the landscape work of the exhibition. Mr. Alfred Hayward's landscapes call for particular mention also. One of the most interesting features of the show is Mr. Walter Sickert's *The Soldiers of King Albert the Ready*; his appreciation of the possibilities of design in the lines of rifles levelled, and in the great circle of a gun-carriage wheel, introduces the war motive to painting in a character distinguished from, and many will consider not below, that which it has assumed in the greatest battle paintings.

The Old Water-Colour Society was established just over a hundred years ago at a time when Europe was in a chronic state of war. The society is perhaps more peculiarly British than any of our institutions; it exacts a high standard of achievement from those it admits to its much



WILSON STEER

(Royal Society of Painter, in Water-Colour)

BY ALBERT GOODWIN, R.W.S.



*(Royal Society of Painters
in Water-Colour)*

"MONTROSE." BY ROBERT LITTLE, R.W.S.

of membership, and it is because of this that the periodical exhibitions of the society are among the most popular events of the season. The recent exhibition was noticed in our last number and we now supplement the observations there made by reproductions of a few of the works comprised in it.

Notwithstanding that artists as a profession stand to suffer more by the war than any other profession perhaps, they have been very generous in their support of one or other of the numerous organisations which are now appealing for funds to relieve the distress caused by the war. A scheme promoted and carried through by Mr. Wynne Apperley, R.I., Mr. Louis Ginnett, R.O.I., and Mr. Martin Hardie, A.R.E., has in particular resulted in a very substantial addition to the Prince of Wales's National Relief Fund. A large number of leading artists throughout the country placed at their disposal signed and framed examples of their work, in all cases thoroughly representative, to be sold for the benefit of the fund; among those contributing being twenty-six members of the Royal Academy, eight of the Royal Scottish Academy, thirty-two of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, forty-five of the

Royal Institute of Oil Painters, thirty-two of the Old Water Colour Society, forty-six of the Royal Society of British Artists, fifty-six of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, thirteen of the International Society, thirteen of the New English Art Club; together with members of the Senefelder Club, the Society of Graver-Printers in Colour, and other bodies. The number of works (pictures, sculpture and prints) contributed amounted to four hundred and fourteen, and they were divided into two categories, the uniform price in one being five guineas, and in the other two guineas. All were subscribed for by the public, and the drawing by lot for distribution was conducted on November 26 by Sir Kenneth Muir-Mackenzie, G.C.B., and Sir George Riddell (National Relief Fund). The total amount realised amounted to £2615 13s. The entire expenses of stationery, printing, postage, and the collection and delivery of pictures, was generously defrayed by Mr. Sigismund Goetze; and Messrs. Dicksee lent their gallery in Duke Street for three weeks free of charge, and undertook the collection and distribution of the pictures at cost price. The amount mentioned, therefore, has been handed over to the National Relief Fund.

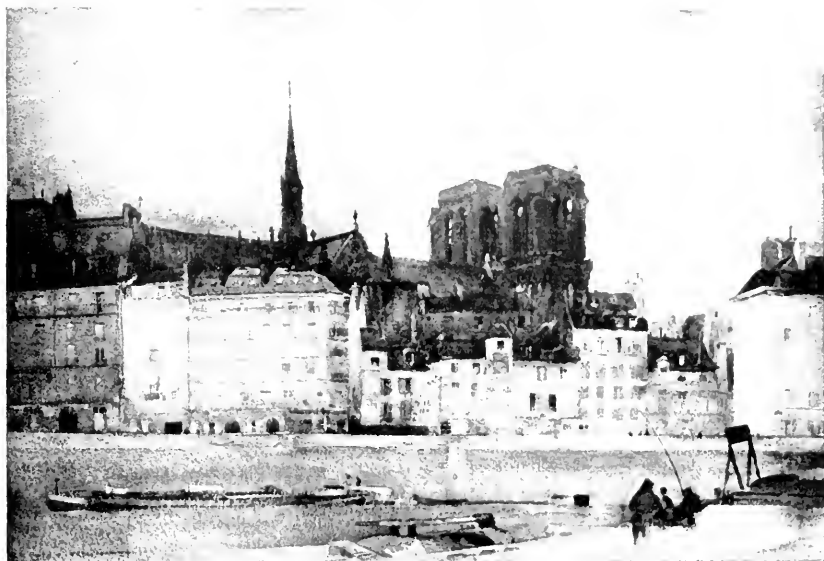
The War Relief Exhibition now being held at



"LILIPUT"

(Royal Society of Painter, in Water-Colours)

BY HENRY E. CROCKETT, R.W.S.



"NÔTRE DAME ET L'HÔTEL DES DEUX LIONS"

BY W. RUSSELL TINTI, A.R.W.S.



"THE PLAZA, SAN ANTONIO, TENERIFE"

BY W. RUSSELL TINTI, A.R.W.S.

(Russett's "The Plaza, San Antonio, Tenerife")

Studio-Talk

Burlington House has been organised in aid of the funds of the Red Cross Society and the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, both of which have many calls on their resources at the present moment. Each member of the various "Royal" academies and societies, the International Society, the National Portrait Society, the New English Art Club, the Chelsea Arts Club, and the Senefelder Club, was invited to offer one work, to be exhibited and sold at a price fixed by him, the chief part, or if he so desires the whole, of the proceeds to be divided equally between the two institutions named. There is also on view a collection of works by Belgian artists to be sold in aid of the funds for the relief of the artists of that country who are now in straitened circumstances.

We reproduce a tapestry which was exhibited at the Autumn exhibition of the International Society at the Grosvenor Gallery, from the design of that inventive and subtle illustrator, Mr. Edmund Dulac. The piece was woven by Leo Belmonte, who possesses a reputation for his restoration work and care of tapestries in the museums of Europe. The panel *Circe* is an exceptional specimen of design accommodated to the method to be employed.

This is notable in the simplification of foliage and the expressively outlined animals.

Charming things like fans, with a history and secrets of their own, their glamour increased by designs by some great artist—these things, whispering of idleness and of unthreatened times of peace, now find themselves, with everything else, used as advocates for a war fund. With admirable generosity Mrs. Frank Gibson has recently placed her collection of eighteenth-century fans in an exhibition at Messrs. Colnaghi and Obach's held in aid of the Australian Section of The Queen's "Work for Women" Fund. The exhibition also contained, through the generosity of Mr. Edmund Davis, Mr. Arnold Bennett, and other owners, a remarkable collection of fans and drawings on silk by Conder, whose memory has not always been so well served by those who rush to exhibit fragments in his name. Some charming fans by Mary Davis, two exquisite water-colours by Whistler, completed the first part of Messrs. Colnaghi's exhibition. But in their main gallery was shown a great work by Rembrandt, apparently untampered by the hand of the restorer, vital as in the moment in which it was executed, from a collection where it



"THE RIVER TITCHFIELD, HANTS."

BY H. HUGHES-STANTON, A.R.A., A.R.W.S.

(*Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours*)





SILVER PRESENTATION SHIELD DESIGNED BY MRS. SEYMOUR FANNIN AND PHILLIP OXLEY; EXECUTED BY JAMES DIXON AND SONS

had remained undisturbed for over two hundred years. There was also a male portrait by Gainsborough of exceptional worth, and *The Letter Received*, perhaps the most beautiful Metsu in existence, with its companion *The Letter Writer*, together with a few other works of some importance by old masters.

The shield illustrated on this page is one that was presented to Sir Hildred Carlile, M.P., by his constituents at St. Albans some time ago. Save as to the figures, which were designed by Mr. Phillip Oxley, of Desford, the work is that of Mrs. Seymour Fannin (*née* Slade), of St. Albans, where she received her art training.

Mr. Charles Vyse's modelled group in bronzed plaster, here shown, figured in an exhibition of Arts and Crafts held at the Old Monastery, Rye, in the early part of last autumn. The exhibition, organised by Mr. J. P. Steele, contained an interesting variety of work contributed by many of the leading workers associated with the Arts and Crafts move-

ment, prominent among them being Mr. Walter Crane, Mr. Anning Bell, Mr. and Mrs. Stabler, Mr. James Guthrie, Mr. Heywood Sumner, and Miss Jessie Bayes.

In a lecture on "Art, Morals, and the War" delivered at Oxford on November 12, Mr. Selwyn Image, the Slade Professor of Fine Art in the University, set forth the vital issues of the gigantic struggle in which this country is now engaged. "We are," he said, "in the midst of a war, literally and simply, of Ideals, of quite fundamental Principles, bed-rock principles as the phrase goes, as to what Human Civilisation means. . . . In a quite vital sense we are at war to preserve our own national independence. If Germany—I mean by Germany throughout the Dominant Military Caste in Germany—could really have her way in this war, if she could finally bring to pass that which she set out to bring to pass, which this many a day she has dreamed of and strenuously prepared for, there would no more be any England as you and I know it and love it. . . . It is most important, it is vital,



GROUP IN BRONZED PLASTER. BY CHARLES VYSE



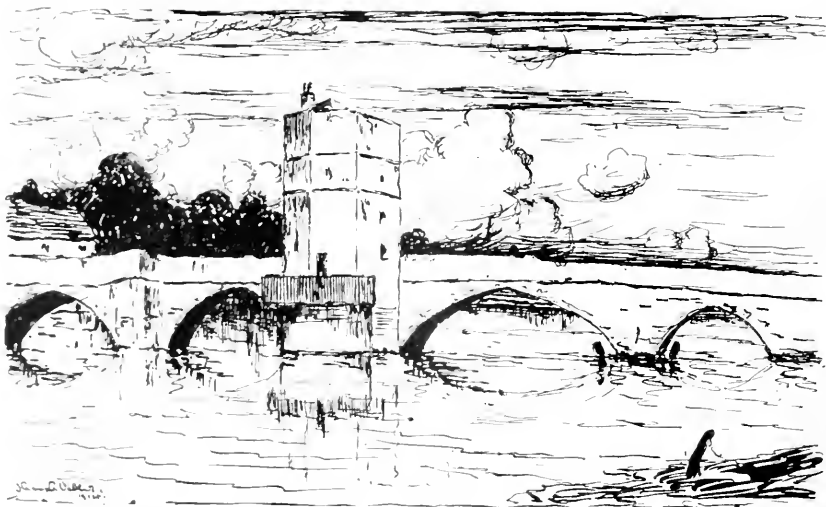
MEMORIAL TO REV. G. BOHUN COUTCHER IN THE CHURCH OF SS. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS, MAIDSTONE. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY HERBERT H. STANSFIELD, CROMER GUILD OF HANDICRAFT

that we should fight for our national independence as long as breath is in our bodies. But in the present war we are doing something more than this. . . . We are at fight to prevent the lowest and most inhuman

straitened enough, and, too often something much more than straitened, "the effect of war upon art has never been wholly bad; nay, has on occasion been quite the reverse of bad." After bidding his

conception of civilisation gaining dominance to corrupt mankind . . . we are at fight to assert our belief in Righteousness and Human Brotherhood, and our consequent belief that the idea of the supremacy of material Might, with its inevitable insidious accompaniment of fraud and cruelty, as a basis of civilisation is an idea foul and damnable."

Coming to the effect of war upon art, the Professor reminded his hearers that though in days immediately ahead the lives of many whose business it is in some form or another to produce art will be



"THE OLD BRIDGE, ST. IVES, HUNTINGDON"

PEN SKETCH BY J. CRAMPTON WALKER

(Black and White Artists' Society of Ireland)

lished to attempt the application of the teaching of Ruskin, William Morris, and others in connection with the production by hand-work of simple and beautiful articles of everyday use as well as work of an ecclesiastical character.

DUBLIN. The Black and White Artists' Society of Ireland, which was founded last year and held its first exhibition in October 1913, opened its second exhibition just before Christmas, the work consisting of etchings, lithographs, pen and ink, pencil, and charcoal drawings. The Society, of which Mr. William Orpen is president, owes much of its success to its energetic honorary secretary, Mr. J. Crampton Walker, himself an enthusiastic draughtsman. It now numbers eighty-

CHARCOAL SKETCH

BY DERMOD O'BRIEN, P.R.I.A.
(*Black and White Artists' Society of Ireland*)

audience remember how much of the great art of Greece, of Italy, and of the Gothic builders was thus wrought, he pointed out that "there is some force in the paradox that War and Art are not always enemies, and that Peace is not always Art's best friend. For Art has her dangers—dangers coming to her from men's frivolity, their absorption in sumptuousness and luxury, their over-attention to trivialities and mere curiosities, their morbid excitement after titillating novelties, their resultant shallowness of judgement and sane appreciation." Prof. Image's address has been reprinted as a six-penny pamphlet by the Oxford University Press, and the proceeds are to be given to one or other of the War funds.

The memorial tablet illustrated opposite has recently been placed in position in the Church of SS. Michael and All Angels at Maidstone, and is the work of Mr. H. H. Stansfield, of Cromer, who was assisted in certain details by Mr. E. J. Barker, a pupil. The design is intended to symbolise Life and Love as expressed in the ministrations of the Vicar whose memory is here so feelingly perpetuated. Mr. Stansfield is Guild Master of the Cromer Guild of Handicraft, which has been estab-



"ROUETTES"

BY JACK R. YEATS
(*Black and White Artists' Society of Ireland*)

Studio-Talk

members, amongst them being Mr. Dermot O'Leary, President of the Royal Hibernian Academy, Mr. Jack Yeats, Miss Rose Barton, R.W.S., Mr. Bingham, M. Guinness, R.H.A., Mr. George Atkinson, A.R.H.A., Miss M. K. Hughes, A.R.E., Mr. James Ward, A.R.C.A., Mr. R. C. Orpen, R.H.A., Mrs. Jane Inglis, Miss Dorothy Fitzgerald, and Mr. Oswald Reeves, A.R.C.A. The rapid growth of the Society during the past year is evidence of the need that existed for some link between the black and white artists in Ireland, and the interest aroused by the two exhibitions it has held in Mill's Hall, Merrion Row, sufficiently justifies the efforts of those who have co-operated in the establishment of this addition to the relatively small number of art societies which Ireland possesses, and augurs well for its future career. With few exceptions the members are resident in Ireland, and as a consequence Irish motives figure prominently in the work executed by them in various mediums. The Emerald Isle, indeed, offers a fine and varied field of exploration to artists in search of interesting themes, and

it is a matter of regret that comparatively few on the other side of the Irish Sea turn their steps hitherwards when the sketching season comes round.

The Dublin Sketching Club, one of the oldest of Irish exhibiting societies, held its fortieth exhibition from November 16 to December 12. As in former years, landscape studies of Irish scenery formed the major part of the exhibition, amongst the younger painters who showed interesting work in this *genre* being Miss Kathleen Fox, Miss A. E. Constable, and Mr. Crampton Walker. The last-named, whose work bears traces of the influence of Mr. Nathaniel Hone, was at his best in *The Shore*, showing a stretch of land and sea immersed in mist. Amongst the other painters represented were Mr. John Glover, whose *Herring Boats* showed a vital and dexterous brush, Mr. Henry Moss, Miss Josephine Carson, excellent in her series of Dublin sketches, Mr. Alfred Grey, R.H.A., Mr. Gerald Wakeman, and Dr. E. W. Yeates. E. D.



"THE HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT, DUBLIN"

ORIGINAL ETCHING BY MYRA K. HUGHES, A.R.E.
(Black and White Artists' Society of Ireland)



*(Black and White Artists'
Society of Ireland)*

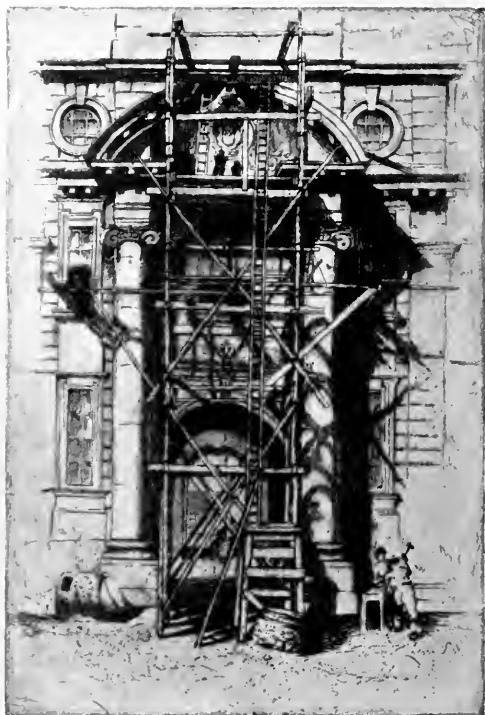
"VIRE, NORMANDY." FROM A LEAD PENCIL
DRAWING BY W. BINGHAM MACGUINNESS, R.H.A.

CHRISTIANIA. How much of our modern applied art has not its roots in styles and traditions handed down from days long gone by? However different the lines which development in many cases appears to have followed, however personal and spontaneous the evolution, the fructifying and sustaining forces in manifold cases will be found springing from old, often long forgotten sources. In some of the special numbers of *THE STUDIO*, much excellent work has been done in the way of recording and bringing to light old arts and crafts which have evolved among the peasantry of diverse countries and have been there treasured and preserved, the more unaffected by the flow of centuries the further away from the world's highways have been their home. One wonders whence these crude, old peasant craftsmen drew their inspiration, whence came their impulses so beautiful and true in all their simplicity: what kind fairy endowed them with that singularly sure and susceptible eye for the fitness of things, for lines and proportion, for the proper relation between fundamental essentials and what after all were but ornamental accessories. What admirably effects their naive love of gay and festive colours quite instinctively brought about, and how well suited for the intended purpose was the outcome of their skill and patient crafts?

The indebtedness of the present day to these old craftsmen and craftsmen has of late years become more and more manifest, thanks to a movement now on foot almost everywhere for the encouragement and furtherance of what with its Swedish and now almost cosmopolitan name is called *craft*, although this term does not by any means cover all its aspects. Excellent societies have been formed for the advancement of such homework, good not only in the way of its usefulness and the valuable employment it gives, but also in its reforming and sustaining influence in the

domain of taste. I have on more than one occasion had the pleasure of referring to such institutions in Sweden, and am now enabled to say a few words about and give some illustrations of the work of the Norwegian Home Industry Association (*Den Norske Hushjdsforening*).

The recent Jubilee Exhibition in Christiania afforded a welcome opportunity for this society to muster its forces and bring home to a larger public the success which attends and from the very outset has attended its work. Its aim is twofold, inasmuch as it renders a much needed assistance in turning to good and remunerative account the spare time of hundreds of men and women, thereby swelling their often slender incomes and relieving



"BUILDING THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE, DUBLIN"
ORIGINAL ETCHING BY GEORGE ATKINSON, A.R.B.A.
(Black and White Artists' Society of Ireland)



DECORATIVE PAINTING

(*Den Norske Husflidsforening, Christiania*)

BY GERHARD MUNTHE

the tedium of many idle hours, and further it trains and elevates the taste of its co-workers by means of lectures, classes, designs, &c. To its success in the former direction many grateful and touching testimonies bear witness, and with regard to the latter let it suffice to say that the foremost artists in Norway have been proud to be counted amongst the labourers in Den Norske Husflidsforening's vineyard.

The society, in addition, has a clever staff of its own, which designs both textile work, more or less ambitious, furniture, &c. It is more especially in the former, in the decorative weavings, that more or less ancient Norse traditions make themselves felt almost invariably with the most satisfactory decorative results. In the smaller items, in the

cushions for instance, more modern and personal lines have been adopted. In these, as in the furniture, there often is a certain bold, yet contained unconventionalism which may prove the forerunner of a more pronounced modern northern style, and one of the features of this is likely to be the absence of that effeminateness which occasionally detracts from the value of kindred efforts elsewhere—an evolution entirely in harmony with national character and taste.

The furniture designed by Mr. Mathias Lange, however, still retains many traits peculiar to the work of rural craftsmen of former days. Birch has made for itself many friends amongst Scandinavian designers of furniture, M. Agathon amongst them, and when properly treated it is often possessed of



DECORATIVE PAINTING

(*Den Norske Husflidsforening, Christiania*)

BY GERHARD MUNTHE



EMBROIDERED CUSHION, DESIGNED BY AIT. LINDELV.
(Den Norske Høstid-føreling, Christiania)

a festive, lustrous tone. The cover of the furniture designed by the architect just mentioned, marks another revival, inasmuch as hand-woven, small-patterned material is coming into favour. As a rule old time patterns are closely followed if not absolutely copied; there is a trusty homeliness over these hand-woven materials and they have the additional virtue of being most durable.

Mme. Ulrikka Greve has earned for herself a widespread and excellent reputation for her large, decorative gobelins as well as smaller weavings, and museums have vied with private collectors in securing them. Mme. Greve sometimes chooses for her tapestries old subjects which lend themselves to her purpose, but more often the design is modern without, however, in any way violating the canons of the art of time-honoured gobelins. As an example of the former her exceedingly handsome *Une de Stub Laan* at the Jubilee Exhibition may be mentioned: to the latter Gerhard Munthe and others have supplied admirable cartoons, to which Mme. Greve and her skilful assistants have done the fullest justice. Both in design and in subtle, effective colouring these modern gobelins will, I feel sure, hold their own against their much-travelled and heavily-priced prototypes, especially when time has further beautified them with that patina which she alone can bestow.

So that Norwegian artists have devoted a considerable amount of attention to decorative work, and doubtless no doubt without aiming at it in all its

aspects has not a little in common with the gobelin-covered wall. It is a question of printed friezes or wall-sections, a mode of embellishing the home which to my knowledge is but little used elsewhere. Amongst artists who have done most meritorious work in this direction Erick Werenskiold holds a place by himself through his highly decorative frieze in Frithiof Nansen's dining-room, but even he must yield to Gerhard Munthe, who not only, if I mistake not, is a pioneer in this field of decorative art, but whose pronounced artistic personality lends itself in a happy spontaneous manner to work of this description. The manner in which this highly interesting painter has perpetuated and consummated old Norwegian traditions is well known, but Munthe, who has his own individual views of style and the uses to which the style of a period should be put, is a painter with the creative imagination of a poet. He has evolved, so to speak, a fairy world of his own; much of his work constitutes fairy tales, which are "Bilder ohne Worte," quaint, impressive and most decorative, both in composition and colour.



TRANSPARENT HANGING, DESIGNED BY HILGA WINDINGSTAD; WOVEN BY ELISABETH MATHIASSEN
(Den Norske Høstid-føreling)



(Den No. 1. Hu
foruin, Cér. fan. 1)

TAPESTRY. DESIGNED AND EXE-
CUTED BY ULRikka GREVE



FIGURE 105. STUDY BY MATTHIAS ENGEL FOR DEN NORSKE HUSFLIDFORENING, CHRISTIANIA, AND SHOWN AT THE JUBILEE EXHIBITION OF THE SO ILAV

It goes without saying, that the decoration of a room, would appeal to an artist with Gerhard Munthe's inventive imagination, and as a matter of fact he has also had and has availed himself

of several opportunities of this nature. Not a few Norwegian homes boast painted decorations by Gerhard Munthe and the list of these has recently been increased by a new work, four typical wall



FIGURE 106. ROOMS, DRAWN BY ENGEL FOR THE EXHIBITION OF DEN NORSKE HUSFLIDFORENING, CHRISTIANIA

paintings in a Christiania dining-room. The distinguished artist has here shown himself in what in racing parlance would be termed his best form: the room is a fairy-tale, with scenery and vegetation, human beings and animals, all of his own creation. The quaintly magnificent unicorn in one of the pictures belongs in reality to another world. Gerhard Munthe's own, and it has been hailed as the first Norwegian type of this prehistoric species. The colouring, too, fully bears out the spirit of composition.

Amongst other Norwegian artists who of recent years have done clever decorative wall-work, if I may so call it, should be mentioned W. Wetlesen and more especially Bernhard Folkestad. In much modern and Norwegian art there is both in lines and particularly in a joyous, sometimes almost reckless appreciation of colour a distinct decorative keynote, which perhaps is destined to evolve into a conspicuous feature in the art of the country.

G. B.

PHILADELPHIA. — The tendency of modern pictorial art in the direction of the use of pure colour to the exclusion of most of the other qualities formerly considered necessary for the making of a picture was well illustrated in the collection of works forming the Twelfth Annual Exhibition of Water Colours, Pastels and Black and White work recently held at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. One's attention was challenged at the most conspicuous viewpoints in the galleries by groups of works, many of them by artists of experience, that, taken collectively, were highly decorative in effect and yet, when examined individually, abounded in startling crudities of colour, a childish feebleness of drawing that must have been intended, a total absence of light and shade as well as perspective, adding to the perplexities of the Plain Man seeking the meaning of it all. It must be confessed he would have been considerably puzzled here in regarding certain works by Mr. David B. Milne catalogued as *Dots and Dashes, Broken Color, Domes and Pinnacles, Brilliant*



"THE WHITE HOUSE"

(Painted on bath-tub at Cooper's Studio)

BY COOPER

STILL LIFE COOPER



FLORINDA — DRAWING BY
ELIAN WESTCOTT HALE

*(Pennsylvania Academy Water-
Colors Exhibition)*

Studio-Talk

Triangle. They were arrangements of colour but apparently represented nothing that ever existed in nature and their significance was quite obscure even to the initiated. While it may not be a crime unpardonable to violate traditions of art in the effort to be absolutely modern, yet one felt inclined to question the *raison d'être* of the groups of sketches in pure aquarelle exposed by Mr. Dodge McKnight, views of Utah and the Far West in which brilliant carmine rocks were the prevailing note, and of those by Mr. John Marin, catalogued as picturing localities on the coast of Maine, but quite too modern in technique to be intelligible. It would not be fair either to the artists or to the American public who are interested to proclaim these as serious works of art.

On the other hand, it is necessary to point out that modernity does not imply failure to convey an impression to the beholder, considered by Tolstoy as an essential to every work of art. As an example, a number of virile works, apparently

painted in gouache by Mr. Alexander Robinson, subjects drawn from Tangier, Spain and the Orient, may be cited: mosaics in colour one might call them, yet they were distinctly successful in suggestions of actual data as they exist locally, conveyed by means of a thoroughly modern technique and retaining capital qualities of drawing and values beside the pleasing scheme of colour. Twenty-six aquarelles, the work of the late Charles E. Dana, exposed in a group as a memorial to the President and founder of the society conducting the exhibition, led one back to a wholesome sanity that did not lack a full measure of feeling for the picturesque whether it be in Cairo, Rothenburg or Gruyères. Mr. Cecil Gay's views of Marken, Holland deserve particular mention for brilliant colour schemes. Mr. Colin Campbell Cooper's *The White House*, Mrs. Paula Himmelsbach Balano's *Parthenon by Moonlight*, Mr. Charles Warren Eaton's Italian subjects, *57th Street, New York* by Ethel L. Paddock, *The Morning Cup* by Miss Laura Coombs Hills, *Arizona* by Mr. Albert L. Groll,



"SNOW-COVERED HILLS"

(E. Wagner, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 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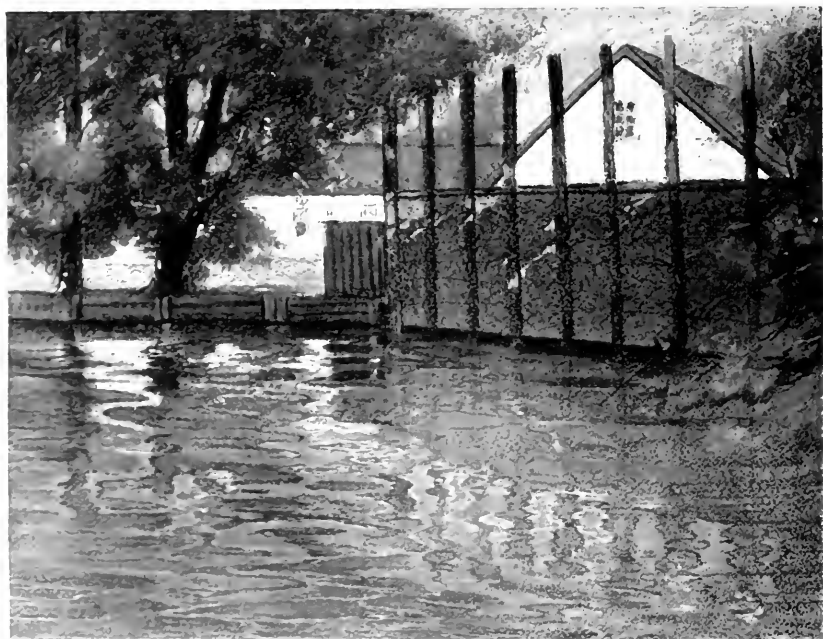
Studio-Talk

Mr. Fred Wagner, *Dead*
M. L. W. L., *The Red and Pine*
A. J. C., *T. Water Gates* by Mr.
H. M. J. Dull's Winter Land-
scape painting was of all creditable per-
sonal works of art, the free dom
of Mrs. Lillian W. Hale's
black and white was an engaging
handsome woman.

The illustrations were most noteworthy. Mr. Martin Oakley's views of India, Mr. N. C. Smith's *Ocean Sketches*, Mr. George Hardings' Australian subjects, Miss Jessie Willcox Smith's *Princess of the Wood*, and Mrs. Elmore Abbott's country scenes gave one a fine showing of the art as practised in Philadelphia. A group of cleverly executed drawings in pastel by J. M. Lure Hamilton—studies of the décolleté female form for the most part—made one regret that such talents were here displayed was not spent on subjects more worthy of it, such as his dignified portraits so well known here and abroad. Some beautiful

line drawings from the nude by Mr. Charles Grafty, reminiscent of Flaxman, gave interest to the show, and a set of lithographs by Mr. Joseph Pennell of the mountain *Fine Laam* with a number of fine etchings from the same hand of localities along the river Meuse, give an adequate dignity to the showing of art in black and white.

The Thirtieth Annual Exhibition of Miniatures at the Pennsylvania Academy in connection with the Water Colour show just noticed contained one hundred and three works, reflecting credit upon the artists producing them and upon the hanging committee for its work in the tasteful furnishing and decoration of the Georgian room in which they were exposed. Miniatures seem to be associated, in most people's minds, with eighteenth-century environments, so here we had an interior of that period, with a carved marble mantelpiece, Chippendale furniture and mirrors, and with neutral grey walls to set off the little gems in colour hanging there. Formerly, painting of this kind was in the main limited to portraiture, but now we



Elmory, Margaret, and John C. Elmory. 1991. "The Evolution of the

BY W. A. HOFMEIER



*(Painted and Lent by, With
Cotton Exhibition)*

“THE BELOVED PINE
BY LUCY A. CONANT



"BABY."
BY LULABEE DIX BECKER
(Painted in Adelaide, Exhibition of Miniatures.)

find work in genre, nudes, landscape and marine painting and sometimes, even, still life claiming equal attention with the orthodox portrait. As examples of this diversity here exhibited may be mentioned Mr. William J. Bar's *Young Diana*, a well-drawn and coloured nude, Mr. Cecil Jay's Dutch genre subject *Maternity*, Miss Elsie Dodge Patten's *Pink Scarf*, and a marine by Mr. Harry L. Johnson, *Moon before Sundown*.

Three contributions by Mr. Nyn Williams, President of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters, gave an international status to the show, his portrait entitled *The Cardinal* being quite the feature of the collection. Mrs. Emily Drayton Taylor displayed a capital portrait of Miss Corinne B. Freeman, very convincing of the engaging personality of her sitter and

showing in the technique the hatching and stippling of genuine miniature painting. Miss A. Margaretta Archambault's *Frances* was also a very successful example of true method in brush work. Miss Lulabee Dix Becker's *Baby*, while rather different in handling from the last mentioned works, was yet one of the most charming little pictures shown. One was reminded of the collection of wax reliefs in the Wallace Collection by the portrait of *Sally Cameron*, a medallion executed in coloured wax by Miss Ethel Frances Mundy. A *Still Life* by Miss Helen Winslow Durkee illustrated the new idea most successfully. Miss Elizabeth F. Washington's portrait of *Abdu'l Baha* was an admirable study of oriental character quite in keeping with the subject, and *Petit Jean*, by Miss Anna Hurlburt Jackson, gave us a real vision of unaffected childhood.

E. C.



"THE MORNING CUP"
BY LAURA COOMBS HILLS
(Pennsylvania Academy, Water-Colour Exhibition)

ART SCHOOL NOTES.

LONDON.—The influence of the war was evident even at that most peaceful of ceremonies, the prize-giving at the Royal Academy, which was held on December 10, the anniversary of the institution's foundation. Burlington House has been for weeks the headquarters of the United Arts Force, whose members drill in the quadrangle and use some of the exhibition galleries for canteen and other purposes; and a party of them was receiving military instruction in the vestibule when the visitors to the prize-giving were arriving. Upstairs in the galleries the atmosphere was no less warlike, for the Academy students have responded nobly to the country's call for men, and many a stalwart youth in khaki was to be seen in the crowd that discussed the merits of the competition works before the distribution of the prizes. No fewer than forty members of the architectural classes at the Academy have joined the forces, and the number of painter students is considerable who have joined the Territorials or Lord Kitchener's Army. Probably the war had some connection with the poor general quality of the landscapes submitted for the Creswick Prize, which was withheld this year, but apart from the landscapes the work shown, in the opinion of the President and his fellow members, was above the average in quality, and the studies from the life exceptionally good. As 1914 was not a gold medal year at the Academy the chief prize open to painters was the one for the design for the decoration of a portion of a public building. The prize of £30 (with a silver medal) was taken by Mr. G. V. M. Frampton, son of Sir George Frampton, R.A. Mr. Frampton's victory was extremely popular among the students, and the cheers which greeted the young painter on taking the prize were only equalled when Mr. H. F. C. Skinner came forward in khaki to receive a bronze medal from the President's hands. The prize of £25 for the cartoon was given to Mr. James Williams, the travelling studentship in architecture to Mr. W. H. Hamlyn, and the prize of £30 for a modelled design to Mr. E. A. Howes.

The two lectures which Mr. H. H. La Thangue is delivering this month at the Royal Academy, one on "The Mental Outlook in Painting" and the other on "Colour in Painting," are, we understand, to be printed in pamphlet form and issued at a low price in aid of the funds of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution.

W. T. W.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

Grinling Gibbons and the Woodwork of his Age (1648-1720). By H. ARNOLD TIPPING, M.A., F.S.A. (London: "Country Life.") 25s. net; half morocco, 35s. net.—In this latest addition to the "Country Life Library of Architectural Monographs" Mr. Tipping reviews in a very comprehensive fashion those achievements of Grinling Gibbons and his contemporaries which constitute one of the most important chapters in the history of the decorative arts in England, and the text is accompanied by a large number of illustrations in the shape of excellent photographs and measured drawings. What gives it especial importance is that though the work of Gibbons himself naturally claims the chief share of attention, the productions of his often anonymous contemporaries, which have on the score of a certain resemblance to his work been frequently attributed to him, are here differentiated, two chapters being devoted to them, one to the work executed by them in London buildings, chiefly City churches and Company halls, the other to work done for country houses. As a preliminary to the main topic, Mr. Tipping briefly discusses the evolution of the wood carver in England, and shows how the "ceiler," as he was called, because it was his function to cover bare walls and ceiling rafters with ornamental woodwork (from the Latin *celare*, to hide or cover up), became differentiated from the joiner or *junctor*; and in a chapter on "England's debt to the Continent" he points out that the oft-repeated assertion that our art has come to us from the Continent must be accepted with a good deal of reservation, and reminds his readers that England produced large work of fine kind during the last century of the prevalence of the Gothic spirit, and that this work was essentially native and original, owing but little to Latin influence.

The Story of Yone Noguchi. Told by Himself. Illustrated by YOSHIO MARRIKO. (London: Chatto and Windus.) 6s. net.—Both in England and in America Mr. Noguchi is well known as a versatile Japanese man of letters, and the story of his strenuous career will be read with great interest by many among us who have derived pleasure from his writings, the more so because of the frank sincerity with which he sets down his impressions of persons and places he has visited and his opinions on all sorts of subjects. His reminiscences are accompanied by eight illustrations in colour by his fellow countryman, Mr. Yoshio Mariko, the frontispiece being a portrait of the author.

The Lay Figure

THE LAY FIGURE: ON THE ART THAT MAY BE.

"IN what condition, do you think, will art be left when this turmoil of the world is over?" asked the Art Critic. "Will things be as they were, or will there be marked changes and new developments?"

"I hardly think that there will be a mere picking up of the old threads, or that everything will go on just as it did before," replied the Man with the Red Tie. "A great crisis has its inevitable after effects upon the nation that has experienced it, and to these after effects art must be as much subject as anything else that forms part of that nation's life."

"That is true," agreed the Critic. "But what, then, is to be the effect of a crisis which affects directly or indirectly not one nation only but practically the whole of the civilised peoples of the world?"

"Surely that can be at present only a matter for rather vague speculation," broke in the Young Artist; "and surely it will be some time before these after effects that you speak of produce their full results."

"Undoubtedly, because some time must elapse before art can either pick up the old threads or weave new ones," said the Man with the Red Tie. "At the moment art is comatose, in a state of suspended animation: the nations are thinking of something else, and the artists have left their studios for the battlefields. The awakening will be slow."

"But when it comes what will it be like?" cried the Critic. "Will there be a new point of view and a new sentiment?"

"Not at first, I think," returned the Man with the Red Tie. "The older artists who cannot shake off their lifelong habits, and who have not seen face to face what war means, will try to recreate the old point of view, and there will still be a large section of the public with the inclination to support them. The change will come in the course of time and will be due to the activity of the younger generation: as that grows up it will cast, I believe, the older men."

"There I am with you entirely," declared the Young Artist. "The younger generation will not be content with the ideas of their grandfathers. The young men who have faced the definite facts of life for themselves will have developed their own views and will want to express them in their own way."

"And there will be a new public, also acquainted with the facts of life, which will be prepared to accept these views," said the Critic. "That is likely enough. But what we do not know is whether the art which is to satisfy these new artists and this new public will be better or worse in character and quality than the art which has sufficed for us hitherto."

"Surely it will be stronger, more vital, more directly a reflection of the national life," argued the Young Artist. "The keying-up of the national spirit must give an increased force to the nation's art."

"It will clear it of a great many of the morbid affectations which have grown upon it so rankly during times of peace," asserted the Man with the Red Tie. "In that way the art of the future will probably be a good deal better than the art of the present. The younger generation you are talking about will surely have no patience with the decadent humbug which has done so much to bring art into discredit of late years."

"Do you know I was already beginning to forget that anything of that sort had ever existed," laughed the Young Artist. "It is remarkable how contact with realities puts stuff like that out of one's mind."

"Ah! I am glad to hear you say that," exclaimed the Critic: "for it is in that respect that I have hopes for the future. Art in the years to come may have to begin again and to fight its way up to a safe and stable position, but it will do so by wholesome means. The new spirit may make it brutal and uncompromising, or may make it abstract and imaginative, but certainly will require it to be clean. The primitive passions which lie beneath the surface of civilisation have been aroused and they, just because they are freed from any taint of artificiality, are out of sympathy altogether with decadence."

"That, at all events, is something to be thankful for," said the Man with the Red Tie, "though in cleansing art of decay we seem to be endangering its existence."

"No, not its existence. Art will always exist," replied the Critic. "But what form it is to take in the future no one now can say with any certainty. That it will continue on the old lines I can scarcely believe, for the old order is most surely passing away and it is altogether obvious that new conditions must produce new results, though these results may be slow in making their appearance. We can only wait. He who lives will see."

THE LAY FIGURE.

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